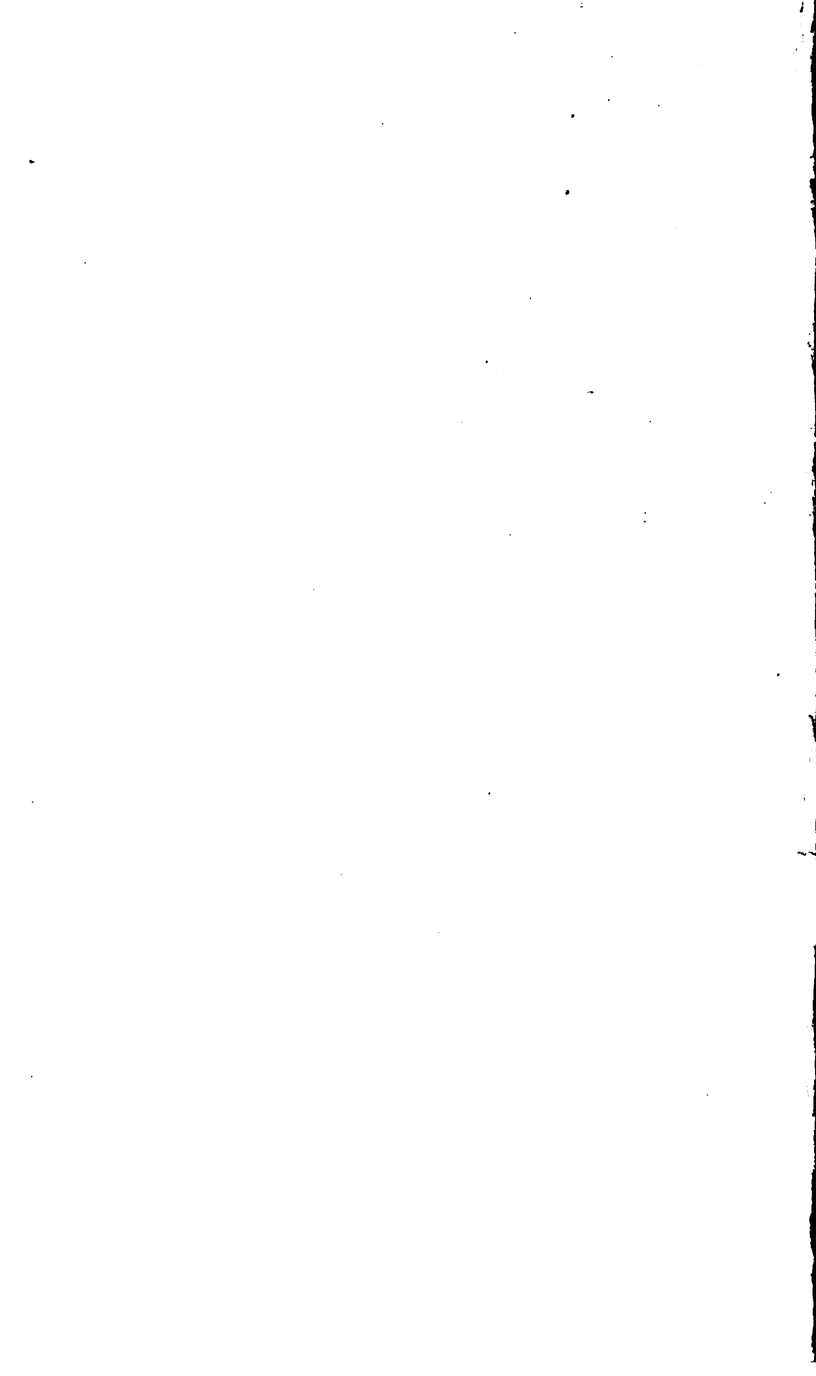





SIGILLVM ACADEMIAE HARVARDIANAE IN NOV ANG
CHRISTO ET ECCLESIAE
VE RI TAS





PERCY'S

RELIQUES OF ANCIENT ENGLISH POET

NACH DER ERSTEN AUSGABE VON 1765

MIT DEN VARIANTEN DER SPÄTEREN ORIGINALAUSGA
HERAUSGEGEBEN

UND MIT EINLEITUNG UND REGISTERN VERSEHEN

VON

DR. M. M. ARNOLD SCHRÖER,

AO. PROFESSOR DER ENGLISCHEN PHILOLOGIE AN DER UNIVERSITÄT
FREIBURG I. B.

I. HÄLFTE.

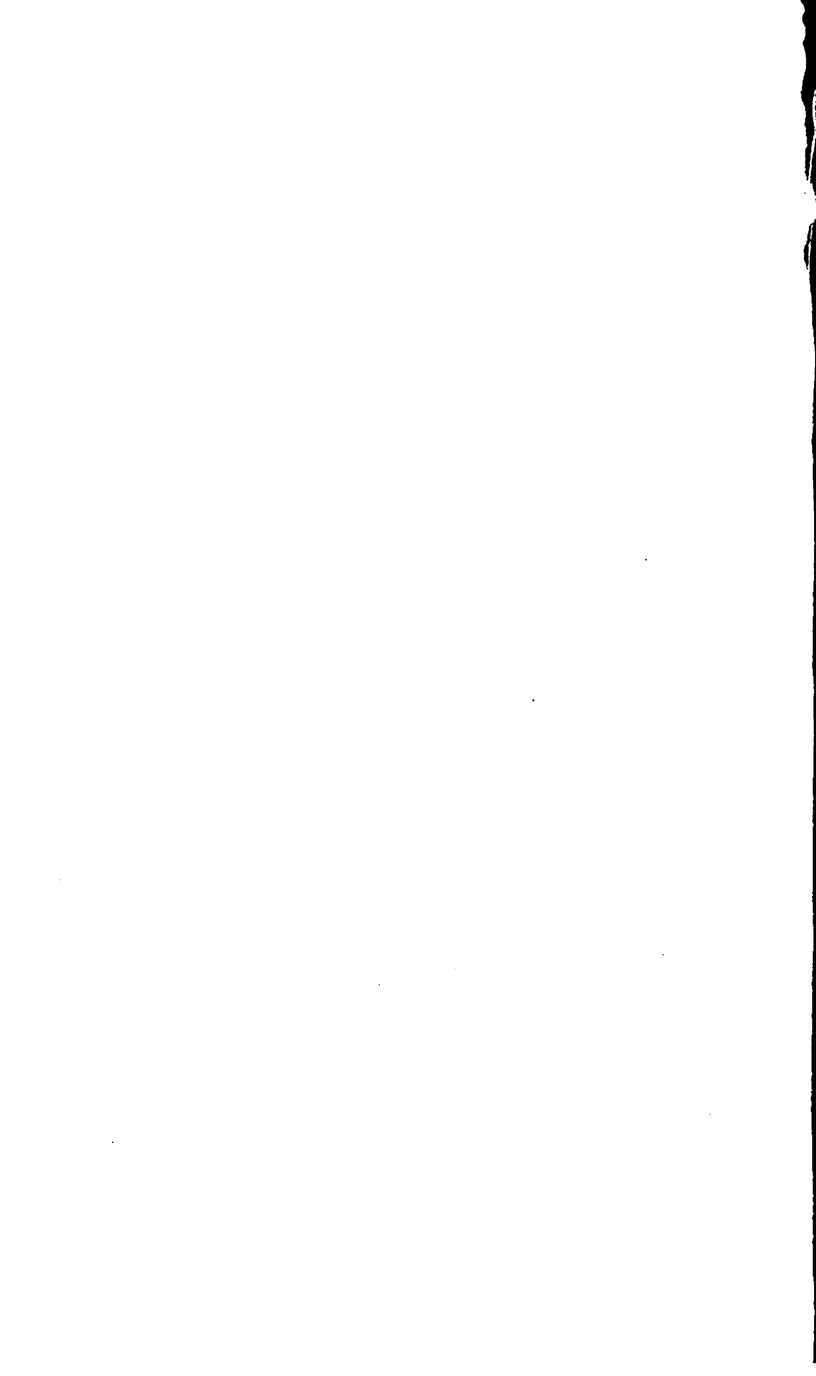


BERLIN
VERLAG VON EMIL FELBER
1893.

FRANCIS JAMES CHILD

DEM MEISTER IN DER ERFORSCHUNG DER ENGLISCHEN VOLKSPOESIE

ZUGEEIGNET.



Inhaltsverzeichnis.



Einleitung.

I.

Percy's Reliques, die editio princeps und die Varianten der späteren Originalausgaben, sollten von mir mit „allen nur wünschenswerten und nötigen Beigaben" neu herausgegeben werden, und unter den Beigaben sollten nicht nur die Materialien zur Kritik der Texte und meine Anmerkungen zu den einzelnen Stücken, sondern auch die alten Singweisen mit inbegriffen werden. Ein bedauerliches Mifsgeschick traf die Verlagsbuchhandlung kurz nachdem die „erste Hälfte" dieser meiner Ausgabe als Nr. 6 der von Professor Karl Vollmöller herausgegebenen Sammlung „Englischer Sprach- und Literaturdenkmale des 16., 17. und 18. Jahrhunderts" im Jahre 1889 erschienen war. Die „erste Hälfte" enthielt nur zwei Drittel des Textes der editio princeps mit einem „vorläufigen Vorwort", Seite 1—534 der nun hier vorliegenden Ausgabe, und die Bogenweiser 1—33 tragen daher noch den Namen der Sammlung, in der sie erschien. Wie die übrigen Nummern der auf diese Weise unterbrochenen Sammlung, lag nun die „erste Hälfte" einige Zeit stille, ein nutzloses Bruchstück, ein Gegenstand der Enttäuschung für die vertrauensvollen Käufer. Als mir daher vor Jahresfrist ein anderer Verleger unverhofft und unerwartet den ehrenden Antrag machte, die Ausgabe der Reliques zu beenden, hielt ich es für meine Pflicht, schon allein den Käufern der ersten Hälfte gegenüber, die Aufgabe zu Ende zu führen. Nach den bisher gemachten Erfahrungen aber hielt ich es zugleich nicht weniger für meine Pflicht, nicht mir, sondern dem Herrn Verleger gegenüber, ihm vorzuschlagen, vorläufig nur die Ausgabe selbst mit dem unerläfslichen Apparate zu wagen, da die mannigfaltigen „nur wünschenswerten Beigaben" den Umfang bedenklich angeschwellt hätten. Sachverständige werden begreifen, dafs ich mir selbst damit einen schlimmen Dienst geleistet, sie werden aber ebenso

begreifen, warum ich so handeln zu sollen glaubte. Auf diese Weise ist wenigstens eine, wie ich hoffe, verläſsliche und handliche Gesamtausgabe des Percyschen Textmaterials zum erstenmale geboten, eine Ausgabe, nach der man für litterärgeschichtliche und sprachgeschichtliche Zwecke bequem citieren kann, eine Ausgabe, die in ihrer gefälligen Ausstattung auch weiteren Kreisen von Liebhabern englischer und deutscher Litteratur willkommen sein könnte. Um die Brauchbarkeit des Buches zu erhöhen, sind Register und ein litterarischer Index (Register IV) ausgearbeitet worden; einen Motivenindex muſste ich mir hier vorläufig, wie jede weitere eigene Zuthat, aus Rücksicht auf den Umfang versagen. Meine Anmerkungen zu den einzelnen Stücken, eine eingehendere Erörterung über das Verfahren Percy's in der Wiedergabe und Kritik seiner Texte sollen hoffentlich in nicht zu ferner Zeit ebenso wie die alten Singweisen in besonderen Heften nachfolgen; die im „vorläufigen Vorwort“ zur „ersten Hälfte“ angekündigte „kurze Einleitung über die englische Volksliederlitteratur im allgemeinen und die Stellung der Reliques in der englischen und deutschen Litteraturgeschichte im besonderen“ hat indes Professor Brandl durch eine meisterhafte Skizze der englischen Volkspoesie, in Pauls Grundriſs der Germanischen Philologie, Straſsburg, Trübner, 1892, S. 837 bis 860 einigermaſsen entbehrlich gemacht.

Es ist aber hier die gewiſs vielfach auftauchende Frage zu beantworten, ob denn überhaupt für eine solche Neuausgabe ein Bedürfnis vorlag. Das, was die gewöhnlichen Ausgaben weggelassen haben, ist ja verhältnismäſsig nicht viel, und sie bieten dafür meist den ganzen Inhalt der Ausgabe letzter Hand; und die Ausgabe letzter Hand gilt ja sonst in der Regel als die wertvollste. Die wichtigsten Varianten hätte man vielleicht in einer Zeitschrift veröffentlichen können, u. dgl. m. Demgegenüber ist zunächst hervorzuheben, daſs die litterärgeschichtliche Bedeutung der Reliques nicht jener erweiterten und veränderten Gestalt, wie sie sich in den gewöhnlichen Ausgaben abgedruckt findet, zukommt, sondern den älteren Ausgaben, vor allem der ersten, dann der zweiten und dritten. Schon das rasche Aufeinanderfolgen der zweiten Auflage (β, 1767) auf die erste (α, 1765) — abgesehen von dem Dubliner Nachdruck 1766 — mag dies erläutern; den Erfolg eines Buches

beweist der Zeitraum in dem es vergriffen wird[1]); erst 8 Jahre später kam die dritte (γ, 1775), und erst 20 Jahre später (δ, 1794) die vierte[2]), die Ausgabe letzter Hand; und obwohl diese durch den Umfang ihrer Erweiterungen wohl Anspruch auf besondere Beachtung machen durfte, schien doch erst 1812 eine fünfte Auflage (ε) nötig geworden zu sein. Die Reliques hatten durch die gewaltige und weitgehende Anregung, die sie geboten, so viele Veröffentlichungen anderer zur Folge gehabt, dafs sie selbst ihre wichtige Rolle in den neunziger Jahren des 18. Jahrhunderts mehr und mehr ausgespielt hatten; auf den stürmischen Enthusiasmus folgte die nüchterne Kritik, und macht die erste Ausgabe den Eindruck eines naiven und mutigen Vorstofses in einer neuen Richtung, bei dem man trotz aller Mängel die Gelehrsamkeit und Umsicht des Herausgebers bewundern mufste, so erscheint die Ausgabe letzter Hand vielfach wie ein verdriefslicher Rückzug, trotz all des gelehrten Ballastes, und zeigt den Herausgeber nicht mehr auf der Höhe seiner Zeit. Die Anschauungen über litterarhistorische und kulturhistorische Fragen, so wie sie sich in der ersten Auflage von 1765 niedergelegt fanden, und im Zusammenhange damit die von Percy als alte Volkslieder vorgeführten Gedichte waren es, die in den sechziger, siebziger, achtziger Jahren die englischen Litteraten und Poeten tiefeindringend beeinflufsten und bekanntlich nicht weniger auf Deutschland einwirkten. Walter Scott erzählt uns von seiner ersten Bekanntschaft mit den Reliques zu einer Zeit, wo er nur eine der drei ersten Ausgaben gehabt haben konnte; Herder besafs und benutzte die zweite Ausgabe, und es ist bezeichnend, dafs der bekannte Frankfurter Nachdruck von 1790 den Text der ersten Ausgabe (1765) enthält. Ein Neu-

[1]) Zudem erschien im selben Jahre ein Separatabdruck der Essays: Four Essays, as improved and enlarged in the second edition of the Reliques of Anc. E. P. viz. I. On the Ancient E. Minstr. II. On the Anc. Metr. Rom. III. On the Orig. of the E. Stage. IV. On the Metre of P. P. V. MDCCLXVII. (Brit. Mus. 11621. c. 18.)

[2]) Ein Sonderabdruck des Essay on the Origin of the English Stage, der Seite für Seite mit δ übereinstimmt und nur zu Anfang und zu Ende sich durch ein paar redaktionelle Worte davon unterscheidet, erschien, wie es scheint, schon 1793: An Essay ... stage Particularly on the Historical Plays of Shakspeare. MDCCXCIII. (Brit. Mus. $\frac{687}{3}$ g. 31.)

druck der ersten Ausgabe, dieser geschichtlich so bedeutsamen Erscheinung, dürfte daher an sich seine Berechtigung haben, zumal da die alten Drucke schon zu den Raritäten gehören.

Doch es ist nicht allein diese geschichtliche Stellung der Reliques, die eine neue Ausgabe, welche auf die alten Originalausgaben zurückgeht, wünschenswert erscheinen läfst. Die in verschiedenen Formaten und Ausstattungen verbreiteten Ausgaben für die Bedürfnisse des grofsen Lesepublikums sind, was nicht zu verwundern ist, vielfach recht fehlerhaft. Auch der Laie will nicht nur ein angenehm gedrucktes Buch, sondern er will auch keinen unverständigen Unsinn darin haben. Zu den verbreitetsten modernen Ausgaben der Reliques dürften wohl die Tauchnitz Edition in 3 Bänden, und die Prichard's in Bohn's Standard Library in 2 Bänden gehören, abgesehen von der Willmott's (Routledge), die nicht vollständig ist und daher nicht in Frage kommen kann. Besonders die Tauchnitz-Edition habe ich ziemlich eingehend verglichen und führe im folgenden zur Charakteristik eine Reihe Versehen an: die zwei Verse aus Piers Plowman in unserer Ausgabe S. 802, Z. 10-11, sind in der Tauchnitz Ed. ganz gedankenlos aus der Fufsnote, zu der sie gehören, gerissen und an das Ende der betr. Einleitung, wo sie gar keinen Sinn haben, angeschlossen, was sowohl Fufsnote als Text unverständlich macht. — Das C in dem Worte Cogger 866, 15 wurde schon in δ wohl wegen der Verschnörkelung der gotischen Schrift irrtümlich zu einem T; Togger heifst aber gewifs gar nichts, es kann nur ein Fehler sein; dieser findet sich unverbessert in der Tauchnitz Edition, bei Prichard und auch bei Wheatley, ebenso in den Ausgaben von Gilfillan (Edinburgh 1858) und Charles Cowden Clarke (Cassell Petter & Galpin, London, Paris, and New York, 3 vols. o. J.), und es wäre nicht unmöglich, dafs dieses "Ghost-word" nächstens irgend ein Wörterbuch schmückt; 875, 9 hat δ statt des richtigen *fiestas* den Druckfehler *siestas*, den Tauchn. Ed. und Prichard ebenso wie Wheatley, Gilfillan, Clarke unbedenklich nachdrucken; 906, 30 wurde sonde nicht verstanden, daher wohl für Druckfehler gehalten und zu londe geschlimmbessert, so Prichard, Tauchnitz Edition. Der Name des Dramatikers Richard Flecknoe 111, 7 wurde in δ zu Flecknor verdruckt: so beibehalten bei Prichard, Tauchn. Ed.; 915, 30 wurde bei dem Citat Thoresby's Ducat. Leod. (d. h. Ducatus

Leodiensis) aus Leod.: I eod.; 622, 29 aus lands ganz sinnlos: lads u. dgl. m. u. dgl. m. — Massenhaft sind die Änderungen von gröfserer oder geringerer Bedeutung in den Texten, und zwar läfst sich nicht immer sagen, ob es sich um Druckfehler oder Absicht handelt. 294, 16 wird das von dem Percy Folio MS. III. 171, sowie von Skeat, Specimens III. 104 gewährleistete make ye der Originalausgaben zu mark ye. — 122, 8 wird ebenso gegen die Lesart des Percy Folio MS. und der Originalausgaben zwischen them und cast ein they ergänzt. 90, 31 her; 117, 30 often (PFM. oft); 163, 26 often did; 214, 38 could; 215, 29 meadowes; 235, 29 waist; 242, 18 teaze; 272, 25 kynge; 291, 30 coud; 293, 16 Among; 293, 21 ryvère; 299, 1 lyvyng; 299, 2 Both; 303, 19 Here; 303, 31 statt had: have; 316, 4 statt were: ware; 319, 24 statt of: *of;* 392, 5 But; 395, 21 pursued; 419, 18 atcheive; 468, 18 statt that: this; 480, 18 footman; 491, 35 But it swept out the wealth of the nation; 493, 5 kitchen-stuff; 560, 11; 562, 1; 563, 1 little; 592, 2 didd; 607, 31 liege; 619, 27 statt will: well u. a. m. u. a. m. Dabei zeigen Tauchn. und Prichard wiederholt eine Lesart von αβγ, die in δε schon geändert war; so behalten sie z. B. 231, 15-19 bei an Stelle von 966, 16-28; ebenso 586, 32; 587, 24 thrilled; 589, 25; 624, 5 sik u. a. m. Auch in den Einleitungen und Essays Percy's sind zahlreiche Abweichungen in diesen modernen Ausgaben, die wohl teils auf Versehen, teils auf Modernisierungstendenzen beruhen. So z. B. 500, 27 statt *Both this and: But this and;* 778, 4 statt *massy* (das in diesem Fall auch Prichard): *massive;* 513 im Glossar zu Ber the prys statt *bare* . .: *bear* . .; 514 clynking u. a. m. Es ist wohl zwecklos, diese Liste von zufälligen oder absichtlichen Veränderungen hier weiter fortzuführen; soviel dürfte klar sein, dafs wir in diesen neueren Ausgaben weder eine verläfsliche Wiedergabe der alten Percyschen Texte, noch etwa Verbesserungen und Berichtigungen derselben haben. Von Interesse sind daran — aber doch nur für den, der die Originalausgaben mit diesen neueren vergleicht — die sprachlichen Änderungen, die entweder einem der späteren Herausgeber, oder auch vielleicht einem Korrektor in einer Druckerei zuzuschreiben sein dürften, so 60, 21 für *dispose: dispose* of; 158, 5 für *regardless what spurious things were fathered* . . . zu *regardless* of *what* . . .; 172, 25 vor *would* ein *and* eingeschoben; 393, 18

was the *eldest son*; 483, 31 *such* an *one*; 547, 7 *awakened*; 549, 7 *to* zu *into*; 625, 20 *the romance* of Tirante el blanco u. a. m. u. a. m. Diese Dinge, sowie die orthographischen Veränderungen haben natürlich auch ihr Interesse, doch kann hier nicht der Ort sein, dies näher zu verfolgen, da wir diesen Dingen in den verschiedenen Originalausgaben selbst mehr Bedeutung beizulegen haben.

Dafs in vorliegender Ausgabe der Editio princeps mit den Varianten von β, γ, δ, ε (α'), bei der unsäglichen, rein äufserlichen Schwierigkeit der Drucklegung und einem Umfange von einigen 1100 Seiten auch hie und da ein Druckfehler sich eingeschlichen, den ich nicht bemerkt habe, ist nach aller menschlichen Voraussicht ebenso wahrscheinlich als unvermeidlich; ich hoffe aber, dafs es wesentlich Fälle sein dürften, die jeder denkende Leser leicht selbst richtigstellen kann, und dafs keine sinnwidrigen Versehen der landläufigen Ausgaben in diese neue übergegangen sind.

Also, die litterarhistorische Bedeutung der älteren Originalausgaben hat in erster Linie diese Neuausgabe, die ursprünglich im wesentlichen nur als Folie einer commentierten Ausgabe dienen sollte, zu rechtfertigen; in zweiter Linie auch der verwahrloste Zustand der landläufigen neueren Ausgaben.

II.

Die Editio princeps α ist hier diplomatisch getreu wiedergegeben, auch ihre Druckfehler im Texte beibehalten, doch korrigiert, nur wenn dieselben ganz interesselos, in Verschiebung oder Umdrehung eines Buchstabens oder dgl. bestehen, stillschweigend gebessert. Die Worttrennung in Compositis, die für die sprachgeschichtlich wichtige Frage der level-stress Betonungen zu häufig übersehen wird, ist gewissenhaft verzeichnet. Für die Silbenabteilung beim Zeilenschlufs kann aber keine unbedingte Garantie übernommen werden, da das Buch in Deutschland gedruckt wurde und das Umbrechen der Zeilen oft noch in der dritten und vierten Korrektur vorgenommen wurde. Ausgefallene und zu ergänzende Wörter oder Buchstaben und Interpunktionen sind durch [ ], zu tilgende durch ( ) bezeichnet; einzelne

Fälle von Klammersetzung durch Percy werden aus dem Zusammenhange erkannt und mit den vorgenannten nicht verwechselt werden. Auch die Wahl der Typen folgt der des Originals. Die Kupferstiche konnten nicht wiedergegeben, sondern nur beschrieben werden. Die Varianten der späteren Ausgaben wurden genau und vollständig mitgeteilt, und zwar auch orthographische Varianten, wo dieselben nur irgend von Interesse sein konnten; diese Dinge, so uninteressant sie manchem erscheinen mögen, sind vom sprachgeschichtlichen Standpunkte aus von nicht zu unterschätzender Bedeutung. Nicht im einzelnen angeführt sind die Inhaltsverzeichnisse der späteren Ausgaben, weil ihre Mitteilung durch Register I überflüssig gemacht ist. Ferner ist zu bemerken, dafs als durchgehende Seitenköpfe in αβ ANCIENT SONGS — AND BALLADS, in γδ ANCIENT POEMS — ANCIENT POEMS bezw. über den Inhaltsverzeichnissen CONTENTS, über den Essays deren Titel abgekürzt stehen, was nicht mit zum Abdrucke kam, weil der Raum für die Band- und Seitenangabe der Editio princeps gebraucht wurde. Mit Hülfe dieser Seitenköpfe, der Varianten und des Registers I dürfte es unschwer sein, jede Stelle jeder Ausgabe verifizieren zu können; unthunlich war es nur, in den über α unverhältnismäfsig hinausgewachsenen Essays der späteren Ausgaben, die in den Varianten zusammengefafst werden mufsten, die Seitenzahlen von β, γ, δ, ε anzuführen; bei den häufigen Verweisungen aber ist, wo irgend nötig und möglich, auf die betreffende Stelle in unserer Ausgabe, bezw. deren Varianten (*u. T.*) verwiesen.

Von Abkürzungen seien erwähnt: (**l.**) = lies; (***corr.***) = in den Druckfehlerverzeichnissen bei Percy korrigiert; dieses *corr.* ist in den Varianten aus typographischen Gründen nicht fett gedruckt. (*u. T.*) = unser Text, unsere Ausgabe, unser Neudruck. Die Verweisungen sind durchaus auf Seitenzahl (in gröfseren Ziffern) und Zeilenzahl (in kleineren Ziffern) unserer Ausgabe.

III.

In der Periodisierung der Geschichte der englischen Litteratur hat man die Grenzlinie zwischen dem neunten Buche und dem zehnten, das in unser Jahrhundert hineinreicht, nicht mit Unrecht in das Jahr 1765 gesetzt. Obwohl man bei litterarhistorischen wie kulturhistorischen Zeit-

strömungen überhaupt niemals mit voller Entschiedenheit sagen kann, diese eine litterarische Erscheinung, oder jener eine Schriftsteller haben diese oder jene Wendung veranlafst, so giebt es doch gewisse Erscheinungen, in denen das für eine Zeit Charakteristische sich ganz besonders deutlich spiegelt, und deren nachweislicher direkter Einflufs ganz besonders für die Folgezeit charakteristisch ist; solch ein Schriftsteller, solch ein Buch, dient daher oft nicht mit Unrecht als ein Schlagwort, durch das, um im Bilde zu sprechen, unzählige Saiten angeschlagen werden, deren Grundtöne und Teiltöne uns das Wesen einer Zeit wie mit einem Schlage gegenständlich machen. Obwohl die durch Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry repräsentierten Zeitströmungen im einzelnen mannigfach und lange Zeit vor und neben ihm zu verfolgen sind, obwohl die Bedeutung seiner Veröffentlichung ihm bald selbst über den Kopf gewachsen war, lassen sich an diese litterarische Erscheinung doch die weitgehendsten geschichtlichen Ausblicke anknüpfen.

Percy repräsentiert vornehmlich dreierlei, das Interesse für das Volkslied und das Volkstümliche überhaupt, zweitens das antiquarische Interesse für das Altertümliche, namentlich die ältere englische Litteratur gegenüber dem Klassizismus des 18. Jahrhunderts, drittens das litterarhistorisch-philologische Moment, das ihn, oder vielmehr indirekt seine Schwächen, als einen der wirksamsten Förderer jener Wissenschaft, die wir heute englische Philologie nennen, erscheinen läfst. Percy war in jeder der drei Richtungen alles andere als sattelfest; er war in jeder nur anregend, mächtig anregend, doch nicht grundlegend, denn er war mehr Poet als Kritiker. Weder rang er sich zu einem tieferen Verständnisse des Volkstümlichen durch, noch hatte er den sicheren Mut, den Schwächen des Klassizismus zielbewufst entgegenzutreten, noch besafs er, drittens, bei all seinem erstaunlichen Fleifs und seiner Gelehrsamkeit jene philologische Akribie, mit der sein erbitterter Gegner Joseph Ritson ihm entgegentrat, Ritson, jener unglückliche, hochbegabte Forscher, dem die Litteraturgeschichte und insbesondere die Geschichte der englischen Philologie schon lange ein Denkmal schuldet. Doch aber gerade in diesen seinen Schwächen ist Percy vielleicht mehr als irgend einer charakteristisch für die englische Litteratur des 18. und selbst

des 19. Jahrhunderts. Bei der aufserordentlichen Stetigkeit und langsamen Entwicklung dieses eigenartigen Volkes ist ja noch heute, nach mehr als hundert Jahren die Situation in der englischen Wissenschaft noch nicht viel anders; auch heute könnte ein knorriger Joseph Ritson traurig zu Grunde gehen, und ein liebenswürdiger Bischof die gewifs wohlverdiente Aufmerksamkeit finden, obwohl sehr langsam, aber sehr sicher ein unleugbarer Wandel der Dinge schon seit Jahren zu erkennen ist. Gerade die Schwächen Percy's gewähren uns Ausblicke auf die weitere Geschichte der englischen und deutschen Litteratur, und es ist der Vergleich mit der deutschen unerläfslich, um die der englischen richtig verstehen zu können [1]).

Was zunächst das Verhältnis zum Volksliede anlangt, so zeigte sich auch bei Percy das Hinausgehen über das beschränkt Englisch-Nationale in seinen Anfängen; er hatte 1761 eine Übersetzung einer chinesischen Novelle, Hau Kiou Chooan, veröffentlicht, er hatte, wenn auch nur schüchtern, seinen Reliques zwei spanische Romanzen (Nr. 46, 47) beigefügt; doch dies blieben eigentlich nur Anläufe, aus denen weder er noch seine Landsleute die Konsequenzen theoretisch und praktisch zogen, die notwendig zu ziehen gewesen wären. Er zog auch, was mit seinem schüchternen Verhältnisse zur Kunstpoesie seiner Zeit zusammenhing, Bearbeitungen und „Verbesserungen“ volkstümlicher Balladenreste den Originalen vor, so in The Braes of Yarrow, Margaret's Ghost, so auch seine eigenen willkürlichen Umdichtungen. Es ist charakteristisch für Deutschland, dafs in dem kleinen Göttinger Auszug von 1767 unter den elf Gedichten Alcanzor and Zayda nicht fehlte, ferner dafs in den „Balladen und Lieder altenglischer und altschottischer Dichtart. Herausgegeben von August Friedrich Ursinus, Berlin 1777“ sogar das Titelkupfer das maurische Liebespaar zum Gegenstande hat. Wie Deutschland sich namentlich durch Herder auf Grund dieser englischen Anregungen zum Begriffe der Weltlitteratur emporrang, ist bekannt. Die Engländer hingegen blieben beschränkt national, auch in ihrer Poesie und ihren litte-

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[1]) Es sei gestattet, hier auf meine diesbezüglichen Andeutungen in meinem Aufsatze über Alfred Tennyson, im Deutschen Wochenblatte, Berlin 1892, Nr. 44, S. 530 ff., zu verweisen.

rarischen Interessen, trotz mannigfacher Ansätze und trotz Coleridge; und es ist bezeichnend, dafs Walter Scott, trotz seiner Beschäftigung mit der deutschen Litteratur, von allen bedeutenden Dichtern des ausgehenden 18. und beginnenden 19. Jahrhunderts vielleicht der national beschränkteste zu nennen ist — und wohl gerade deshalb von den Romantikern bis heute der gelesenste. Diese Thatsache ist von weit gröfserer Tragweite für das gesamte geistige Leben der beiden Nationen, als man gemeinhin annimmt, denn es bedarf hier keiner weiteren Ausführung, wie mit diesem deutschen Begriffe der Weltlitteratur die Universalität der deutschen Wissenschaft und Bildung überhaupt Hand in Hand ging, Faktoren, denen in unserem Jahrhundert in erster Linie der politisch-wirtschaftliche Aufschwung zu danken war. Während die Reliques gewissermafsen den Höhepunkt des englischen Einflusses auf Deutschland im 18. Jahrhundert bezeichnen, bedeuten sie für England im Vergleiche zu Deutschland alsbald ein Zurückbleiben, ein Zurückbleiben hinter dieser deutschen Universalität im beschränkt Nationalen, das zwar tief im englischen Wesen begründet war und nicht ohne weiteres als ein Nachteil bezeichent werden soll, das aber doch die Erklärung für die Weiterentwicklung der englischen Litteratur und ihr geändertes Verhältnis zur deutschen in sich trägt. Insofern also ist das Jahr 1765 mit dem Erscheinen der Reliques als ein Markstein in der Geschichte der englischen — und deutschen — Litteratur zu erkennen.

Zweitens ist Percy charakteristisch für die englische Litteratur seiner Zeit in seinem Verhältnisse zur Kunstpoesie. Man mag es dem geistlichen Herrn zu Gute halten, dafs er sich immer wieder und wieder entschuldigen zu müssen glaubte (s. z. B. 8, 2 ff.; 8, 11 ff.; 11, 16 ff.; 812, 34; 818, 23 u. ö. u. ö), mit solchen Dingen überhaupt sich beschäftigt zu haben, obwohl er gewifs einen Scherz nicht nur zu goutieren verstand, sondern auch ohne Not sich gestattete[1]).

[1]) So wenn er z. B. 80, 16 in Rob. Hood a. Guy of G. die handschriftliche Lesart des Folio MS. „did cleaue his heart in twinn" in die Worte „He shott him into the 'backe'-syde" änderte, wozu die originelle Bemerkung unseres trefflichen Furnivall (PFM. II, 237) zu amüsant ist, um hier fortzubleiben: „Too bad, Bishop! And to put your inverted commas too, as if you'd only altered the one

Jedoch zeigt die Aufnahme einer Unzahl moderner Dichtungen von mehr als fraglichem litterarischen Werte, sowie seine Äufserungen über die Kunstpoesie seiner Zeit eine Schwäche, zu der die revolutionäre Tendenz der englischen Stürmer und Dränger in schroffstem Gegensatze steht. So wenn er die Aufnahme der Not-browne Mayd damit rechtfertigen zu müssen glaubt (285, 31), dafs wir diesem Gedichte die Anregung zu Prior's Henry and Emma verdanken. Er sagt sogar ausdrücklich (8, 11), dafs er moderne Dichtungen „*to* atone for the rudeness of the more obsolete poems", also gewissermafsen zum Zeichen, wie herrlich weit man es seither gebracht, aufnahm. Ob das Percy's wirkliche Ansicht oder nur eine Konzession an das Publikum seiner Zeit gewesen, sei hier nicht untersucht; es war wohl zur Hälfte beides, drückte jedenfalls seinen konservativen Standpunkt unzweideutig aus, und darin ist er charakteristisch für seine Landsleute, die jähe Übergänge nicht vertragen. Charakteristisch ist er aber zugleich für seine Zeit in seinen antiquarischen Interessen, für die Zeit der Wiedererweckung Shakespeares und der älteren englischen Litteratur. Es geht diese Richtung mit der an dritter Stelle genannten, der litterarhistorisch-philologischen eigentlich Hand in Hand. Die Reliques sind, und das mufs auf das Nachdrücklichste hervorgehoben werden, weil sie in ihrem Einflusse auf Deutschland vornehmlich das Interesse am Volksliede betrafen, durchaus nicht vorwiegend eine Volksliedersammlung. Die Begriffe Volkslied und altertümliches Lied wurden zwar vielfach durcheinander geworfen, jedoch Percy ist dafür nicht verantwortlich zu machen; auch der Titel giebt dafür keine Veranlassung. Es kam Percy darauf an, an der Hand der Geschichte der englischen Poesie den Beweis zu liefern, dafs nicht erst in neuester Zeit Poesie zu finden und alles Ältere nur roher, wertloser — ancient, Gothic, barbarous — Plunder gewesen sei; seine Reliques sind daher ein Bilderbuch der englischen Volkspoesie und Kunstpoesie und zwar von den frühmittelenglischen Zeiten an. Deshalb bringt er politische Lyrik des 13. 14. Jahrhunderts,

word 'backe'." Natürlich mufste dann Anastasius Grün in seiner herrlichen Übersetzung die Stelle auch ganz harmlos verdeutschen: Klein John mit breitem Bolzen traf Ihn noch ins Hinterteil.

bringt Chaucer, Earl of Rivers, bringt Skelton, Hawes, Henrysoun, Jacob V. von Schottland, — Spenser war ja so sehr im Mittelpunkt des litterarischen Interesses, dafs er nicht erst der Neuerweckung durch die Reliques bedurfte — Gascoigne, Lily, Richard Edwards, Marlowe, Lord Vaux, Königin Elizabeth und Jacob I., Edward Vere, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Sir Walter Raleigh, Deloney und Elderton, König Karl I., Wither, Carew, Lovelace, Suckling, Corbet, Shirley, Tom d'Urfey, Grubb, Glover, Shenstone, Harrington, Hamilton, Grainger, Mallet, die zahlreichen poetischen Florilegien und Einzelballaden des 16., 17., 18. Jahrhs., in denen sich Volkstümliches und Klassizistisches so ziemlich die Wage hielten. Dem empfänglichen Publikum kam es aber überhaupt gar nicht so sehr darauf an, ob das Gebotene echt volkstümlich war oder nicht, wenn es nur wenigstens den Schein oder einige Wahrscheinlichkeit der Altertümlichkeit hatte im Gegensatze zu der klassizistischen Poesie des Tages; fehlte doch aus begreiflichen Gründen auch noch der kritische Mafsstab, den erst die systematisch-philologische Beschäftigung mit Sprache und Litteratur bieten konnte. So ist es charakteristisch für die Zeit, dafs das Gefühl für echt und unecht noch höchst unsicher war; begabte Dichter hatten schon lange vorher, in mehr oder minder glücklicher Nachahmung echter Volkslieder Nachahmungen und Falsifikate geliefert, die, da sie zum Teil den volkstümlichen Ton mit Geschick trafen oder die Dunkelheit, mysteriöse, ahnungerregende Unverständlichkeit überlieferter Fragmente mit virtuoser Manier kopierten, von grofser Wirkung sein mufsten. Wir lächeln heute über ein Machwerk wie Hardyknute, bei dem wir auf Schritt und Tritt die künstliche Mache und verborgene Absicht erkennen; jemand, dem die einschlägige Litteratur zu Gebote steht, dürfte unschwer die geschickte Mosaikarbeit auf ihre Quellen zurückführen können [1]). Doch dies galt noch nicht für das

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[1]) So sei hier nur bemerkt, dafs die unter dem Titel Promptorium Parvulorum bekannte englisch-lateinische Wörtersammlung (hrsg. v. Albert Way, Camden Society 1865) hiebei als Hülfsmittel gedient haben dürfte, indem einige der zahlreichen dunkeln Ausdrücke im Hardyknute daraus eine überraschende Erklärung finden. 332, 5 begegnet das sonst nicht bekannte Wort harnisine in der Bedeutung Harnisch; im Prompt. Parv. lesen wir Harneysyn̄' or a-rayyn̄' wythe harneys

18. Jahrhundert; man lechzte nach den Schauern und Mysterien der Romantik und war von vorneherein dafür gewonnen; wenn uns durch die Fortschritte der Kritik natürlich nicht nur das Interesse, sondern auch der harmlose Genufs an dem Gedichte etwas verleidet wird, konnte doch Walter Scott sagen „Hardyknute was the first poem I ever learnt — the last that I shall forget." Dies ist eine Erscheinung, die für das Verhältnis von Volkspoesie und Kunstpoesie überhaupt bezeichnend ist.

Wenn wir nach der einfachsten Definition des Volksliedes suchen, so finden wir sie in der englischen Bezeichnung „Popular Song"; das, was volkstümlich ist im weitesten Sinne, d. h., was wenigstens zu einer bestimmten, wenn auch vorübergehenden Zeit den allgemeinen Geschmack trifft, kann im weiteren Sinne als Volkslied gelten; dahin gehören die meisten broad-sides, die Balladen auf einzelne Zeitereignisse, die jeweils von allgemeinerem Interesse waren und heute als Zeugnisse für jene Interessen und Geschmacksrichtungen von Wichtigkeit sind: zu solchen können auch Produkte der Kunstpoesie werden, und zu einer Zeit, in der die Gegensätze zwischen Volkspoesie und Kunstpoesie weniger schroff sind, sind ihre Erzeugnisse oft schwer auseinanderzuhalten; lehrreich ist dafür die Zeit Shakspere's, geradeso wie heute unsere Zeit künstlicher Schnadahüpfeln; das Lied Willow, Willow, Willow (No. 20) erweist sich durch die meisterhafte Verwertung in Shakspere's Othello unleugbar als Volkslied, richtiger volkstümliches Lied, obwohl es ganz im Geschmacke der Kunstpoesie abgefafst ist. Volkstümliches Lied im weiteren Sinne ist also alles, was

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and wepyne (harneysyn or armyn. Pynson.) Armo; dies fafste der (männliche oder weibliche) Fabrikator als ein Substantiv auf, oder, wenn harnisine im Hardykn. etwa ursprünglich als Verb gefafst sein sollte, als die 1. Sg. Präs. (bez. den Imperativ) = lat. armo. Ebenso 333, 4 Full lowns the shynand day, was Percy mit *blazes* erklärt; an das schottische *to loun*, beruhigen ist wohl hier kaum zu denken; doch was soll lown sein, das in der Bedeutung flammen, scheinen, sonst nicht bezeugt ist? wieder hilft das Prompt. Parv. Lowyn̄, or flamyn as fyyr. *Flammo*; das ME. nördl. Verb lowe(n) = AN. loga ist bekannt, der Fabrikator aber hielt wieder das Endungs-n als zum Stamme gehörig. Welche Mittelglieder hier etwa noch vorlagen, liefse sich natürlich nur an englischen Bibliotheken untersuchen. Der Umstand, dafs das Prompt. Parv. aber gerade in den Jahren 1700, 1708, 1710, 1716 Neudrucke erlebte, ist für die ausgesprochene Vermutung nicht ohne Bedeutung.

dem Volke gefällt und vom Volke so aufgenommen und weitergesungen wird, dafs alles, was blofs individuellen Geschmack verriete, abgeschliffen wird. Daher ist auch dieses Volkslied im weiteren Sinne, in dem die Individualität eines einzelnen Dichters nicht zur Geltung kommt, sondern an ihrer Stelle die des betreffenden Volkes, für die Beurteilung des Nationalcharakters allein von wirklichem Werte, und in gleicher Weise auch für die Beurteilung einer Zeit; es wird deshalb aber auch an Beliebtheit mit der Zeit verlieren und mit der veränderten Mode sich verändern oder verschwinden. Zu scheiden davon ist das Volkslied im engeren Sinne, das in seinen Motiven meist uralt, in der Regel in die Zeit vor der Sonderentwicklung der einzelnen Nationen zurückgeht und das eigentliche Thema der vergleichenden Litteraturgeschichte des Volksliedes bildet. Dieses echte Volkslied ist in seiner primitiveren und ursprünglicheren Empfindungsweise auch weniger dem wechselnden Zeitgeschmack unterworfen, deshalb aber auch weniger vom jeweiligen Zeitgeschmack begünstigt und so geschichtlich viel schwerer zu fixieren. Es wird, wo es erhalten bleibt, nicht veralten, sondern immer von neuem gefallen, jedoch weit weniger Anhaltspunkte für seine Entstehungsgeschichte bieten. Auch dieses Volkslied umfafst nicht allein prähistorische Motive, obwohl vieles darin in die ersten Stadien dichterischer Conception und Mythenbildung zurückreicht; es sind auch hier Lieder einzelner Berufskreise zu verzeichnen; da diese aber dann meist ursprünglich an ein historisches Faktum anknüpften, dessen Einzelheiten sich notwendig verwischen mufsten, wenn es ein typisches Lied werden sollte, ist die zu Grunde liegende Fabel vielfach dunkel; nur einzelne besonders beliebte Motive bleiben oft erhalten, und in dieser nebelhaft verschwommenen, mysteriösen Unklarheit, in den Wirkungen auf unsere primitivsten Empfindungen liegt der eigentümliche Zauber, den diese Gattung ausübt; denn je primitiver und unausgesprochener ein künstlerisches Motiv ist, desto vielgestaltiger und fruchtbarer erweist es sich. Dies haben die Romantiker und zwar nicht erst die Romantiker des ausgehenden 18., sondern schon die ersten Fabrikatoren zu Anfang des 18. Jahrhunderts, richtig erkannt und trefflich verwertet. Hiebei ist nicht zu vergessen, dafs die Lieder gesungen wurden, und die Melodie, oft ein ganz primitives Motiv, ein Lied erhielt, oft ein Lied, dessen Einzel-

heiten längst vergessen oder Nebensache waren. Lehrreich ist hiefür Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard (No. 128), dessen Refrain Away, Musgrave, Away, wohl weit älter sein dürfte, als die Ballade in der überlieferten Gestalt. Ebenso konnte durch eine Melodie bezw. einen beliebten Refrain ein von einem Kunstpoeten verfafstes Lied, das nur dem vorübergehenden Interesse entsprach, volkstümlich werden und sich länger erhalten, als das Interesse an dem Stoffe selbst, so z. B. Lilliburlero (No. 114). Dies macht es in vielen Fällen geradezu unmöglich, zwischen „echten“ Volksliedern und volkstümlichen Liedern im weiteren Sinne zu scheiden, indem die Motive der letzteren geschichtlich nicht zu fixieren sind und geschichtlich fixierbare Lieder sich derselben bedienten.

Diese Verquickung volkstümlicher, jüngerer Lieder mit uralten Motiven echter Volkslieder gewährte ihnen zum Teile einen Reiz, der die dichterische Produktion und auch die poetische Theorie mächtig anregte. Diese Verbindung des echt Poetischen mit dem Bänkelsängerischen der Strafsenballaden drückte aber notwendig den Wert dieser Lieder in den Augen der konservativen Kunstdichter herab, daher der ängstliche Vorbehalt Percy's, mit dem er seine Reliques dem Interesse seiner Zeitgenossen empfahl. Die volkstümlichen Strafsenballaden, die namentlich in der zweiten Hälfte des 17. Jahrhunderts — gleichzeitig mit dem Rückgange edlerer Kunstpoesie — in ungeheuern Aufschwung kamen — eine Liste der vom Buchhändler William Thackeray Ende März oder Anfang April 1685 augenblicklich auf Lager vorrätigen zählt nicht weniger als 301 Stück auf —, sind ja ihrer überwiegenden Mehrzahl nach poetisch recht minderwertige Produkte. Es sind vielfach ergetzliche, meist kulturhistorisch unschätzbare Stücke, doch sind sie vom ästhetischen Standpunkte aus von den Kunstpoeten nicht ganz mit Unrecht gering geschätzt worden. Man darf den dichterischen Wert des volkstümlichen Liedes doch auch nicht überschätzen; man sehe doch die heute von den unteren Ständen gesungenen und bei ihnen beliebten Lieder (vgl. z. B. Modern Street Ballads, collected and edited by John Ashton, with 56 Illustrations, London, Chatto & Windus 1888) an, was für erbärmliches Zeug darunter ist, ebenso bei uns in Deutschland, und unser Pöbel steht ästhetisch gewifs nicht tiefer als der vor 200 Jahren. Der Wert dieser Litteratur

ist ebenso grofs für den Historiker wie er verhältnismäfsig gering für die Befruchtung der schönen Litteratur war und sein mufs. Sowie Uhland, angeregt durch die südfranzösischen Troubadours des Mittelalters, Dichtungen schuf, die nach der Ansicht der kompetentesten Kritiker die Originale weit hinter sich zurückliefsen und ein dauernder Schatz der Weltlitteratur[1]) geworden sind, so wurde das, was die Kunstpoeten aus den Anregungen, die sie den volkstümlichen Liedern abgewannen, schufen, das wirklich lebendige und schöpferische Element in der Litteratur. Von diesem Standpunkte aus hat die Folgezeit, d. h. die poetische Folgezeit, nicht die philologische, Percy Recht gegeben, dafs er eine scheinbar haltlose Stellung zwischen Volkspoesie und Kunstpoesie einnahm. Nicht die revolutionäre Kritik eines Coleridge u. a., sondern die nachschöpferische Dichtung eines Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Tennyson zog die Nation mit sich.

Philologe und Kritiker war Percy allerdings weit weniger, und wenn wir diesen dritten Punkt seiner Bedeutung in der englischen Litteratur erwägen, so bleibt der Wert seiner Leistungen bekanntlich zurück hinter den Anforderungen, die nicht nur wir heute, sondern die nicht mit Unrecht auch einige seiner Zeitgenossen, vor allem Ritson, erhoben haben. Seine Texte sind durchaus nicht immer verläfsliche Wiedergaben der Originale, am meisten noch, wo es sich um bereits Gedrucktes handelt, wogegen seine Veröffentlichungen aus Handschriften zuweilen die gröfste Willkür zeigen.

Aufser dem massenhaften Material an gedruckten Quellen und handschriftlichen Aufzeichnungen hatte ihm bekanntlich ein glücklicher Zufall jene reichhaltige, um die Mitte des 17. Jahrhunderts niedergeschriebene Sammlung englischer Balladen in die Hände gespielt, die jetzt unter dem Namen des „Percy Folio Manuscript“ bekannt und in vortrefflicher Weise von Hales und Furnivall vollständig herausgegeben und mit Einleitungen, Anmerkungen, Glossar und Register versehen worden ist. (Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript. Ballads and Romances. Edited by John W. Hales . . and Frederik J. Furnivall . . assisted by Prof. Child . . and W. Chappell . . . London, 1867—68 in 3 Bänden, dazu noch

[1]) Es ist wohl kein Zufall, dafs ein Mann wie Skeat dieselben ins Englische übersetzt hat.

ein 4. Band, enthaltend die Loose and Humorous Songs.) Nur 45 Stücke davon sind von Percy in seinen Reliques verwertet worden, und diese vielfach so frei, dafs, wenn man den heutigen Mafsstab von Verantwortlichkeit des Herausgebers an Percy anlegen dürfte, das Urteil allerdings hart ausfallen müfste; doch Percy hatte eben nicht rein philologische Tendenzen, und man konnte sie zu seiner Zeit wohl auch nicht von ihm erwarten. Es handelte sich ihm, wie gesagt, vornehmlich darum, die alten Schätze überhaupt wieder zu Ehren zu bringen; wie er dies am besten thun zu sollen glaubte, kann von unserem heutigen Standpunkte aus nicht so leicht entschieden werden. So hat er das Gedicht Valentine and Ursine (No. 173) geradezu selbst gedichtet, in einem anderen Metrum als die dürftigen Reste des Originals im PFM. und nur mit ungefährer Anlehnung an dasselbe; ähnlich verhält es sich mit The Child of Elle (Nr. 11) und vielen andern. Die heftige Kritik, die dieses Verfahren hervorrief, so berechtigt sie war, war insofern doch nicht ganz billig, als zweifelsohne Percy das nicht erzielt hätte, was er wie kein andrer zu Gunsten der englischen Litteratur erzielte, wenn er gleich anfangs das Publikum durch diplomatische Textabdrücke nach philologischen Prinzipien kopfscheu gemacht hätte. Wenn er in der Ausgabe letzter Hand einen solchen Text von The Marriage of Sir Gawaine (1079 ff.) mitteilte, hatte er von seinem Standpunkte aus ja gewifs Recht, dafs sich für seine Zwecke dergleichen nicht geeignet hätte. Die um die Reliques ausgebrochenen litterarischen Streitigkeiten und Percy's Vorgehen im allgemeinen, die sich sowohl in der Hales-Furnivallschen Ausgabe des PFM. als in Brandls oben genannter Skizze der Geschichte der englischen Volkspoesie behandelt finden, sollen hier nicht näher erläutert werden, da dieselben in gröfserem Zusammenhange zu erörtern sind, wenn die geplanten Einleitungen und Anmerkungen zu den einzelnen Stücken erscheinen. Dort wird auch über die mannigfaltigen Quellen Percy's, denen für die Texte und denen für seine antiquarisch-litterarhistorischen Essays zu handeln sein; indessen wird hiefür das Register IV einen vorläufigen Überblick gewähren. Bei alledem ist Percy doch nicht in allen Fällen so willkürlich verfahren, und die Mehrzahl der gebotenen Gedichte ist nicht schlechter überliefert, als wir es heute von englischen Herausgebern — abgesehen

natürlich von bewährten Philologen wie Skeat, Furnivall u. a. — gewohnt sind. Es empfehlen sich daher die Reliques sehr wohl nicht nur zur Lektüre solcher, die sich mit älterer englischer Litteratur bekannt machen wollen, sondern auch als Grundlage für akademische Interpretationen, und es ist auch in Rücksicht darauf in unserer Ausgabe nicht an Raum gespart worden, die Varianten sprachlich interessanter Texte oder sogar doppelte Versionen (Nr. 2, 51) mitzuteilen. Durch die durchgehende Paginierung und Zeilenzählung wird wohl die Benutzung der Texte und einschlägige Untersuchungen über Motive, Stil, Sprache etc. wesentlich erleichtert werden.

IV.

Von den Reliques erschienen bekanntlich während der Lebenszeit Percy's (13. April 1729 bis 30. Sept. 1811) vier autorisierte Ausgaben, die erste 1765 (α), die zweite 1767 (β), die dritte 1775 (γ) und die Ausgabe letzter Hand 1794 (δ); 1766 war in Dublin ein Nachdruck erschienen[1], und 1790 der schon genannte Frankfurter Nachdruck (α') nach α. Dieser Nachdruck α' scheint verschiedene Titelauflagen erlebt zu haben, doch sind die mir bekannt gewordenen Ausgaben alle gleich; meist ist J. G. Fleischer als Verleger genannt, bald London and Francfort, bald London allein oder Francfort allein als Verlagsort; ein Exemplar der Münchener Hof- und Staatsbibliothek (auch im British Museum, 11621, bbb 10) hat auf den Titeln aller drei Bände Francfort, Printed for Varrentrapp and Werner 1803. Es verlohnte nicht, auf diese Ausgabe näher einzugehen, wenn sie nicht eben diejenige gewesen wäre, die in Deutschland doch wohl nächst den älteren Originalausgaben die gröſste Verbreitung gefunden haben dürfte; sie ist, wie schon gesagt, ein bis auf die Druckfehler genauer Abdruck von α, doch mit andrer Paginierung (s. Register I) und, da der Nachdrucker bez. Raubverleger wohl kein Englisch verstand, mit zahlreichen

[1]) Dublin, Printed for P. Wilson in Dame Street, and E. Watts in Skinner Row, MDCCLXVI. in 3 Bänden. Die Druckfehler sind korrigiert, die Nachträge an den betr. Stellen eingetragen, die Kupferstiche, mit Ausnahme der auf S. 2 und 3, sind weggelassen, ebenso die Musiknotentafel (S. 525) und natürlich auch die auf dieselben bezüglichen Bemerkungen. Die Paginierung ist anders.

unsinnigen Fehlern; so wenn z. B. in α I, 293 (*u. T.* 220, 35) auf II, 289 (*u. T.* 458) verwiesen ist, ist dies unbesehn mit abgedruckt worden, obwohl in α' die betreffende Stelle II, 251 ist. Desgleichen ist die Verweisung auf den Kupferstich zu Ende des 3. Bandes (809, s. 1050, 15) mit abgedruckt, obwohl derselbe fehlt, u. dgl. m. u. dgl. m. Von Ausgaben nach Percy's Tode ist zunächst die fünfte (ε) 1812 erschienen, die in unserer Ausgabe durchwegs mit benutzt ist und für deren freundliche Überlassung, solange und so oft ich ihrer bedurfte, die unermüdlich gefällige Strafsburger Bibliothek mich zu wiederholtem Danke verpflichtet hat. Von späteren Ausgaben führt Allibone folgende in London erschienene an: 1823, 4 vols. 12mo; 1839, 7 Pts. r. 8vo (the Hermit of Warkworth for the first time included); 1839, 3 vols. p. 8vo; 1844, med. 8vo (engraved title and frontispiece by Stephanoff); 1844, 3 vols. p. 8vo; 1844, 3 vols. 24mo; 1847, 3 vols. p. 8vo; 1851, 3 vols. 12mo; 1856, 3 vols. 18mo; 1857, 3 vols. 12mo (as originally pub. by the bishop, including the Wanton Wife of Bath: this is Washbourne's third edit.: see Notes and Queries, 1857; Lon. Gent. mag., 1857, Pt. I, 476); 1857, fp. 8vo, and 1865 fp. 8vo: edited, with Biographical Sketches of the Author, by R. A. Willmott (Routledge's Poets: see Lond. Athen. 1857, 903). Dann eine Ausgabe in Philadelphia 1823, 3 vols. 12mo und ebenda 1855 hgg. v. F. Bell; schliefslich eine Edinburgh 1857, 3 vols. 8vo, hgg. v. George Gilfillan. Diese Liste späterer Ausgaben, die nur bis ins Jahr 1857 reicht, zeigt das anhaltende Interesse, dessen sich die inhaltreiche Liedersammlung erfreute, auch nachdem sie lange aufgehört hatte, als litterarische Neuerscheinung bestimmend in die Entwicklung der englischen Litteratur einzugreifen.

Was die Percyschen Originalausgaben selbst anlangt, so darf man sich durch die Vorrede zur Ausgabe letzter Hand (s. 812, 30—814, 31) darüber nicht täuschen lassen, dafs Bischof Percy andauernd diese angebliche Jugendtändelei weitergehegt und gepflegt und gerade diese letzte Ausgabe besonders sorgfältig und reichhaltig ausgestattet hat. Die drei ersten Ausgaben, α, β, γ bilden jedenfalls gegenüber δ eine enger zusammen gehörige Gruppe; dies hier im einzelnen auszuführen dürfte freilich nicht von sonderlichem Interesse sein, zumal

die Varianten und das Register I darüber zur Genüge belehren. Der diplomatische Abdruck von *α* läſst auch erkennen, daſs Band I und Band III ursprünglich ihren Platz gewechselt haben, indem ersterer die Bogen mit Vol. III, letzterer mit Vol. I bezeichnet; daher verweist *α* z. B. 426, 27 auf Vol. I statt auf Vol. III.

Wichtiger ist es, darauf hinzuweisen, daſs die älteren Ausgaben nicht nur für die Litteraturgeschichte die wichtigeren sind, sondern trotz oder zuweilen gerade wegen Percy's nicht immer glücklichem Bestreben zu bessern, die richtigeren oder berechtigteren Lesarten bieten. So hat *α* 27, 2 mit Recht met, während *βγδε* zu meet ändern, ebenso 31, 2 cam wo *βγδ* came (*ε* aber wieder cam) lesen; der wohl gewiſs verläſsliche Abdruck bei Skeat, Specimens of Engl. Lit. beweist dies. 685, 17 lesen *γ* und die späteren: Unto their places the king did advance, was entschieden eine vorschnelle Schlimmbesserung der Lesart in *αβ*: paces bedeutet; das PFM. II, 157 hat unto this practice (es ist vom Tanzen bei Hofe die Rede) und da waren paces, zu denen der König seinen ungeschlachten Gästen behilflich war, gar wohl am Platze; bei der Änderung war Percy der Sinn des Originals offenbar nicht mehr gegenwärtig. Andrerseits hat freilich das PFM. für *δ* zahlreiche wirkliche Besserungen gebracht, so zu 78, 85; 117, 18; 118, 81; 188, 12; 404, 22 u. a. m. u. a. m., doch 117, 4 gegen das PFM. ffast zu first geändert. 422, 17 ändert *δ* tunes zu turns, die betreffende Stelle in der Ausgabe des Warner bei Chalmer-Johnson giebt *αβγ* Recht. 594, 16 ist Fou snug zu For snug geändert; es kann hier und an vielen anderen Stellen nur die Einsichtnahme in Percy's Quellen definitiven Aufschluſs geben. Natürlich steckt in den Lesarten der älteren Ausgaben auch eine Menge für die Litteraturgeschichte und die Geschichte der Litteraturgeschichte Interessantes, so z. B. die nur in *β* enhaltene Notiz über Mac-Pherson; hiefür dürfte das Register IV sich nützlich erweisen.

Besonders interessant sind aber die Abweichungen der einzelnen Ausgaben untereinander auch in sprachlicher Hinsicht und die Glossare, indem letztere zeigen, was Percy als erklärungsbedürftig erschien; es ist höchst wichtig für das Studium der englischen Wortgeschichte der letzten hundert Jahre, zu verfolgen, wie durch die romantische Dichtung und die mit ihr Hand in Hand gehende Beschäftigung mit dem englischen

Mittelalter die Begriffe von veraltet und modern mannigfach verschoben wurden. So sei beispielsweise auf die Aufnahme und Erklärung der Wörter axed (967, 15), bridal, dank, dell, doublet, maze (1020, 7), peering, shrew (1021, 1), wee, whit, auf die Erklärung des Percy als veraltet erscheinenden sped durch *speeded* hingewiesen. Was den Sprachgebrauch Percy's selbst in seinen Einleitungen, Essays und sonstigen Beigaben betrifft, sind die Abweichungen der späteren von den jüngeren Ausgaben recht lehrreich; deshalb ist auch die Wiedergabe all dieser scheinbar unwesentlichen Kleinigkeiten in den Varianten zum Prinzip erhoben worden. Orthographisches, Syntaktisches, Wortgeschichtliches kommt hier massenhaft in Betracht. Es sei nur auf einiges Wenige hingewiesen. 539, 21 liest α *discernable*, βδε' *discernible*, doch γ wieder *discernable*, desgl. 471, 30 und 1014, 5 erst in ε *discernible*; 236, 28 α *dissentions*, die späteren *dissensions*; 402, 8 α *persue*, die späteren *pursue*; 382, 5 αβ *deficiences*, die späteren *deficiencies*; 69, 6 *farther* zu *further* in β; das heute veraltete *spite of* α 546, 1 wird zu *in spite of* geändert (vergl. Mitteilungen (z. Anglia) III, 2); 308, 18 *admit no delay* zu *admit of n. d.*; 170, 28 *the greatest part seem* in γ zu ... *seems*; 398, 18 *whose tippling and his rhymes*, γ tilgt *his*; 830, 38 *in first instance* in δ *in the f. i.*; 868, 18 it's in ε zu *its*; desgleichen orthographische Änderungen wie 504, 19 *bigotted* in ε *bigoted*; ferner beachte man die sprachgeschichtlich interessanten regelmäſsigen *chuse*, das Schwanken zwischen *shew*, *shewn* und *show*, *shown*, wobei es gewiſs kein Zufall ist, daſs die *o*-Form in den späteren Ausgaben sich gerade dort mit Vorliebe findet, wo es sich um neue Zusätze handelt, denn selbst ε behält *e*-Formen bei, so gemeinsam mit γδ 860, 5; beachtenswert sind auch die zahlreichen alten *in*-, die ε schon gerne, und vollends die modernen Ausgaben zu *en*- wandeln, obwohl ε noch genügend *in*-Formen beibehält, z. B. 378, 26; 548, 36; 584, 22, neben modernisiertem *embellishment* 444, 2 u. a. m. u. a. m., was gerade heute besonders hervorgehoben zu werden verdient, wo uns der so hochverdienstliche Bradley im New English Dictionary protonisches *en*- als *en* auszusprechen lehrt. Man sieht, diese Kleinigkeiten sind nicht ohne Bedeutung. Doch genug dieser Kleinklauberei, die sich natürlich noch ins schier Endlose fortsetzen lieſse; Percy's Reliques und ihre verschiedenen Ausgaben sind uns gewiſs

nicht deshalb von hoher Bedeutung, weil wir auch an ihnen sprachgeschichtliche Exercitien vornehmen können, wozu sich schliefslich jedes ältere Druckwerk eignete und wozu, wie wir weiter oben gesehen, auch ein Vergleich mit den modernen Ausgaben einladet; es ist aber vielleicht nicht überflüssig, wenn auch bei solcher Gelegenheit auf dergleichen hingewiesen wird, denn Sprachgeschichte und Litteraturgeschichte gehören einmal zu einander und dürfen weder in grofsen noch in kleinen Dingen getrennte Wege wandeln.

Mögen die Reliques in dieser Neuausgabe, die mein geehrter Herr Verleger und ich den Fachgenossen und Liebhabern hiermit darbieten, das Interesse für den grofsen idealistischen Schwung, den einst die Romantik in England und Deutschland hervorgerufen, ihrerseits ein wenig wachhalten, zu einer Zeit, in der wir nach dem unaufhaltsamen Wandel der Geschmacksrichtungen auf dem besten Wege sind, in seine Kehrseite zu verfallen, obwohl uns ja Meister Paul Heyse das kräftige Trostwörtlein gesprochen: „man mag das Ideal, das Heimweh nach dem Schönen und Grofsen mit der Mistgabel des Naturalismus noch so hitzig austreiben, es kehrt immer wieder zurück.“ Wie oft hat der Herausgeber über dieser mühseligen Kärrnerarbeit, dem Kollationieren, Notieren, Korrigieren und Verifizieren von Lesarten und Druckfehlern geseufzt, und immer wieder lachte ihm das Herz über die mannigfachen Schönheiten, die unverwelkliche Liebesanmut, die unbesiegliche Männlichkeit und Ritterlichkeit, den köstlichen naiven Humor, den tiefergreifenden Ernst einfältiger, ursprünglicher Weisen, die aus diesen Blättern sprachen. Wenn er jetzt das Buch vom Schreibtische entläfst, geschieht es wohl mit dem Gefühle der Erleichterung, doch nicht weniger mit dem wehmütigen Dankes für die schönen Stunden und Jahre, die es ihn begleitet, und dem Wunsche ähnlicher Freude für alle diejenigen — die noch die göttliche Fähigkeit besitzen, zu geniefsen.

Freiburg i. Br., 12. März 1893.

Arnold Schröer.

Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.

I.

Text

der ersten Ausgabe von 1765.

Kupferstich: ein Harfner umgeben von ritterlichen Zuhörern und Zuhörerinnen; darüber in den Wolken blumenstreuende Engelchen, mit der Devise:

NON OMNIS MORIAR

S. Wale del. *C. Grignion Sculp.*

These venerable antient Song-enditers
Soar'd many a pitch above our modern writers:
With rough majestic force they mov'd the heart,
And strength and nature made amends for Art.

Rowe.

RELIQUES

OF

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY:

CONSISTING OF

Old Heroic BALLADS, SONGS, and other

PIECES of our earlier POETS,

(Chiefly of the LYRIC kind.)

Together with some few of later Date.

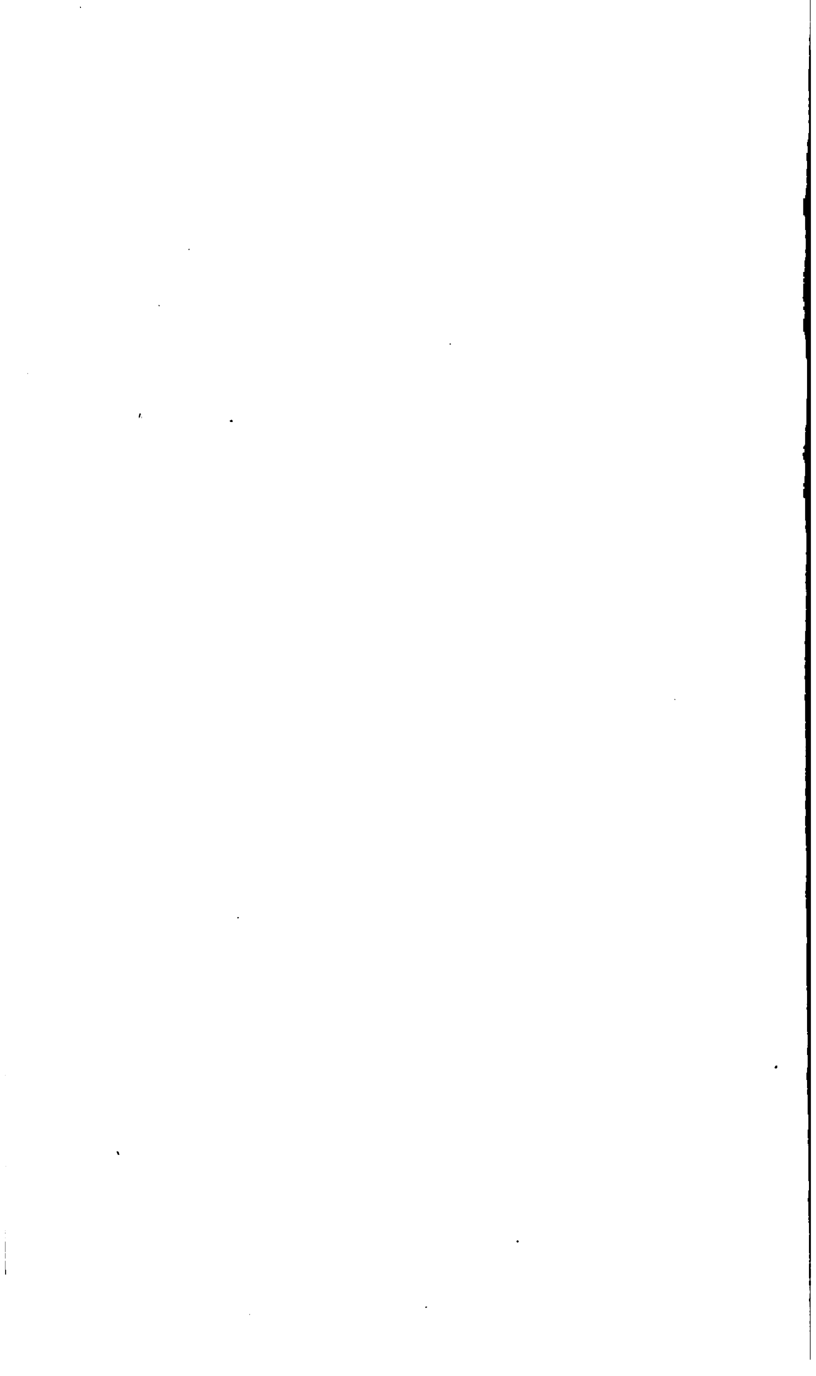
VOLUME THE FIRST.

Kupferstich: unter Trümmern einer Burg eine Harfe an einen Baum gelehnt, davor Bücher und Pergamente, darunter die Devise:
DURAT OPUS VATUM.

LONDON:

Printed for J. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall.

MDCCLXV.



Kupferstich: Wappen der Percy, darunter
die Devise:
ESPERANCE EN DIEU

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
ELIZABETH
COUNTESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND:
IN HER OWN RIGHT
BARONESS PERCY, LUCY, POYNINGS, FITZ-PAYNE, BRYAN, AND LATIMER.

MADAM,

THOSE writers, who solicit the protection of the noble and the great, are often exposed to censure by the impropriety of their adresses: a remark that will perhaps [be VI] be too readily applied to him, who having nothing better to offer than the rude songs of anciont minstrels, aspires to the patronage of the Countess of NORTHUMBERLAND, and hopes that the barbarous productions of unpolished ages can obtain the approbation or the notice of her, who adorns courts by her presence, and diffuses elegance by her example.

But this impropriety, it is presumed, will disappear, when it is declared that these poems are presented to your LADYSHIP, not as labours of art, but as effusions of nature, shewing the first efforts of ancient genius, and exhibiting the customs and opinions of remote ages: of ages that had been almost lost to memory, had not the gallant deeds of your illustrious ancestors preserved them from oblivion.

No active or comprehensive mind can forbear some at-
tention to the reliques of anti [quity: **VII**] quity: It is prompted
by natural curiosity to survey the progress of life and man-
ners, and to inquire by what gradations barbarity was
5 civilized, grossness refined, and ignorance instructed: but
this curiosity, MADAM, must be stronger in those, who,
like your LADYSHIP, can remark in every period the in-
fluence of some great progenitor, and who still feel in
their effects the transactions and events of distant centuries.
10 By such Bards, MADAM, as I am now introducing to
your presence, was the infancy of genius nurtured and ad-
vanced, by such were the minds of unlettered warriors
softened and enlarged, by such was the memory of illustri-
ous actions preserved and propagated, by such were the
15 heroic deeds of the Earls of NORTHUMBERLAND sung at festi-
vals in the hall of ALNWICK: and those songs, which the
bounty of your ancestors rewarded, now return to your
LADYSHIP by a kind of hereditary right; and, I flatter my-
self, will find [such **VIII**] such reception, as is usually
20 shewn to poets and historians, by those whose consciousness
of merit makes it their interest to be long remembered.

I am,

MADAM,

Your LADYSHIP'S

25 Most Humble,

and most devoted Servant,

THOMAS PERCY.

[THE IX]

THE PREFACE.

THE Reader is here presented with select remains of our ancient English Bards and Minstrels, an order of men who were once greatly respected by our ancestors, and contributed to soften the roughness of a martial and unlettered 5 people by their songs and by their music.

The greater part of them are extracted from an ancient folio manuscript, in the Editor's prossession, which contains near 200 poems, songs, and metrical romances. This MS. was written about the middle of the last century, but con- 10 tains compositions of all times and dates, from the ages prior to Chaucer, to the conclusion of the reign of Charles I.

This manuscript was shown to several learned and ingenious friends, who thought the contents too curious to be 15 consigned to oblivion, and importuned the possessor to select some of them, and give them to the press. As most of them are of great simplicity, and seem to have been meerly written for the people, he was long in doubt, -- whether in the present state of improved literature, they 20 could be deemed worthy the attention of the public. At length the importunity of his friends prevailed, and he could refuse nothing to such judges as the author of the RAMBLER, and the late Mr. SHENSTONE.

Accordingly such specimens of ancient poetry have been 25 selected as either shew the gradation of our language, exhibit the progress of popular opinions, display the peculiar manners and customs of former ages, or throw light on our earlier classical poets.

[They X] They are here distributed into THREE VOLUMES, 30 each of which contains an independent SERIES of poems, arranged for the most part, according to the order of time, and showing the gradual improvements of the English language and poetry from the earliest ages down to the present. Each VOLUME, OT SERIES, is divided into three BOOKS, to 35 afford so many pauses, or resting-places to the Reader, and

to assist him in distinguishing between the productions of the earlier, the middle, and the latter times.

In a polished age, like the present, I am sensible that many of these reliques of antiquity will require great al-
5 lowances to be made for them. Yet have they, for the most part, a pleasing simplicity, and many artless graces, which in the opinon of no mean critics* have been thought to compensate for the want of higher beauties, and if they do not dazzle the imagination, are frequently found to interest
10 the heart.

To atone for the rudeness of the more obsolete poems, each volume concludes with a few modern attempts in the same kind of writing: And to take off from the tediousness of the longer narratives, they are every where intermingled
15 with little elegant pieces of the lyric kind. Select ballads in the old Scottish dialect, most of them of the first-rate merit, are also interspersed among those of our ancient English Minstrels; and the artless productions of these old rhapsodists, are occasionally confronted with specimens of
20 the composition of contemporary poets of a higher class: of those who had all the advantages of learning in the times in which they lived, and who wrote for fame and for posterity. Yet perhaps the palm will be frequently due to the old strolling [XI Min-] Minstrels, who composed their
25 rhimes to be sung to their harps, and who looked no farther than for present applause, and present subsistence.

The reader will find this class of men occasionally described in the following volumes, and some particulars relating to their history in a slight Essay subjoined to this
30 preface.

It will be proper here to give a short account of the other collections that were consulted, and to make my acknowledgments to those gentlemen, who were so kind as to impart extracts from them: for while this selection was

35 * Mr. ADDISON, Mr. DRYDEN, and the witty Lord DORSET, &c. See the Spectator, No. 70. To these might be added many eminent judges now alive. — The learned SELDEN appears also to have been fond of collecting these old things. See p. XI.

making, a great number of ingenious friends took a share in the work, and explored many large repositories in its favour.

The first of these that deserved notice was the Pepysian library at Magdalen College, Cambridge. Its founder, Sam. Pepys, Esq; secretary of the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. had made a large collection of ancient English ballads, near 2000 in number, which he has left pasted in five volumes in folio; besides Garlands and other smaller miscellanies. This collection he tells us was "Begun by Mr. SELDEN; improved by the "addition of many pieces elder thereto in time; and the "whole continued down to the year 1700".

In the Ashmole Library at Oxford, is a small collection of ballads, made by Anthony Wood, in the year 1676, containing somewhat more than 200. Many ancient popular poems are also preserved in the Bodleyan Library.

The archives of the Antiquarian Society at London contain a multitude of curious political poems in large folio volumes, digested under the several reigns of Hen. VIII., Edw. VI., Mary, Elizabeth, James I. &c.

In the British Museum is preserved a large treasure of ancient English poems in MS. besides one folio volume of printed ballads.

From all these some of the best pieces were selected, [and XII] and from many private collections, as well printed, as manuscript: particularly from one large folio volume which was lent by a lady.

Amid such a fund of materials, the Editor is afraid he has been sometimes led to make too great a parade of his authorities. The desire of being accurate has perhaps seduced him into too minute and trifling an exactness; and in persuit of information he may have been drawn into many a petty and frivolous research. It was however necessary to give some account of the old copies, tho' often for the sake of brevity one or two of these only are mentioned, where yet assistance was received from several*. Where

* Thus in Book I. No. VI. of this vol. one MS only is mentioned, tho' some additional stanzas were recovered from another fragment: and this has sometimes been the case elsewhere.

any thing was altered that deserved particular notice, the passage is distinguished by two inverted 'commas'. And the Editor has endeavoured to be as faithful, as the imperfect state of his materials would admit: for these old
5 popular rhimes have, as might be expected, been handed down to us with less care, than any other writings in the world.

The plan of the work was settled in concert with the late elegant Mr. SHENSTONE, who was to have borne a
10 joint share in it had not death unhappily prevented him: Most of the modern pieces were of his selection and arrangement, and the Editor hopes to be pardoned if he has retained some things out of partiality to the judgment of his friend. A (*l.* The ***corr.***) large MS. collection of poems was
15 a present from HUMPHREY PITT, Esq; of Prior's-Lee, in Shropshire, to whom this public acknowledgment is due for that, and many other obliging favours. To Sir DAVID DALRYMPLE, Bart. of Hayes (*l.* Hailes ***corr.***), near Edinburgh, the Editor is indebted for most of the beautiful Scot-
20 tish poems, with which this little miscellany is enriched, and for many curious and elegant remarks with which they are illustrated. Some [obliging **XIII**] obliging favours of the same kind were received from JOHN M^c GOWAN Esq; of Edinburgh: and many curious explanations of Scottish words in the glossa-
25 ries from Mr. JOHN DAVIDSON, of Edinburgh, and from the Rev. Mr. HUTCHINSON, of Kimbolton. Mr. WARTON, who at present does so much honour to the Poetry Professor's chair at Oxford, and another friend in that University, contributed some curious pieces from the Oxford libraries.
30 Two ingenious and learned friends at Cambridge deserve the Editor's warmest acknowledgments: to Mr. BLAKEWAY, late fellow of Magdalen College, he owes all the assistance received from the Pepysian library: and Mr. FARMER, fellow of Emanuel, often exerted in favour of this little
35 work, that extensive knowledge of ancient English literature for which he is so distinguished. Many extracts from ancient MSS. in the British Museum and other repositories, were owing to the kind services of Mr. ASTLE, to whom the public is indebted for the curious Preface and Index
40 lately annexed to the Harleian catalogue. The worthy Librarian of the Society of Antiquaries, deserves acknow-

ledgment for the obliging manner in which he gave the Editor access to the volumes under his care. In Mr. Garrick's curious collection of old plays are many scarce pieces of ancient poetry, with the free use of which he indulged the Editor, in the politest manner. To the Rev. 5 Dr. Birch he is indebted for the use of several ancient and curious tracts. To the friendship of Mr. Johnson he owes many valuable hints for the conduct of the work. And if the glossaries are more exact and curious, than might be expected in so slight a publication, it is to be 10 ascribed to the supervisal of a friend, who stands at this time the first in the world for northern literature, and whose learning is better known and respected in foreign nations, than in his own country. It is perhaps needless to name the Rev. Mr. Lye, Editor of Junius's Etymologi- 15 cum and of the Gothic gospels.

The Names of so many men of learning and character [the XIV] the Editor hopes will serve as an amulet to guard him from every unfavourable censure, for having bestowed any attention on a parcel of Old Ballads. It was at the 20 request of many of these gentlemen, and of others eminent for their genius, and taste, that this little work was undertaken. To prepare it for the press has been the amusement of now and then a vacant hour amid the leisure and retirement of rural life, and hath only served as a relaxation 25 from graver studies. It has been taken up at different times, and often thrown aside for many months, during an interval of four or five years. This has occasioned some inconsistencies and repetitions, which the candid reader will pardon. As great care has been taken to admit nothing 30 immoral and indecent; the Editor hopes he need not be ashamed of having bestowed some of his idle hours on the ancient literature of our own country, or in rescuing from oblivion some pieces (tho' but the amusements of our ancestors) which tend to place in a striking light, their taste, 35 genius, sentiments, or manners.

[AN XV] AN ESSAY

ON THE ANCIENT ENGLISH MINSTRELS.

THE MINSTRELS seem to have been the genuine successors of the ancient Bards, who united the arts of
5 Poetry and Music, and sung verses to the harp, of their own composing. It is well known what respect was shewn to their BARDS by the Baritons: and no less was paid to the northern SCALDS‡ by most of the nations of Gothic race. Our Saxon ancestors, as well as their brethren
10 the ancient Danes, had been accustomed to hold men of this profession in the highest reverence. Their skill was considered as something divine, their persons were deemed sacred, their attendance was solicited by kings, and they were every where loaded with honours and rewards*. In
15 short, poets and their art were held among them in that rude admiration, which is ever shown by an ignorant people to such as excell them in intellectual accomplishments. When the Saxons were converted to christianity, in proportion as letters prevailed among them, this rude admira-
20 tion began to abate, and poetry was no longer a peculiar profession. The Poet and the Minstrel† became two persons. Poetry was cultivated by men of letters indiscriminately, and [many XVI] many of the most popular rhimes were composed amidst the leisure and retirement of monasteries.

25 ‡ So the ancient Danes, &c. intitled their Bards. See Pref. to "Five pieces of Runic poetry, 8vo. 1763.

* Mallet, L'Introd. a l'Hist. de Dannemarc. 4to. Bartholin. Antiq. Dan. 4to.

† The word MINSTREL is derived from the French *Menes-*
30 *trier;* and was not in use here before the Norman conquest. It is remarkable that our old monkish historians do not use the word *Citharædus*, *Cantator*, or the like, to express a MINSTREL in Latin; but either *Mimus*, *Histrio*, *Joculator*, or some other word that implies gesture. Hence it should seem that the Min-
35 strels set off their singing by mimickry or action: or according to Dr. Brown's hypothesis, united the powers of melody, poem, and dance. See his ingenious Hist. of the Rise of Poetry &c.

But the Minstrels continued a distinct order of men, and got their livelihood by singing verses to the harp, at the houses of the great. There they were still hospitably and respectfully received, and retained many of the honours shown to their predecessors the Bards and Scalds. And 5 indeed tho' some of them only recited the compositions of others, many of them still composed songs themselves, and all of them could probably invent a few stanzas on occasion. I have no doubt but most of the old heroic ballads in this collection were produced by this order of men. For 10 altho' some of the larger metrical romances might come from the pen of the monks or others, yet the smaller narratives were probably composed by the Minstrels who sung them. From the amazing variations, which occur in different copies of these old pieces, it is evident they made no scruple to 15 alter each other's productions, and the reciter added or omitted whole stanzas, according to his own fancy or convenience.

In the early ages, as is hinted above, this profession was held in great reverence among the Saxon tribes, as well as among their Danish brethren. This appears from 20 two remarkable facts in history, which show that the same arts of music and song were equally admired among both nations, and that the privileges and honours conferred upon the professors of them were common to both; as it is well known their customs, manners, and even language were 25 not in those times very dissimilar.

When our great king Alfred was desirous to learn the true situation of the Danish army, wich had invaded his realm; he assumed the dress and character of a Minstrel*, [and **XVII**] and taking his harp, and only one attendant, (for in the early 30 times it was not unusual for a Minstrel to have a servant to carry his harp†) he went with the utmost security into the Danish camp. And though he could not but be known to be a Saxon, the character he had assumed procured him a hospitable reception; he was admitted to entertain the king 35

* *Fingens se* JOCULATOREM, *assumpta cithara*, &c. Ingulphi Hist. p. 869. — *Sub specie* MIMI . . . ut JOCULATORIÆ *professor artis*. Malmesb. I. 2. c. 4. p. 43. One name for a Minstrel in old French was JOUGLEUR.

† See this vol. p. 57. 65. 40

at table, and staid among them long enough to contrive that assault, wich afterwards destroyed them. This was in the year 878.

About sixty years after, a Danish king made use of 5 the same disguise to explore the camp of our king Athelstan. With his harp in his hand, and dressed like a Minstrel‡, Anlaff, king of the Danes, went among the Saxon tents, and taking his stand near the king's pavillion, began to play, and was immediately admitted. There he enter-10 tained Athelstan and his lords with his singing and his music: and was at length dismissed with an honourable reward; though his songs must have discovered him to have been a Dane. Athelstan was saved from the consequences of this stratagem by a soldier, who had observed Anlaff 15 bury the money which had been given him, from some scruple of honour, or motive of superstition. This occasioned a discovery.

From the uniform procedure of both these kings, it is plain that the same mode of entertainment prevailed among 20 both people, and that the Minstrel was a privileged character among both. Even so late as the reign of Edward II. the Minstrels were easily admitted into the royal presence; as appears from a passage in Stow⸸, which also shews the splendor of their appearance.

25 "In the yeare 1316, Edward the Second did solemnize "his feast of Pentecost at Westminster in the great hall: "where sitting royally at the table with his peers about "[“him, XVIII] him, there entered a woman ADORNED LIKE "A MINSTRELL‡, SITTING ON A GREAT HORSE TRAPPED, AS 30 "MINSTRELS THEN USED, who rode round about the tables, "shewing pastime; and at length came up to the king's table, "and laid before him a letter, and forthwith turning her horse "saluted every one, and departed." — The subject of this letter was a remonstrance to the king on the favours heaped by him

35 ‡ *Assumpta manu cithara . . . professus* MIMUM *qui hujusmodi arte stipem quotidianam mercaretur . . . Jussus abire pretium cantus accepit.* Malmese. I. 2. c. 6.

⸸ Survey of Lond. 1603. p. 469.

‡ *Ornato* HISTRIONALI *habitu.* Walsingh. p. 109 (That 40 Minstrels sometimes rode on horseback, see in this vol. p. 57. 65. &c.).

on his minions, to the neglect of his knights and faithful servants.

The messenger was sent in a Minstrel's habit, as what would gain an easy admission||; and was a Woman concealed under that habit, I suppose, to disarm the king's 5 resentment: For I do not find that any of the real Minstrels were of the female sex, and therefore conclude this was only an artful contrivance peculiar to that occasion.

In the 4th year of Richard II.†, John of Gaunt erected at Tutbury in Staffordshire, a COURT OF MINSTRELS, with a 10 full power to receive suit and service from the men of this profession within five neighbouring counties, to enact laws, and determine their controversies; and to apprehend and arrest such of them, as should refuse to appear at the said court, annually held on the 16th of August. For this they 15 had a charter*, by which they were empowered to appoint a KING OF THE MINSTRELS, with four officers, to preside over them. These were every year elected with great ceremony, the whole form of which is described by Dr. Plott §; in whose time however they seem to have become mere 20 musicians.

[Even XIX] Even so late as the reign of Henry VIII. the Reciters of verses, or moral speeches learnt by heart, intruded without ceremony into all companies; not only in taverns, but in the houses of the nobility themselves. This we 25 learn from Erasmus†, whose argument led him only to describe a species of these men who DID NOT SING their compositions; but the others that DID, enjoyed without doubt the same privileges.

The Reader will find that the Minstrels continued down 30 to the reign of Elizabeth; in whose time they had lost much of their dignity, and were sinking into contempt and ne-

|| When the porter was blamed for admitting her, he answered, *Non esse moris domus regiæ* HISTRIONES *ab ingressu quomodolibet probibere*, &c. Walsingh. 35

* Anno 1381.

† Intitled *Carte le Roy de Ministraulx*. (In Latin *Histriones*. Vid. Plott. p. 437.)

§ Hist. of Staffordsh. Ch. 10. §. 69—76. p. 435, &c.

† See his ECCLESIAST ..... *Irrumpunt in convivia magnatum, aut in cauponas vinarias; et argumentum aliquod quod edidicerunt recitant*, &c. Jortin, vol. 2. p. 193. 40

lect. Yet still they sustained a character far superior to any thing we can conceive at present of the singers of old ballads†.

When Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Killingworth Castle by the Earl of Leicester in 1575, among the many devices and pageants which were exhibited for her entertainment, one of the personages introduced was that of an ancient MINSTREL, whose appearance and dress are so minutely described by a writer there present‡, and give us so distinct an idea of the character, that I shall quote the passage at large.

„A PERSON very meet seemed he for the purpose, of a "xlv years old, aparelled partly as he would himself. His "cap off: his head seemly rounded tonster wise ||: fair kembed, "that with a sponge daintily dipt in a little capon's greace, "was finely smoothed, to make it shine like a mallard's "wing. His beard smugly shaven: and yet his shirt after "the new trink, with ruffs fair starched, sleeked and glis- "tering like a pair of new ["shoes, XX] "shoes, marshalled in "good order with a setting stick, and strut, 'that' every ruff "stood up like a wafer. A side [i. e. long] gown of Kendale "green, after the freshness of the year now, gathered at "the neck with a narrow gorget, fastened afore with a white "clasp and a keeper close up to the chin; but easily, for "heat, to undo when he list. Seemly begirt in a red cad- "dis girdle: from that a pair of capped Sheffield knives "hanging a' two sides. Out of his bosom drawn forth a "lappet of his napkin* edged with a blue lace, and marked "with a D for Damian, for he was but a batchelor yet.

"His gown had side [i. e. long] sleeves down to mid- "leg, slit from the shoulder to the hand, and lined with "white cotton. His doublet-sleeves of black worsted: "upon them a pair of points of tawny chamlet laced along "the wrist with blue threaden poinets ||, a wealt towards "the hands of fustian-a-napes. A pair of red neather stocks.

† See vol. 2. p. 162.

‡ R. L. [Langham] author of a letter 12mo. describing the Queen's entertainment at Killingworth in 1575. p. 46. (This writer's orthography is not here copied.)

|| "Tonsure-wise", after the manner of the Monks.

* i. e. handkerchief, or cravat. || Perhaps points.

"A pair of pumps on his feet, with a cross cut at his "toes for corns: not new indeed, yet cleanly blackt with "soot, and shining as a shoing horn.

"About his neck a red ribband suitable to his girdle. His "HARP in good grace dependent before him. His WREST † tyed "to a green lace and hanging by: Under the gorget of his "gown a fair flaggon chain, (pewter ‡ for) SILVER, as a "SQUIRE MINSTREL of MIDDLESEX, that travelled the coun- "try this summer season, unto fair and worshipful mens "houses. From his chain hung a scutcheon, with metal and "colour, resplendant upon his breast, of the ancient arms "of Islington."

[— This XXI] — This Minstrel is described as belonging to that village. I suppose such as were retained by noble families, wore their arms hanging down by a silver chain as a kind of badge. From the expression of SQUIRE MINSTREL above, we may conclude there were other inferior orders, as YEOMEN MINSTRELS, or the like.

This Minstrel, the author tells us a little below, "after "three lowly courtesies, cleared his voice with a hem, . . . "and wiped his lips with the hollow of his hand for 'filing "his napkin, tempered a string or two with his WREST, and "after a little warbling on his HARP for a prelude, came "forth with a solemn song, warranted for story out of King "Arthur's acts, &c." — This song the reader will find printed in this work, volume III. pag. 25.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century this class of men had lost all credit, and were sunk so low in the public opinion, that in the 39th year of Elizabeth ‡ a statute was passed by which "Minstrels, wandering abroad" were included among "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars", and were adjudged to be punished as such. This act seems to have put an end to the profession, for after this time they are no longer mentioned.

I CANNOT conclude this account of the ancient MINSTRELS,

† The key, or screw, with which he tuned his harp.

‡ The reader will remember that this was not a REAL MINSTREL, but only one personating that character: his ornaments therefore were only such as OUTWARDLY represented those of a real Minstrel.

‡ Vid. Pulton's Stat. 1661. p. 1110. 39° Eliz.

without remarking that they are most of them represented to have been of the North. There is hardly an ancient Ballad or Romance, wherein a Minstrel or Harper appears, but he is characterized by way of eminence to have been
5 "OF THE NORTH COUNTRIE*": and indeed the prevalence of the Northern dialect in such kind of poems, shews that this representation is real. The reason of which seems to be this; the civilizing of nations has begun from the South: the North would therefore be the last civilized, and the old
10 manners would [longest **XXII**] longest subsist there. With the b 3 manners, the old poetry that painted these manners would remain likewise; and in proportion as their boundaries became more contracted, and their neighbours refined, the poetry of those rude men would be more distinctly peculiar, and
15 that peculiarity more strikingly remarked.

The Reader will observe in the more ancient ballads of this collection, a cast of style and measure very different from that of contemporary poets of a higher class: many phrases and idioms, which the Minstrels seem to have ap-
20 propriated to themselves, and a very remarkable licence of varying the accent of words at pleasure, in order to humour the flow of the verse, particularly in the rhimes:

as

Countrìe harpèr battèl morning
25 *Ladìe singèr damsèl loving,*

instead of *coùntry*, *làdy*, *hàrper*, *singer*, &c. — This liberty is but sparingly assumed by the classical poets of the same age; or even by the latter composers of Heroical Ballads: I mean by such as professedly wrote for the press.
30 For it is to be observed, that so long as the Minstrels subsisted, they seem never to have designed their rhymes for publication, and probably never committed them to writing themselves: what copies are preserved of them were doubtless taken down from their mouths. But as the old
35 Minstrels gradually wore out, a new race of ballad-writers succeeded, an inferior sort of minor poets, who wrote narrative songs meerly for the press. Instances of both may be found in the reign of Elizabeth. The two latest pieces in the genuine strain of the old Minstrelsy that I can dis-

40 * See p. 65. of this vol.

cover, are No. III. and IV. of Book III. in this volume. Lower than these I cannot trace the old mode of writing. The old Minstrel-ballads are in the northern dialect, abound with antique words and phrases, are extremely incorrect, and run into the utmost licence of metre; they have also a ro- 5 mantic wildness, and are in the true spirit of chivalry. — — 2 The other sort are written in exacter mea- [sure XXIII] sure, have a low or subordinate correctness, sometimes bordering on the insipid, yed often well adapted to the pathetic; these are generally in the southern dialect, exhibit a more modern 10 phraseology, and are commonly descriptive of more modern manners. — To be sensible of the difference between them, let the Reader compare in this volume No. III. of book III. with No. IX. of Book II.

Towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, (as is men- 15 tioned above) the genuine old Minstrelsy seems to have been extinct, and thenceforth the ballads that were produced were wholly of the latter kind, and these come forth in such abundance, that in the reign of James I. they began to be collected into little Miscellanies under the name of GARLANDS 20 and at length to be written purposely for such collections*

* In the Pepysian, and other libraries, are preserved a great number of these in black letter, 12mo. under the following quaint and affected titles, viz.

1. A Crowne Garland of Goulden Roses gathered out of Eng- 25 land's Royall Garden, &c. by Richard Johnson, 1612. [In the Bodleyan Library.] — 2. The Golden Garland of Princely Delight. — 3. The Garland of God-will, by T. D. 1631. — 4. The Royal Garland of Love and Delight, by T. D. — 5. The Garlaud of Love and Mirth, by Thomas Lanfier. — 6. The Garlaud of De- 30 light, &c. by Tho. Delone. — 7. Cupid's Garland set round with guilded Roses. — 8. The Garland of withered Roses, by Martin Parker, 1656. — 9. The Shepherd's Garland of Love, Loyalty, &c. — 10. The Country Garland. — 11. The Golden Garland of Mirth and Merriment. — 12. The Lover's Garland. — 13. Neptune's 35 Fair Garland. — 14. England's fair Garland. — 15. Robin Hood's Garland. — 16. The Lover's Garland. — 17. The Maiden's Garland. — 18. A loyal Garland of Mirth and Pastime. — &c. &c. &c. This sort of petty publications were anciently called PENNY-MERRIMENTS: as little religious tracts of the same size went 40 by the name PENNY GODLINESSES: In the Pepys Library are multitudes of both kinds.

Leere Seite.

[ ]

CONTENTS OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

BOOK THE THIRD.

I never

I never heard the old song of Percie and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet: and yet 'it' is sung but by some blinde crowder, with no rougher voice, than rude stile; which beeing so evill aparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivill age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindare?

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY'S DEFENCE OF POETRY

ANCIENT

Kupferstich: Gebirgige Gegend, im Vordergrund gefallene Hirsche, im Hintergrund Jäger zu Ross und zu Fuss.

ANCIENT
SONGS AND BALLADS,
etc.

SERIES THE FIRST.
BOOK I. 5

I.
THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY-CHASE.

The fine heroic song of Chevy-Chase *has ever been admired by competent judges. Those genuine strokes of nature and artless passion, which have endeared it to the most simple* 10 *readers, have recommended it to the most refined; and it has equally been the amusement of our childhood, and the favou-* Vol. II. B *rite of our riper years.*

[*Mr.* 2] *Mr. Addison has given an excellent critique* on this very popular ballad, but is mistaken with regard to the an-* 15 *tiquity of our present copy; for this, if one may judge from the stile, cannot be older than the time of Elizabeth, and was probably written after the elogium of Sir Philip Sidney: perhaps in consequence of it. I flatter myself, I have here recovered the genuine antique poem: the true original song,* 20 *which appeared rude even in the time of Sir Philip, and caused him to lament, that it was so evil-aparelled in the rugged garb of antiquity.*

This curiosity is printed, from an old manuscript, at the end of Hearne's preface to Gul. Newbrigiensis Hist. 1719. 25 8*vo. vol.* I. *To the MS. Copy is subjoined the name of the*

* *Spectator,* No. 70. 74.

author, RYCHARD SHEALE§: *whom Hearne had so little judgment as to suppose to be the same with a R. Sheale, who was living in* 1588. *But whoever examines the gradation of language and idiom in the following volumes, will be con-*
5 *vinced that this is the production of an earlier poet. It is indeed expressly mentioned among some very ancient songs in an old book intituled, The Complaint of Scotland*†, (*fol.* 42,) *under the title of the* HUNTIS OF CHEVET, *where the two following lines are also quoted;*

10 The Perssee and the Mongumrye mette‡.
That day, that day, that gentil day||:

Which, tho' not quite the same as they stand in the ballad, yet differ not more than might be owing to the author's quoting from memory. Indeed whoever considers the stile and
15 *orthography of this old poem will not be inclined to place it lower than the time of Henry VI: as on the other hand the mention of* **James the Scotish king**⸸, *with one or two* [*Ana-* 3] *Anachronisms, forbid us to assign it an earlier date. King James I, who was prisoner in this kingdom at the*
20 *death of his father*, did not wear the crown of Scotland till the second year of our Henry VI*||, *but before the end of that long reign a third James had mounted the throne*†. *A succession of two or three Jameses, and the long detention of one of them in England, would render the name familiar*
25 *to the English, and dipose a poet in those rude times to give it to any Scottish king he happened to mention.*

So much for the date of this old ballad: with regard to its subject, altho' it has no countenance from history, there is room to think it had originally some foundation in fact.
30 *It was one of the laws of the marches frequently renewed between the two nations, that neither party should hunt in the other's borders, without leave from the proprietors or their*

§ *Subscribed, after the usual manner of our old poets,* **expliceth** [*explicit*] **quoth Rychard Sheale.**

35 † *One of the earliest productions of the Scottish press, now to be found. The title page was wanting in the copy here quoted; but it is supposed to have been printed in* 1540. *See Ames.*

‡ *See Pt.* 2. *v.* 25. || *See Pt.* 1. *v.* 104. ⸸ *Pt.* 2. *v.* 36. 140.

* *Who died Aug.* 5. 1406.

40 || *James I. was crowned May* 22. 1424. *murdered Feb.* 21. 1436-7.

† *In* 1460. — *Hen. VI. was deposed* 1461: *restored and slain* 1471.

deputies‡. There had long been a rivalship between the two martial families of Percy and Douglas, which heightened by the national quarrel, must have produced frequent challenges and struggles for superiority, petty invasions of their respective domains, and sharp contests for the point of honour; which 5
would not always be recorded in history. Something of this kind we may suppose gave rise to the ancient ballad of the HUNTING A' THE CHEVIAT⸸. *Percy earl of Northumber-*
B. 2 *land had vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottish [border* 4] *border without condescending to ask leave from Earl* 10
Douglas, who was either lord of the soil, or lord warden of the marches. Douglas would not fail to resent the insult, and endeavour to repel the intruders by force: this would naturally produce a sharp conflict between the two parties: something of which, it is probable, did really happen, tho' not attended with the 15
tragical circumstances recorded in the ballad: for these are evidently borrowed from the BATTLE OF OTTERBOURN†, *a very different event, but which after-times would easily confound with it. That battle might be owing to some such previous affront as this of* CHEVY CHASE, *though it has escaped* 20
the notice of historians. Our poet has evidently jumbled the two events together: if indeed the lines‡ in which this mistake is made, are not rather spurious, and the after-insertion of some person, who did not distinguish between the two stories.

Hearne has printed this ballad without any division of 25
stanzas, in long lines, as he found it in the old written copy: but it is usual to find the distinction of stanzas neglected in ancient MSS; where, to save room, two or three verses are frequently given in one line undivided. See flagrant instances in the Harleian Catalog. No. 2253. *s.* 29. 34. 61. 70 *etc.* 30
passim.

‡ *Item* ... Concordatum est, quod, ... NULLUS unius partis vel alterius ingrediatur terras, boschas, forrestas, warrenas, loca, dominia quæcunque alicujus partis alterius subditi, causa venandi, piscandi, aucupandi, disportum aut solacium in eisdem, aliave 35
quacunque de causa ABSQUE LICENTIA ejus .... ad quem ... loca ...... pertinent, aut de deputatis suis prius capt. & obtent. *Vide Bp. Nicholson's Leges Marchiarum.* 1705. 8vo. *pag.* 27. 51.

⸸ *This was the original title. See the ballad, Pt.* 1. *v.* 106.
4 Pt. 2. *v.* 165. 40

† *See the next ballad.* ‡ *Vid. Pt.* 2. *v.* 167.

THE FIRST PART.

THE Persé owt of Northombarlande,
And a vowe to God mayd he,
That he wolde hunte in the mountayns
5 Off Chyviat within dayes thre,
In the mauger of doughtè Dogles, 5
And all that ever with him be.

[The 5] The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat
He sayd he wold kyll, and cary them away:
10 Be my feth, sayd the dougheti Doglas agayn,
I wyll let that hontyng yf that I may. 10

Then the Persé owt of Banborowe cam,
With him a myghtee meany;
With fifteen hondrith archares bold;
15 The wear chosen out of shyars thre.

This begane on a monday at morn 15
In Cheviat the hillys so he,
The chyld may rue that ys un-born,
It was the mor pitté.

20 The dryvars thorowe the woodes went
For to reas the dear, 20
Bomen bickarte uppone the bent
With ther browd aras cleare.

Then the wyld thorowe the woodes went
25 On every syde shear,
Grea-hondes thorowe the greves glent 25
For to kyll thear dear.

The begane in Chyviat the hyls above
Yerly on a monnyn day; B 3
30 [Be 6] Be that it drewe to the oware off none
A hondrith fat hartes ded ther lay. 30

The blewe a mort uppone the bent,
The semblyd on sydis shear;
To the quyrry then the Persè went
35 To se the bryttlynge off the deare.

V. 5. magger *in Hearne's MS.* *Ver.* 11. The the Persé. *MS.* *V.* 13. archardes bolde off blood and bone. *MS.* *V.* 19. throrowe. *MS.* *V.* 31. blwe a mot. *MS.*

35 He sayd, It was the Duglas promys
This day to met me hear;
But I wyste he wold faylle verament:
A gret oth the Persè swear.

At the laste a squyar of Northombelonde 5
40 Lokyde at his hand full ny,
He was war ath the doughetie Doglas comynge;
With him a myghtè meany,

Both with spear, 'byll,' and brande:
Yt was a myghti sight to se. 10
45 Hardyar men both off hart nar hande
Wear not in Christiantè.

The wear twenty hondrith spear-men good
Withouten any fayle;
The wear borne a-long be the watter a Twyde, 15
50 Yth bowndes of Tividale.

[Leave 7] Leave off the brytlyng of the dear, he sayde,
And to your bowys tayk good heed;
For never sithe ye wear on your mothars borne
Had ye never so mickle need. 20

55 The dougheti Dogglas on a stede
He rode his men beforne;
His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede;
A bolder barne was never born.

Tell me 'what' men ye ar, he says, 25
60 Or whos men that ye be:
Who gave youe leave to hunte in this
Chyviat chays in the spyt of me?

The first mane that ever him an answear mayd,
Yt was the good lord Persè: 30
65 We wyll not tell the 'what' men we ar, he says,
Nor whos men that we be;
But we wyll hount hear in this chays
In the spyte of thyne, and of the.

V. 42. myghtte. *MS. passim.* *V.* 43. brylly *MS.* *V.* 48. wi- 35
thowte . . . feale. *MS.* *V.* 52. boys lock ye tayk. *MS.* *V.* 54. ned.
MS. *V.* 56. att his. *MS.* *V.* 59. whos. *MS.* *V.* 64 (*l.* 65).
whoys. *MS.*

The fattiste hartes in all Chyviat
We have kyld, and cast to carry them a-way. 70
Be my troth, sayd the doughtè Dogglas agayn,
Ther-for the ton of us shall de this day. B 4

5 [Then 8] Then sayd the doughtè Doglas
Unto the lord Persè:
To kyll all thes giltles men, 75
A-las! it wear great pittè.

But, Persè, thowe art a lord of lande,
10 I am a yerle callyd within my contre;
Let all our men uppone a parti stande;
And do the battell off the and of me. 80

Nowe Cristes cors on his crowne, sayd the lord Persè,
Who-soever ther-to says nay.
15 Be my troth, doughtè Doglas, he says,
Thow shalt never se that day.

Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France, 85
Nor for no man of a woman born,
But and fortune be my chance,
20 I dar met him on man for on.

Then bespayke a squyar off Northombarlonde,
Ric. Wytharynton was his nam; 90
It shall never be told in Sothe-Ynglonde, he says,
To kyng Herry the fourth for sham.

25 I wat youe byn great lordes twa,
I am a poor squyar of lande;
[I wyll 9] I wyll never se my captayne fyght on a fylde, 95
And stande my-selffe, and looke on,
But whyll I may my weppone welde
30 I wyll not 'fayl' both harte and hande.

That day, that day, that dredfull day:
The first FIT here I fynde. 100
And you wyll here any mor athe hontyng athe Chyviat
Yet ys ther mor behynd.

35 *V.* 71. agay. *MS.* *V.* 81. sayd the the. *MS.* *V.* 88. on. *i. e. one.* *V.* 93. *twaw.* *MS.* *V.* 106 (*l.* 101). youe... hountyng. *MS.*

THE SECOND PART.

THE Yngglishe men hade ther bowys yebent,
Ther hartes were good yenoughe;
The first of arros that the shote off,
Seven skore spear-men the sloughe. 5

5 Yet bydys the yerle Doglas uppon the bent,
A captayne good yenoughe,
And that was sene verament,
For he wrought hom both woo and wouche.

The Dogglas pertyd his ost in thre, 10
10 Lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde,
[With 10] With suar speares off myghttè tre
The cum in on every syde.

Thrughe our Ynggiyshe archery
Gave many a wounde full wyde; 15
15 Many a doughete the garde to dy,
Which ganyde them no pryde.

The Ynglyshe men let thear bowys be,
And pulde owt brandes that wer bright,
It was a hevy syght to se 20
20 Bryght swordes on basnites lyght.

Thorowe ryche male, and myne-ye-ple
Many sterne the stroke downe streght.
Many a freyke, that was full fre,
Ther undar foot dyd lyght. 25

25 At last the Duglas and the Persè met,
Lyk to captayns of myght and mayne;
The swapte togethar tyll the both swat
With swordes, that wear of fyn myllàn.

Thes worthè freckys for to fyght 30
30 Ther-to the wear full fayne,
Tyll the bloode owte off thear basnetes sprente,
As ever dyd heal or rayne.

V. 3. first, *i. e. flight.* *V.* 5. byddys. *MS.* *V.* 17. boys. *MS.*
V. 18. briggt *MS.* *V.* 21. throrowe. *MS.* *V.* 22. done. *MS.* 35
V. 26. to, *i. e. two.* *Ibid.* and of. *MS.* *V.* 32. ran. *MS.*

[Holde **11**] Holde the, Persè, said the Doglas,
And i' feth I shall the brynge
Wher thowe shalte have a yerls wagis 35
Of Jamy our Scottish kynge.

5 Thoue shalte have thy ransom fre,
I hight the hear this thinge,
For the manfullyste man yet art thowe,
That ever I conqueryd in filde fightyng. 40

Nay 'then' sayd the lord Persè,
10 I tolde it the beforne,
That I wolde never yeldyde be
To no man of a woman born.

With that ther cam an arrowe hastely 45
Forthe off a mightie wane,
15 Hit hathe strekene the yerle Duglas
In at the brest bane.

Thoroue lyvar and longs bathe
The sharp arrowe ys gane, 50
That never after in all his lyffe days
20 He spayke mo wordes but ane,
That was, Fyghte ye, my myrry men, whyllys ye may,
For my lyff days ben gan.

[The **12**] The Persè leanyde on his brande, 55
And sawe the Duglas de;
25 He tooke the dede man be the hande,
And sayd, Wo ys me for the!

To have savyde thy lyffe I wolde have pertyd with
My landes for years thre, 60
For a better man of hart, nare of hande
30 Was not in all the north countrè.

Off all that se a Skottishe knyght,
Was callyd Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,
He sawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght; 65
He spendyd a spear a trusti tre:

35 He rod uppon a corsiare
Throughe a hondrith archery,

V. 33. helde. *MS.* *V.* 36. Scottish. *MS.* *V.* 49. throroue *MS.*

He never styntyde, nar never blane
70 Tyll he cam to the good lord Persè.

He set uppone the lord Persè
A dynte, that was full soare;
With a suar spear of a myghtè tre 5
Clean thorow the body he the Persè bore,

75 Athe tothar syde, that a man myght se,
A large cloth yard and mare:
Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Cristiantè,
Then that day slain wear thare. 10

[An 13] An archar off Northomberlonde
80 Say slean was the lord Persè,
He bar a bende-bow in his hande,
Was made off trusti tre:

An arow, that a cloth yarde was lang, 15
To th' harde stele halyde he;
85 A dynt, that was both sad and soar,
He sat on Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry.

The dynt yt was both sad and 'soar',
That he of Mongon-byrry sete; 20
The swane-fethars, that his arrowe bar,
90 With his hart blood the wear wete.

Ther was never a freake wone foot wolde fle,
But still in stour dyd stand,
Heawyng on yche othar, whyll the myght dre, 25
With many a bal-ful brande.

95 This battell begane in Chyviat
An owar befor the none,
And when even-song bell was rang
The battell was nat half done. 30

The tooke 'on' on ethar hand
100 Be the lyght off the mone;
[Many 14] Many hade no strenght for to stande,
In Chyviat the hillys abone.

V. 74. *ber. MS.* *V.* 78. *ther. MS.* *V.* 80. Say, *i. e. Sawe. MS.* (*Ms. zu tilgen, corr.*) (*V.* 84. *bei* th' *der Apostroph abgefallen*). *V.* 84. haylde. *MS.* *V.* 87. sar. *MS.* *V.* 102. abou. *MS.* 35

Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde
Went away but fifti and thre;
Of twenty hondrith spear-men of Skotlonde, 105
But even five and fifti:

5 But all wear slayne Cheviat within:
The hade no strengthe to stand on he:
The chylde may rue that ys un-borne,
It was the mor pittè. 110

Thear was slayne withe the lord Persè
10 Sir John of Agerstone,*
Sir Rogar the hinde Hartly,
Sir Wyllyam the bolde Hearone.

Sir Jorg the worthè Lovele 115
A knyght of great renowen,
15 Sir Raff the ryche Rugbè
With dyntes wear beaten dowene.

For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,
That ever he slayne shulde be; 120
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,
20 He knyled and fought on hys kne.

[Ther 15] Ther was slayne with the dougheti Duglas
Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,
Sir Davye Lwdale, that worthè was, 125
His sistars son was he:

25 Sir Charles a Murrè, in that place,
That never a foot wolde fle;
Sir Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was,
With the Duglas dyd he dey. 130

So on the morrowe the mayde them byears
30 Off byrch, and hasell so 'gray';
Many wedous with wepyng tears,
Cam to fach ther makys a-way.

Tivydale may carpe off care, 135
Northombarlond may mayk grat mone,

35 *V.* 108. strenge . . . hy. *MS.* *V.* 115. lōule. *MS.* *V.* 121. in to, *i. e. in two.* *V.* 122. Yet he . . . kny. *MS.* *V.* 132. gay. *MS.* *V.* 136. mon. *MS.*

* [*Vgl. hiezu* ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS *in Vol. III. p.* 333 *f.*]

For towe such captayns, as slayne wear thear,
  On the march perti shall never be none.

Word ys commen to Edden-burrowe
140 To Jamy the Skottishe kyng,
That dougheti Duglas, lyff-tenant of the Merches, 5
  He lay slean Chyviot with-in.

His handdes dyd he weal and wryng,
  He sayd, Alas, and woe ys me!
145 [Such 16] Such anothar captayn Scotland within,
  He sayd, y-feth shuld never be. 10

Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone
  Till the fourth Harry our kyng,
That lord Persè, leyff-tenante of the Merchis,
150 He lay slayne Chyviat within.

God have merci on his soll, sayd kyng Harry, 15
  Good lord, yf thy will it be!
I have a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde, he sayd,
  As good as ever was he:
155 But Persè, and I brook my lyffe,
  Thy deth well quyte shall be. 20

As our noble kyng made his a-vowe,
  Lyke a noble prince of renowen,
For the deth of the lord Persè,
160 He dyde the battel of Hombyll-down:

Wher syx and thritte Skottish knyghtes 25
  On a day wear beaten down:
Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght,
  Over castill, towar, and town.

165 This was the hontynge off the Cheviat;
  That tear begane this spurn: 30
[Old 17] Old men that knowen the grownde well yenoughe,
  Call it the Battell of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurne
170 Uppon a monnyn day:

V. 138. non. *MS.* *V.* 146. ye feth. *MS.* *V.* 149. cheyff 35
tennante. *MS.*

Ther was the dougghtè Doglas slean,
The Persè never went away.

Ther was never a tym on the march partes
Sen the Doglas, and the Persè met,
5 But yt was marvele, and the rede blude ronne not, 175
As the reane doys in the stret.

Jhesue Crist our balys bete,
And to the blys us brynge!
Thus was the hountynge of the Chevyat:
10 God send us all good endyng! 180

*** *The stile of this and the following ballad is uncommonly rugged and uncouth, owing to their being writ in the very coarsest and broadest northern Dialect.*

Most of the sur-names in these two poems, as well as in the 15 *modern song of Chevy Chase, will be found either in the lists belonging to the northern counties in Fuller's Worthies, or subscribed to treaties preserved in Nicholson's Laws of the Borders. See alse (l. also) Crawfurd's Peerage.*

The battle of Hombyll-down, or Homeldon, was fought 20 *Sep. 14. 1402 (anno 3. Hen IV.) wherein the English, under the command of the E. of Northumberland, and his son Hotspur, gained a compleat victory over the Scots.* Vol. III. 0

[The 18] II.

The BATTLE of OTTERBOURNE.

25 *The only battle, wherein an Earl of Douglas was slain fighting with a Percy, was that of Otterbourn, which is the subject of this ballad. It is here related with the allowable partiality of an English poet, and much in the same manner as it is recorded in the English Chronicles. The Scottish* 30 *writers have, with a partiality at least as excuseable, related it no less in their own favour. Luckily we have a very circumstantial narrative of the whole affair from Froissart a French historian, who appears to be unbiassed. Froissart's relation is prolix; I shall therefore give it as abridged by* 35 *Carte, who has however had recourse to other authorities, and differs from Froissart in some things, which I shall note in the margin.*

In the twelfth year of Richard II. 1388, "*The Scots "taking advantage of the confusions of this nation, and falling "with a party into the west-marches, ravaged the country "about Carlisle and carried off* 300 *prisoners. It was with a "much greater force, headed by some of the principal nobility,* 5 *"that in the beginning of August*, they invaded Northumber-"land: and having wasted part of the county of Durham†, ad-"vanced to the gates of Newcastle; where* ["*in* **19**] *in a skirmish, "they took a 'penon' or colours* belonging to Henry lord "Percy, surnamed Hotspur, son to the Earl of Northumber-* 10 *"land. In their retreat home, they attacked the castle of "Otterbourn: and in the evening of Aug.* 9. (*as the English "writers say, or rather, according to Froissart, Aug.* 15.) *"after an unsuccessful assault were surprized in their camp, "which was very strong, by Henry, who at the first onset put* 15 *"them into a good deal of confusion. But James earl of "Douglas, rallying his men, there ensued one of the best-"fought actions that happened in that age; both armies shew-"ing the utmost bravery†: the earl Douglas himself being "slain on the spot‡; the earl of Murrey mortally wounded;* 20 *"and Hotspur ||, with his brother Ralph Percy, taken prisoners. "These disasters on both sides bave given occasion to the*

* *Froissart speaks of both parties (consisting in all of more than* 40,000 *men) as entering England at the same time: but the greater part by way of Carlisle.* 25

† *And, according to the ballad, that part of Northumberland called Bamborough-ward (or shire): a large tract of land so named from the town and castle of Bamburgh.*

* *This circumstance is omitted in the ballad. Lord Percy and E. Douglas were two young warriors much of the same age.* 30

† *Froissart says the English exceeded the Scots in number three to one, but that these had the advantage of the ground, and were also fresh from sleep, while the English were greatly fatigued with their previous march.*

‡ *By Henry L. Percy according to this ballad, and our old* 35 *English historians, as Stow, Speed, &c. but borne down by numbers, if we mag belive (l. believe) Froissart.*

|| *Henry Lord Percy (after a very sharp conflict) was taken prisoner by John lord Montgomery, whose eldest son Sir Hugh was slain in the same action with an arrow, according to Crawfurd's* 40 *Peerage (and seems also to be alluded to in the foregoing ballad, p.* 13) *but taken prisoner and exchanged for Lord Percy according to this ballad.*

"event of the engagement's being disputed; Froissart (who "derives his relation from a Scotch knight, two gentlemen of "the same country, and as many of Foix ⸸) affirming that the "Scots remained masters of the field; and the English writers "insinuating the contrary. These last maintain that the "English had the better of the ["day: 20] day: but night coming "on, some of the northern lords, coming with the bishop of "Durham to their assistance, killed many of them by mistake, "supposing them to be Scots; and the earl of Dunbar at the "same time falling on another side upon Hotspur, took him "and his brother prisoners, and carried them off while both "parties were fighiing (l. fighting). It is at least cer- "tain, that immediately after this battle, the Scots engaged "in it made the best of their way home: and the same party "was taken by the other corps about Carlisle.

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Such is the account collected by Carte, in which he seems not to be free from partiality; for prejudice must own that Froissart's circumstantial account carries a great appearance of truth, and he gives the victory to the Scots. He however does justice to the courage of both parties; and represents their mutual generosity in such a light, that the present age might edify by the example. "The Englyshmen on the one "partye, and Scottes on the other party, are good men of "warre, for whan they mete there is a hard fighte without "sparynge. There is no hoo bytwene them as long as spea- "res, swordes, axes, or dagers wyll endure, but lay on eche "upon other: and whan they be well beaten, and that the "one party hath obtayned the victory, they than glorifye so "in their dedes of armes, and are so joyfull, that suche as "be taken, they shall be raunsomed or they go out of the "felde †; so that shortely* ECHE OF THEM IS SO CONTENTE "WITH OTHER, THAT AT THEIR DEPARTYNGE, CURTOYSLY "THEY WILL SAYE, GOD THANKE YOU. *But in fyghtynge*

⸸ *Froissart (according to the Eng. Translation) says he had his account from two squires of England, and from a knight and squire of Scotland, soon after the battle.*

* *So in Langham's letter concerning Q. Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth Castle,* 1575, 12⁰. *p.* 61. *"Heer was no ho in devout drinkyng."*

† i. e. *They scorn to take the advantage, or to keep them lingering in long captivity.*

*"one with another there is no playe, nor sparynge". Frois-
"sart's Cronycle (as translated by Sir Johan Bourchier Lord
"Berners) Cap. cxlij.*

*The following ballad is printed from a manuscript copy
in the Harleian Collection [No. 293. fol. 52] where it is* 5
*intitled, "A songe made in R. 2. his tyme of the battele of
"["Otter-* **21**] *Otterburne, betweene Lord Henry Percye earle of
"Northomberlande and the earle Douglas of Scotlande,* Anno,
"1388." — *But this title is erroneous and added by some
ignorant transcriber of after-times: for,* 1. *The battle was not* 10
*fought by the earl of Northumberland, who was absent, nor
is once mentioned in the ballad; but by his son* Lord *(or as
he is every where called by Froissart, as well as in this poem,*
Sir) Henry Percy. 2. *Altho' the battle was fought in
Richard IId's time, the song is evidently of later date, as* 15
appears from the poet's quoting the chronicles, see ver. 130*:
which he would not have done had it been a very recent
event. It was however written in all likelihood as early as
the foregoing song, if not earlier, which perhaps may be in-
ferred from the minute circumstances with which the story is* 20
*related, many of which are recorded in no chronicle, and
were probably preserved in the memory of old people. It
will be observed that the authors of these two poems have
some lines in common; but which of them was the original
proprietor, must depend upon their priority; and this the* 25
sagacity of the reader must determine.

YT felle about the Lamas tyde,
When hosbandes 'inn' their haye,
The dughtie Douglas bowned him to ride,
In England to take a praye: 30

5 The earle of Fyffe, withouten striffe,
He bounde him over Sulway*:
The grete wold ever together ride;
That race they may rue for aye.

[Over **22**] Over Hoppertop hill they came in, 35
10 And so doune by Rodelyffe crage,

Ver. 2. Winu their waye. *MS.* Winn their hay. *Crawfurd's Peerage. p.* 97. * *Solway frith.* bounde, *Vid. Gloss.*

Upon grene Lynton they lighted downe,
Many a stirande stage:

And boldely brent Northomberlande,
And haried many a towne;
5 They did our Englishe men great wronge, 15
To battelle that weare not 'bowne'.

Then spake a berne uppon the bent,
Of comforte that was not coulde,
And said, We have brent Northomberlande,
10 We have all welthe in holde. 20

Now we have carried all Bamborroweshire,
All the welthe in the worlde have wee;
I rede we ride to New Castelle,
So still and stalworthlye.

15 Uppon the morowe, when it was daye, 25
The standards shone fulle brighte;
To the New Castelle they tooke the waye,
And thither they came fulle right.

Sir Henrye Percy laye at the New Castelle,
20 I telle you withouten dreede; 30
[He 23] He had bine a marche-man* all his dayes,
And kepte Barwicke upon Tweed.

To the New Castelle when they cam,
The Scottes they cried on height,
25 Sir Harye Percy, and thou beste within, 35
Come to the feeld, and fyghte:

For we have brente Northomberland,
Thy eritage good and right,
And syne my lodginge I have take,
30 With my brande dubbed many a knight. 40

Sir Henry 'he' came to the walles,
The Scottishe oste for to see,
And thou haste brente Northomberland,
Full sore it ruethe mee.

35 *V.* 16. bounde. *MS.* *V.* 21. *Probably.* harried. *Vid. Gloss.*

* Marche-man, *i. e. a scowrer of the marches.*

45 Yf thou hast harried all Bambarowe shire,
Thou haste done me great envie,
For the trespas thou haste me done,
The tone of us shall dye.

Wher shall I byde thee, said the Douglas, 5
50 Or wher wilte thou come to me?
"At Otterburne in the highe waye,
C 4 Theare maieste thou well lodged be.

[The 24] The 'roe' full rekeles ther she runes,
To make the game and glee: 10
55 The faulkone and the fesante bothe,
Amonge the holtes on 'hee'.

Theare maieste thou have thie welthe at will,
Well lodged there maiste thou be;
Yt shall not be long, or I com thee till, 15
60 Sayd Sir Henrye Percy.

Ther shall I byde thee, said the Douglas,
By the faithe of my bodye.
Ther shall I come, sayes Sir Harye Percy;
My trowthe I pligthe to thee. 20

65 A pipe of wyne he gave him over the walles,
For south, as I you saye:
Theare he made the Douglas drinke,
And all his hoste that daye.

The Douglas turned him homwarde againe, 25
70 For south withouten naye,
He tooke his lodginge at Otterburne
Uppon a wedensdaye:

And theare he pight his standard doune,
His getinge more and lesse, 30
75 [And 25] And syne he warned his men to goe
To choose their geldings grasse.

A Scottishe knight hovered 'on the bent',
A watche I dare well saye:
So was he ware one the noble Percye 35
80 In the dawninge of the daye.

V. 53. rowe. *MS.* *V.* 56. hye. *MS.* *V.* 74. lese. *MS.*
V. 77. Upon the best bent. *MS.* *V.* 79. one, *i. e. on, for of.*

He pricked to his pavilliane dore,
 As fast as he might roone,
Awakene, Dowglas, cried the knight,
 For his love, that sits in throne.

5 Awakene, Dowglas, cride the knight, 85
 For thow maieste wakene withe wynne:
Yonder have I spiede the proud Persye,
 And sevene standards with him.

Naye by my trowthe, the Douglas sayde,
10 It is but a fained call: 90
The durste not looke one my bred bannor,
 For all England to haylle.

Was I not yesterdaye at the Newe Castell,
 That stands so fayere one Tyne?
15 For all the men the Percye hade, 95
 He could not gare me once to dyne.

[He 26] He steped out at his pavillian dore,
 To looke and it were lesse;
Arraye you, lordinges, one and all,
20 For heare begyns no peace. 100

The earle of Mentaye*, thou art my eame,
 The fowarde I geve to thee:
The earle of Hunteley kawte and keene,
 He shall with thee bee.

25 The lord of Bowghan† in armor brighte 105
 One the other hande he shall be;
Lord Jhonstone, and lord Maxwell,
 They two shall be with me.

Swintone faire feelde uppon your pride
30 To battelle make you bowen: 110
Sir Davie Scotte, Sir Walter Stewarde,
 Sir John of Agurstone.

The Percy came before his oste,
 Which was ever a gentle knighte,

35 * *The earl of Menteith.* † *The lord Buchan.* *V.* 113. 125. Pearcy. *MS.*

115 Uppon the Dowglas lowde can he crie,
I wille hould that Ihave highte:

For thowe haste brente Nothomberlande,
And done me greate envye;
[For 27] For this trespas thou haste me done, 5
120 The tone of us shall dye.

The Dowglas answered him againe
With greate worde upe on 'hee',
And sayd, I have twenty against thy one,
Beholde and thou mayeste see. 10

125 With that the Percy was greeved sore,
For sothe as I you saye:
Jhesu Christe in hevene on height
Did helpe him well that daye.

But nine thousand thear was no more, 15
130 The Chronicles will not leane;
Forty thousand of Scots and fowere
That daye foughte them againe.

Uppon St. Andrewe loud cane they crye,
And Christe they shout on heighte, 20
135 And syne 'marcht on' our Englishe men,
As I have tould you righte.

St. George the brighte our Ladye's knighte
To name they* weare full fayne,
Our Englishe mene they cried on height, 25
140 And Christe they shoute againe.

[With 28] With that sharpe arrowes gane up to fly,
I tell you in sertayne,
Men of armes begane to joyne;
Many a doughty man was slayne. 30

145 The Percye and the Douglas mette,
That ether of other was faine,
The swapped together, whille that they swatte,
With swoards of ffyne Collayne;

V. 116. *I will hold to what I have promised.* *V.* 122. highe. 35
MS. *V.* 135. marked then one. *MS.* * *i. e. the English.* *V.* 144.
was theare slaine. *Ms.* *V.* 147. schapped. *MS.*

Tyll the bloode from the bassonets ranne,
As the rocke doth in the rayne. 150
Yeld thee to me, sayd the Dowglàs,
Or else thowe shalte be slayne:

5 For I see, by thy brighte bassonete,
Thou art some mane of mighte,
And so I doe by thy burnished brande, 155
Thou arte an earle, or else a knighte*.

By my good faithe, said the noble Percye,
10 Now haste thou rede full righte,
Yet will I never yeeld me to thee,
Whille I maye stonde and fighte. 160

They swopede together, whille that they swotte,
With swoards sharpe and long;
15 [Eiche 29] Eiche one other so faste they beete,
Tyll their helmets came in pieces downe.

The Percye was a mane of strengthe, 165
I tell you in this stownde,
He smote the Dowglas at the swords length,
20 That he felle to the grounde.

The sword was sharpe and soare can byte,
I tell you in certáyne; 170
To the earle he coulde him smytte,
Thus was the Dowglas slayne.

25 The stonderes stood still one elke syde
With many a greevous grone;
Ther the foughte the daye, and all the nighte, 175
And many a doughtie man was 'slone'.

Ther was no ffreke, that wold flye,
30 But styfly in stowre cane stand,
Eyche hewinge on other whylle they might drye,
With many a balfull brande. 180

Theare was slayne uppon the Scotes syd,
For southe and sertenlye,

35 * *Being all in armour he could not know him.*

V. 163. *i. e. Each on other.* *V.* 176. slayne. *MS.*
V. 179. Eyche one hewinge. *MS.* *V.* 180. bronde. *MS.*

Sir James Dowglas theare was slayne,
That daye that he could dye.
185 [The 30] The earlle of Mentay he was slayne,
Grifly groned uppon the grounde;
Sir Davie Scotte, Sir Walter Stuard, 5
Sir James of Agurstonne.*

Sir Charles Murrey in that place
190 That never a foote wold flye;
Sir Hughe Maxwell, a lord he was,
With the Dowglas did he dye. 10

Theare was slayne upon the Scottishe syde,
For southe as I you saye,
195 Of four and forty thousand Scotts
Went but eighteene awaye.

Theare was slain upon the Englishe syde, 15
For southe and sertenlye,
A gentle knighte, Sir John Fitz-hughe,
200 Yt was the more pittye.

Sir James Harbotle ther was slayne,
For him their harts weare soare, 20
The gentle 'Lovelle' thear was slayne,
That the Percyes standard boare.

205 Theare was slayne uppon the Englyshe parte,
For soothe as I you saye;
[Of 31] Of nine thousand Englishe mene 25
Fyve hondred came awaye:

The other weare slayne in the feeld,
210 Christe keepe thear sowles from wo,
Seeinge thear was so fewe frendes
Against so manye foo. 30

Then one the morowe they made them beeres
Of byrche, and haselle graye;
215 Many a wydowe with weepinge teeres
Their maks they fette away.

V. 184. *i. e. He died that day.* *V.* 193. Scotts. *MS. but see* 35
v. 197. *V.* 203. Covelle. *MS.* — *For the names in this page and in page* 14 *see the* ADDITIONS, &c. *at the end of vol.* 3. *V.* 213. one, *i. e. on.*

* [*Vgl. hiezu* ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS *in Vol. III. p.* 334 *f.*]

This fraye begane at Otterborne
Betweene the nighte and the daye:
Theare the Dowglas loste his lyfe,
And the Percye was leade away*. 220

5 Then was theare a Scottyshe prisonere tane,
Sir Hughe Mongomerye was his name,
For soothe as I you saye
He borowed the Percye home agayne.

Nowe let us all for the Percye praye 225
10 To Jeasue moste of might,
To bringe his sowle to the blyss of heven,
For he was a gentle knight.

[32] The JEW's DAUGHTER, A Scottish Ballad.

15 — *Is founded upon the supposed practice of the Jews in crucifying or otherwise murthering Christian children, out of hatred to the religion of their parents: a practice, which hath been always alledged in excuse for the cruelties exercised upon that wretched people, but which probably never happened*
20 *in a single instance. For if we consider, on the one hand, the ignorance and superstition of the times when such stories took their rise, the virulent prejudices of the monks who record them, and the eagerness with which they would be catched up by the barbarous populace as a pretence for plunder;*
25 *on the other hand, the great danger incurred by the perpetrators, and the inadequate motives they could have to excite them to a crime of so much horror, we may reasonably conclude the whole charge to be groundless and malicious.*

The following ballad is probably built upon some Italian
30 *Legend, and bears a great resemblance to the Prioresse's Tale in Chaucer: the poet seems also to have had an eye to the known story of* Hugh of Lincoln, *a child said to have been there murthered by the Jews in the reign of Henry III. The conclusion of this ballad appears to be wanting: what*
35 *it probably contained may be seen in Chaucer. As for* Mirryland Town, *it is probably a corruption of* Milan *(called*

* *sc. captive.* *V.* 225. Percyes. *MS.*

by the Dutch MEYLANDT) TOUN; *since the* PA *is evidently the river* Po.

I *Printed from a MS. copy sent from Scotland.*

[THE 33] THE rain rins doun through Mirry-land toune,
Sae dois it doune the Pa: 5
Sae dois the lads of Mirry-land toune,
Quhan they play at the ba'.

5 Than out and cam the Jewis dochtèr,
Said, Will ye cum in and dine?
I winnae cum in, I cannae cum in, 10
Without my play-feres nine.

Scho powd an apple reid and white
10 To intice the zong thing in:
Scho powd an apple white and reid,
And that the sweit bairne did win. 15

And scho has taine out a little pen-knife,
And low down by her gair,
15 Scho has twin'd the zong thing and his life;
A word he nevir spak mair.

And out and cam the thick thick bluid, 20
And out and cam the thin;
And out and cam the bonny herts bluid:
20 Thair was nae life left in.

Scho laid him on a dressing borde,
And drest him like a swine, 25
'OL. And laughing said, Gae nou and pley
I. D With zour sweit play-feres nine.

25 [Scho 34] Scho rowd him in a cake of lead,
Bade him lie stil and sleip.
Scho cast him in a deip draw-well, 30
Was fifty fadom deip.

Quhan bells wer rung, and mass was sung,
30 And every lady went hame:
Than ilka lady had her zong sonne,
Bot lady Helen had nane. 35

Scho rowd hir mantil hir about,
And sair sair gan she weip:

And she ran into the Jewis castèl, 35
Quhan they wer all asleip.

My bonny sir Hew, my pretty sir Hew,
I pray thee to me speik:
5 'O lady rinn to the deip draw-well
'Gin ze zour sonne wad seik.' 40

Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,
And knelt upon her kne:
My bonny sir Hew, an ze be here,
10 I pray thee speik to me.

The lead is wondrous heavy, mither, 45
The well is wondrous deip,
A keen pen-knife sticks in my hert,
A word I dounae speik.

15 [Gae 35] Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir,
Fetch me my windling sheet, 50
And at the back o' Mirry-land toun,
Its thair we twa sall meet.

* * * * *

IV.

20 ## SIR CAULINE.

This old Romantic tale was preserved in the Editor's folio MS, but in so defective and mutilated a condition that it was necessary to supply several stanzas in the first part, and still more in the second, to connect and compleat the 25 *story.*

There is something peculiar in the metre of this old ballad: it is not unusual to meet with redundant stanzas of six lines; but the occasional insertion of a double third or fourth line, as ver. 31, 44, *&c. is an irregularity I do not remem-* 30 *ber to have seen elsewhere.*

It may be proper to inform the reader before he comes to Pt. 2. *v.* 106. *that the* ROUND TABLE *was not peculiar to the reign of K. Arthur, but was common in all the ages of Chivalry. Any king was said to "hold a round table" when* 35 *he proclaimed a tournament attended with some peculiar solemnities. See Mr. Warton's Observations, Vol.* 2. *p.* 44.

As to what will be observed in this ballad of the art of healing being practised by a young princess; it is no more than what is usual in all the old Romances, and was con- D 2 *formable to real manners: it being a practice derived from* [*the* 36] *the earliest times among all the Gothic and Celtic na-* 5 *tions for women, even of the highest rank, to exercise the art of surgery. In the Northern Chronicles we always find the young damsells stanching the wounds of their lovers, and the wives those of their husbands; from the prince down to the meanest of his followers. See L'Introd. à l'Hist. de* 10 *Dannemarc. L. v. p.* 199. *Memoires de la Chevalerie. Tom. I. p.* 44. [*Vgl. hiezu* ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS *in Vol. III. p.* 334 *f.*]

THE FIRST PART.

IN Ireland, ferr over the sea,
  There dwelleth a bonnye kinge; 15
And with him a yong and comlye knighte,
  Men call him syr Caulìne.

5 The kinge had a ladye to his daughter,
  In fashyon she hath no peere;
And princely wightes that ladye wooed, 20
  To be theyr wedded feere.

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,
10 But nothing durst he saye;
Ne descreeve his counsayl to no man,
  But deerlye he lovde this may'. 25

Till on a daye it so beffell,
  Great dill to him was dight;
15 The maydens love removde his mynd,
4 To care-bed went the knighte.

[One 37] One while he spred his armes him fro, 30
  One while he spred them nye:
And aye! but I winne that ladyes love,
20 For dole now I mun dye.

And whan our parish-masse was done,
  Our kinge was bowne to dyne: 35
He says, Where is syr Cauline,
  That is wont to serve the wyne?

25 Then aunswerde him a courteous knighte,
  And fast his handes gan wringe:

Sir Cauline is sicke, and like to dye
  Without a good leechìnge.

Fetche me downne my daughter deere,
  She is a leeche fulle fine: 30
5 Goe take him doughe, and the baken bread,
And serve him with the wyne soe red;
  Lothe I were him to tine.

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,
—Her maydens followyng nye: 35
10 O well, she sayth, how doth my lord?
  O sicke, thou fayr ladyè.

Nowe ryse up wightlye, man, for shame,
  Never lye soe cowardlee; D 3
[For 38] For it is told in my fathers halle, 40
15 You dye for love of mee.

Fayre ladye, it is for your love
  That all this dill I drye:
For if you wold comfort me with a kisse,
Then were I brought from bale to blisse, 45
20 No lenger wold I lye.

Sir knighte, my father is a kinge,
  I am his onlye heire;
Alas! and well you knowe, syr knighte,
  I never can be youre fere. 50

25 O ladye, thou art a kinges daughtèr,
  And I am not thy peere,
But let me doe some deedes of armes
  To be your bacheleere.

Some deedes of armes if thou wilt doe, 55
30 My bacheleere to bee,
(But ever and aye my heart wold rue,
  Giff harm shold happe to thee,)

Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,
  Upon the mores brodìnge; 60
35 And dare ye, syr knighte, wake there all nighte
  Untill the fayre mornìnge. (*l.* ?)

[For 39] For the Eldridge knighte, so mickle of mighte,
  Will examine you beforne:

65 And never man bare life awaye,
But he did him scath and scorne.

That knighte he is a foul paynìm,
And large of limb and bone;
And but if heaven may be thy speede 5
70 Thy life it is but gone.

Nowe on the Eldridge hilles Ile walke,
For thy sake, fair ladìe:
And Ile either bring you a ready tokèn,
Or Ile never more you see. 10

75 The ladye is gone to her owne chaumbere,
Her maydens following bright:
Syr Cauline lope from care-bed soone,
And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
For to wake there all night. 15

80 Unto midnight, that the moone did rise,
He walked up and downe;
Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe
Over the bents soe browne:
Quoth hee, If cryance come till my heart, 20
D 4 85 My life it is but gone.

[And 40] And soone he spyde on the mores so broad,
A furyous wight and fell;
A ladye bright his brydle led,
Clad in a fayre kyrtèll: 25

90 And soe fast he called on syr Caulìne,
O man, I rede thee flye,
For, 'but' if cryance come till thy heart,
I weene but thou mun dye.

He sayth, 'No' cryance comes till my heart, 30
95 Nor, in faith, I wyll not flee;
For, cause thou minged not Christ before,
The less me dreadeth thee.

The Eldridge knighte, he pricked his steed;
Syr Cauline bold abode: 35
100 Then either shooke his trustye speare,

And the timber these two children* bare
  Soe soone in sunder 'yode'.

Then tooke they out theyr two good swordes,
  And layden on full faste,
5 Till helme and hawberke, mail and sheelde, 105
  They all were well-nye brast.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
  And stiffe in stower did stande,
[But 41] But syr Cauline with a 'backward' stroke,
10 He smote off his right-hand; 110
That soone he with paine and lacke of bloud
  Fell downe on that lay-land.

Then up syr Cauline lift his brande
  All over his head so hye:
15 And here I sweare by the holy roode, 115
  Nowe, caytiffe, thou shalt dye.

Then up and came that ladye brighte,
  Faste wringing of her hande:
For the maydens love, that most you love,
20 Withold that deadlye brande. 120

For the maydens love, that most you love,
  Now smyte no more I praye;
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
  He shall thy hests obaye.

25 Now sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knighte, 125
  And here on this lay-land,
That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,
  And therto plight thy hand:

And that thou never on Eldridge come
30 To sporte, gamon, or playe: 130
And that thou here give up thy armes
  Until thy dying daye.

[The 42] The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes
  With many a sorrowfulle sighe;
35 And sware to obey syr Caulines hest, 135
  Till the tyme that he shold dye.

* *i. e. knights. See Vol.* 1. (*l. Vol.* 3. **corr.**) *pag.* 58. *V.* 102. slode. *MS. Ver.* 109. *aukeward. MS.*

And he then up and the Eldridge knighte
Sett him in his saddle anone,
And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye
140 To theyr castle are they gone.

Then he tooke up the bloudy hand, 5
That was so large of bone,
And on it he founde five ringes of gold
Of knightes that had be slone.

145 Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,
As hard as any flint: 10
And he tooke off those ringès five,
As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked syr Cauline
150 As light as leafe on tree:
I-wys he neither stint ne blanne, 15
Till he his ladye see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee
Before that lady gay:
155 O ladye, I have bin on the Eldridge hills;
These tokens I bring away. 20

[Now 43] Now welcome, welcome, syr Cauline,
Thrice welcome unto mee,
For now I perceive thou art a true knighte,
160 Of valour bolde and free.

O ladye, I am thy own true knighte, 25
Thy hests for to obaye:
And mought I hope to winne thy love! ——
No more his tonge colde say.

165 The ladye blushed scarlette redde,
And fette a gentill sighe: 30
Alas! syr knight how may this bee,
For my degree's soe highe?

But sith thou hast hight, thou comely youth,
170 To be my batchilere,
Ile promise if thee I may not wedde 35
I will have none other fere.

Then shee held forthe her lilly-white hand
 Towards that knighte so free:
He gave to it one gentill kisse, 175
His heart was brought from bale to blisse,
5 The teares sterte from his ee.

But keep my counsayl, syr Caulìne,
 Ne let no man it knowe;
[For 44] For and ever my father sholde it ken, 180
 I wot he wolde us sloe.

10 From that daye forthe that ladye fayre
 Lovde syr Caulìne the knighte:
From that daye forthe he only joyde
 Whan shee was in his sight. 185

Yea and oftentimes they mette
15 Within a fayre arbòure,
Where they in love and sweet daliaunce
 Past manye a pleasaunt houre.

PART THE SECOND.

EVERYE white will have its blacke,
20 And everye sweete its sowre:
This founde the ladye Christabelle
 In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle as syr Caulìne 5
 Was with that ladye faire,
25 The kinge her father walked forthe
 To take the evenyng aire:

[And 45] And into the aboure as he went
 To rest his wearye feet, 10
He found his daughter and syr Caulìne
30 There sette in daliaunce sweet.

The kinge hee sterted forthe, I-wys,
 And an angrye man was hee:
Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe, 15
 And rewe shall thy ladìe.

35 Then forthe syr Cauline he was ledde,
 And throwne in dungeon deepe:

And the ladye into a towre so hye,
20 There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene she was syr Caulines friend,
And to the kinge sayd shee:
I praye you save syr Caulines life, 5
And let him banisht bee.

25 Now, dame, that traitor shall be sent
Across the salt sea fome:
But here I will make thee a band,
If ever he come within this land, 10
A foule deathe is his doome.

30 All woe-begone was that gentil knight
To parte from his ladyè;
[And 46] And many a time he sighed sore,
And cast a wistfulle eye: 15
Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,
35 Farre lever had I dye.

Faire Christabelle, that ladye bright,
Was had forthe of the towre;
But ever shee droopeth in her minde, 20
As nipt by an ungentle winde
40 Doth some faire lillye flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weepe
To tint her lover soe:
Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on mee, 25
But I will still be true.

45 Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,
And lords of high degree,
Did sue to that fayre ladye of love;
But never shee wolde them nee. 30

When manye a day was past and gone,
50 Ne comforte she colde finde,
The kynge proclaimed a tourneament,
The (*l.* To ***corr.***) cheere his daughters mind:

And there came lords, and there came knights, 35
Fro manye a farre countryè,
55 [To 47] To break a spere for theyr ladyes love
Before that faire ladyè.

And many a ladye there was sette
In purple and in palle:
But faire Christabelle soe woe-begone
Was the fayrest of them all. 60

5 Then manye a knighte was mickle of might
Before his ladye gaye;
But a stranger wight, whom no man knewe,
He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton it was all of blacke, 65
10 His hewberke, and his sheelde,
Ne noe man wist whence he did come,
Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,
When they came out the feelde.

And now three days were prestlye past 70
15 In feates of chivalrye,
When lo upon the fourth morninge
A sorrowfulle sight they see.

A hugye giaunt stiffe and starke,
All foule of limbe and lere; 75
20 Two goggling eyen like fire farden,
A mouthe from eare to eare.

[Before 48] Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,
That waited on his knee,
And at his backe five heads he bare, 80
25 All wan and pale of blee.

Sir, quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,
Behold that hend Soldàin!
Behold these heads I beare with me!
They are kings which he hath slain. 85

30 The Eldridge knight is his own cousine,
Whom a knight of thine hath shent:
And hee is come to avenge his wrong,
And to thee, all thy knightes among,
Defiance here hath sent. 90

35 But yette he will appease his wrath
Thy daughters love to winne:
And but thou yeelde him that fayre mayd,
Thy halls and towers must brenne.

95 Thy head, syr king, must goe with mee;
Or else thy daughter deere;
Or else within these lists soe broad
Thou must finde him a peere.

The king he turned him round aboute, 5
100 And in his heart was woe:
[Is 49] Is there never a knighte of my round tablè,
This matter will undergoe?

Is there never a knighte amongst yee all
Will fight for my daughter and mee? 10
105 Whoever will fight yon grimme soldàn,
Right fair his meede shall bee.

For hee shall have my broad lay-lands,
And of my crowne be heyre;
And he shall winne faire Christabelle 15
110 To be his wedded fere.

But every knighte of his round tablè
Did stand both still and pale;
For whenever they lookt on the grim soldàn,
It made their hearts to quail. 20

115 All woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,
When she sawe no helpe was nye:
She cast her thought on her owne true-love,
And the teares gusht from her eye.

Up then sterte the stranger knighte, 25
120 Sayd, Ladye, be not affrayd:
Ile fight for thee with this grimme soldàn,
Vol. Thoughe he be unmacklye made.
III. E
[And 50] And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sworde,
That lyeth within thy bowre, 30
125 I truste in Christe for to slay this fiende
Thoughe he be stiff in stowre.

Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge sworde,
The kinge he cryde, with speede:
Nowe heaven assist thee, courteous knighte; 35
130 My daughter is thy meede.

The gyaunt he stepped into the lists,
And sayd, Awaye, awaye:
I sweare, as I am the hend soldàn,
Thou lettest me here all daye.

5 Then forthe the stranger knight he came 135
In his blacke armoure dight:
The ladye sighed a gentle sighe,
"That this were my true knighte!"

And nowe the gyaunt and knighte be mett
10 Within the lists soe broad; 140
And now with swordes soe sharpe of steele,
They gan to lay on load.

The soldan strucke the knighte a stroke,
That made him reele asyde;
15 Then woe-begone was that fayre ladyè, 145
And thrice she deeply sighde.

[The 51] The soldan strucke a second stroke,
That made the bloude to flowe:
All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,
20 And thrice she wept for woe. 150

The soldan strucke a third fell stroke,
Which brought the knighte on his knee:
Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart,
And she shriekt loud shreikings (*l.* shriek.) three.

25 The knighte he leapt upon his feete, 155
All recklesse of the pain:
Quoth hee, But heaven be now my speede,
Or else I shall be slaine.

He grasped his sworde with mayne and mighte,
30 And spying a secrette part, 160
He drave it into the soldan's syde,
And pierced him to the heart

Then all the people gave a shoute,
Whan they sawe the soldan falle:
35 The ladye wept, and thanked Christ, 165
That had reskewed her from thrall,

And nowe the kinge with all his barons
Rose uppe from offe his seate,
And downe he stepped intò the listes
170 That curteous knighte to greete.

[But 52] But he for payne and lacke of bloude 5
Was fallen intò a swounde,
And there all walteringe in his gore,
Laye lifelesse on the grounde.

175 Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare,
Thou art a leeche of skille; 10
Farre lever had I lose halfe my landes,
Than this good knighte sholde spille.

Downe then steppeth that fayre ladyè,
180 To helpe him if she maye;
But when she did his beavere raise, 15
It is my life, my lord, she sayes,
And shriekte and swound awaye.

Sir Cauline juste lifte up his eyes
185 When he heard his ladye crye,
O ladye, I am thine owne true love, 20
For thee I wisht to dye.

Then giving her one partinge looke,
He closed his eyes in deathe,
190 Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,
Begane to drawe her breathe. 25

But when she found her comelye knighte
Indeed was dead and gone,
[Shee 53] Shee layde her pale cold cheeke to his,
195 And thus she made her moane.

O staye, my deare and onlye lord, 30
For mee thy faithfulle feere;
'Tis meet that I shold followe thee,
Who hast bought my love soe deare.

200 Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoune,
And with a deepe-fette sighe, 35
That burste her gentle hearte in twayne,
Fayre Christabelle did dye.

* * *

V.

EDWARD, EDWARD.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

From a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland.

5 QUHY dois zour brand sae drap wi' bluid,
Edward, Edward?
Quhy dois zour brand sae drap wi' bluid?
And quhy sae sad gang zee, O?
O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid, 5
10 Mither, mither:
[O, I 54] O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid;
And I had nae mair bot hee, O.

Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid;
Edward, Edward. 10
15 Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid;
My deir son I tell thee, O.
O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid, 15
20 That erst was sae fair and frie, O.

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
Edward, Edward:
Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
Sum other dule ze drie, O. 20
25 O, I hae killed my fadir deir,
Mither, Mither:
O, I hae killed my fadir deir
Alas! and wae is mee, O!

And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that? 25
30 Edward, Edward.
And quhatten penance will ze drie for that?
My deir son, now tell me, O.
Ile set my feit in zonder boat,
Mither, mither: 30
35 [Ile 55] Ile set my feit in zonder boat,
And Ile fare ovir the sea, O.

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',
Edward, Edward?

35 And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',
That were sae fair to see, O?
Ile let thame stand tul they doun fa',
Mither, mither:
Ile let thame stand tul they doun fa', 5
40 For here nevir mair maun I bee, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,
Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,
Quhan ze gang ovir the sea, O? 10
45 The warldis room, late them beg thrae life,
Mither, mither:
The warldis room, let them beg thrae life,
For thame nevir mair wul I see, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir, 15
50 Edward, Edward:
And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,
My deir son, now tell mee, O.
The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir,
I 4 Mither, mither: 20
55 [The 56] The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir,
Sic counseils ze gave to me, O.

VI.

KING ESTMERE.

This old Romantic Legend, (which is preserved in the Editor's folio MS) bears marks of great antiquity, and perhaps ought to have taken place of any in this volume. It should seem to have been written while a great part of Spain was in the hands of the Saracens or Moors: whose empire there was not fully extinguished before the year 1491. *The Mahometans are spoken of in v.* 49, *&c. just in the same terms as in all other old romances. The author of the ancient Legend of* Sir Bevis *represents his hero upon all occasions, breathing out defiance against*

"Mahound and Termagaunte ‡;" 35

And so full of zeal for his religion, as to return the following polite message to a Paynim king's fair daughter, who had

‡ *See at the end of this ballad, Note* †4†.

fallen in love with him, and sent two Saracen knights to invite him to her bower,

> *"I wyll not ones stirre off this grounde,*
> *"To speake with an heathen hounde.*
> 5 *"Unchristen houndes, I rede you fle,*
> *"Or I your harte bloud shall se†".*

Indeed they return the compliment by calling him elswhere "a christen hounde."*

[*This* 57] *This was conformable to the real manners of the*
10 *barbarous ages: perhaps the same excuse will hardly serve our bard for the situations in which he has placed some of his royal personages. That a youthful monarch should take a journey into another kingdom to visit his mistress incog. was a piece of gallantry paralleled in our own Charles I. but*
15 *that king Adland should be found lolling or leaning at his gate* (*v.* 35.) *may be thought perchance a little out of character. And yet the great painter of manners, Homer, did not think it inconsistent with decorum to represent a king of the Taphians rearing himself at the gate of Ulysses to inquire for*
20 *that monarch, when he touched at Ithaca as he was taking a voyage with a ship's cargo of iron to dispose in traffic‡. So little ought we to judge of ancient manners by our own.*

Before I conclude this article, I cannot help observing that the reader will see in this ballad, the character of the old
25 *minstrels,* (*those successors of the bards*) *raised much higher than he has yet observed it* (*l. than he will elsewhere find it.* **corr.**)||: *here he will see one of them represented mounted on a fine horse, accompanied with an attendant to bear his harp after him, and to sing the poems of his composing.*
30 *Here he will see him mixing in the company of kings without ceremony: no mean proof of the great antiquity of this poem. The farther we carry our inquiries back, the greater respect we find paid to the professors of poetry and music among all the Celtic and Gothic nations. Their character was deemed*
35 *so sacred, that under its sanction our famous king Alfred made no scruple to enter the Danish camp, and found no difficulty to gain admittance to the king's headquarters*.*

† *Sign. C. ij. b.* * *Sign. C. j. b.*
‡ *Odyss. α.* 105. || *See vol. 2. p.* 163.
40 * *Even so late as the time of Froissart, we find minstrels and heralds mentioned together, as those who might securely go into an enemy's country. Cap. cxl.*

Our poet has suggested the same expedient to the heroes of this ballad. All the histories of the North are full of [*the* 58] *the great reverence paid to that order of men. Harold Harfax, a celebrated king of Norway, was wont to seat them at his table above all the officers of his court: and we find* 5 *another Norwegian king placing five of them by his side in a day of battle, that they might be eye-witnesses of the great exploits they were to celebrate*†. — *As to Estmere's riding into the hall while the kings were at table, this was usual in the ages of chivalry; and even to this day we see a relic of* 10 *this custom still kept up, in the champion's riding into Westminster hall during the coronation dinner.*

HEarken to me, gentlemen,
 Come and you shall heare;
Ile tell you of two of the boldest brethren, 15
 That ever born y-were.

5 The tone of them was Adler yonge,
 The tother was kyng Estmere;
The were as bolde men in their deedes,
 As any were farr and neare. 20
As they were drinking ale and wine

10 Within kyng Estmeres halle:
Whan will ye marry a wyfe, brothèr,
 A wyfe to gladd us all?

Then bespake him kyng Estmere, 25
 And answered him hastilee:
15 [I knowe 59] I knowe not that ladye in any lande,
 That is able* to marry with mee.

Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother,
 Men call her bright and sheene; 30
If I were kyng here in your stead,
20 That ladye sholde be queene.

Sayes, Reade me, reade me, deare brother,
 Throughout merrye Englànd,

† *Mallet, Introd. a l'His. de Dannemarc, p.* 240. *Bartholini* 35 *Antiq. Dan. p.* 173.

* *He means, fit, suitable.*

Where we might find a messenger
  Betweene us two to sende.

Sayes, You shal ryde yourselfe, brothèr, 25
  Ile beare you companèe;
5 Many throughe fals messengers are deceivde,
  And I feare lest soe shold wee.

Thus the renisht them to ryde
  Of twoe good renisht steedes, 30
And when they came to kyng Adlands halle,
10 Of red golde shone their weedes.

And whan the came to kyng Adlands halle
  Before the goodlye yate,
Ther they found good kyng Adlànd 35
  Rearing himselfe theratt.

15 [Nowe 60] Nowe Christ thee save, good kyng Adlànd;
  Nowe Christ thee save and see.
Sayd, you be welcome, kyng Estmere,
  Right hartilye unto mee. 40

You have a daughter, sayd Adler yonge,
20 Men call her bright and sheene,
My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,
  Of Englande to bee queene.

Yesterdaye was at my deare daughtèr 45
  Syr Bremor the kyng of Spayne;
25 And then shee nicked him of naye,
  I feare sheele do youe the same.

The kyng of Spayne is a foule paynìm,
  And 'leeveth on Mahound; 50
And pitye it were that fayre ladyè
30 Shold marrye a heathen hound.

But grant to me, sayes kyng Estmere,
  For my love I you praye,
That I may see your daughter deare 55
  Before I goe hence awaye.

35 Althoughe itt is seven yeare and more
  Syth my daughter was in halle,
Shee shall come downe once for your sake
  To glad my guestès all. 60

[Downe 61] Downe then came that mayden fayre,
With ladyes lacede in pall,
And halfe a hondred of bolde knightes,
To bring her from bowre to hall;
65 And eke as manye gentle squieres, 5
To waite upon them all.

The talents of golde, were on her head sette,
Hunge lowe downe to her knee;
And everye rynge on her smalle fingèr,
70 Shone of the chrystall free. 10

Sayes, Christ you save, my deare madàme;
Sayes, Christ you save and see.
Sayes, You be welcome, kyng Estmere,
Right welcome unto mee.

75 And iff you love me, as you saye, 15
So well and hartilèe,
All that ever you are comen about
Soone sped now itt may bee.

Then bespake her father deare:
80 My daughter, I saye naye; 20
Remember well the kyng of Spayne,
What he sayd yesterdaye.

He wold pull downe my halles and castles,
And reave me of my lyfe:
85 [And 62] And ever I feare that paynim kyng, 25
Iff I reave him of his wyfe.

Your castles and your towres, father,
Are stronglye built aboute;
And therefore of that foule paynìm
90 Wee neede not stande in doubte. 30

Plyght me your troth, nowe, kyng Estmère,
By heaven and your righte hand,
That you will marrye me to your wyfe,
And make me queene of your land.

95 Then kyng Estmere he plyght his troth 35
By heaven and his righte hand,

That he wold marrye her to his wyfe,
And make her queene of his land.

And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,
To goe to his owne countree, 100
5 To fetche him dukes and lordes and knightes,
That marryed the might bee.

They had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle forthe of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne, 105
10 With kempès many a one.

[But 63] But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With manye a grimme baròne,
Tone day to marrye kyng Adlands daughter
Tother daye to carrye her home. 110

15 Then shee sent after kyng Estmère
In all the spede might bee,
That he must either returne and fighte,
Or goe home and lose his ladyè.

One whyle then the page he went, 115
20 Another whyle he ranne;
Till he had oretaken kyng Estmere
I-wis, he never blanne.

Tydinges, tydinges, kyng Estmere!
What tydinges nowe, my boye? 120
25 O tydinges I can tell to you,
That will you sore annoye.

You had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle out of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne 125
30 With kempès many a one:

But in did come the kyng of Spayne
With manye a grimme baròne,
Tone daye to marrye king Adlands daughter,
Tother daye to carrye her home. 130 2

35 [That 64] That ladye fayre she greetes you well,
And ever-more well by mee:

You must either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and lose your ladyè.

135 Sayes, Reade me, reade me, deare brothèr,
My reade shall ryde† at thee,
Whiche waye we best may turne and fighte, 5
To save this fayre ladyè.

Now hearken to me, sayes Adler yonge,
140 And your reade must rise† at me,
I quicklye will devise a waye
To sette thy ladye free. 10

My mother was a westerne woman,
And learned in gramaryè*,
145 And when I learned at the schole,
Something shee taught itt mee.

There groweth an hearbe within this fielde, 15
And iff it were but knowne,
His color, which is whyte and redd,
150 Itt will make blacke and browne:

His color, which is browne and blacke,
Itt will make redd and whyte; 20
[That 65] That sworde is not in all Englande,
Upon his coate will byte.

155 And you shal be a harper, brother,
Out of the north countrèe;
And Ile be your boye, so faine of fighte, 25
To beare your harpe by your knee.

And you shall be the best harpèr,
160 That ever tooke harpe in hand;
And I will be the best singèr,
That ever sung in this land. 30

Itt shal be written in our forheads
All and in gramaryè,
165 That we towe are the boldest men,
That are in all Christentyè.

And thus they renisht them to ryde, 35
On towe good renish steedes;

†† *sic.* * *See at the end of this ballad, Note* **.

And whan they came to king Adlands hall,
Of redd gold shone their weedes. 170

And whan the came to kyng Adlands hall
Untill the fayre hall yate,
5 There they found a proud portèr
Rearing himselfe theratt.

Vol. III. p.

[Sayes, 66] Sayes, Christ thee save, thou proud portèr: 175
Sayes, Christ thee save and see.
Nowe you be welcome, sayd the portèr,
10 Of what land soever ye bee.

We been harpers, sayd Adler yonge,
Come out of the northe countrèe; 180
We beene come hither untill this place,
This proud weddinge for to see.

15 Sayd, And your color were white and redd,
As it is blacke and browne,
Ild saye king Estmere and his brother 185
Were comen untill this towne.

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
20 Layd itt on the porters arme:
And ever we will thee, proud portèr,
Thow wilt saye us no harme. 190

Sore he looked on kyng Estmère,
And sore he handled the ryng,
25 Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,
He lett for no kind of thyng.

Kyng Estmere he light off his steede 195
Up att the fayre hall board;
The frothe, that came from his brydle bitte,
30 Light on kyng Bremors beard.

[Sayes, 67] Sayes, Stable thou (*l.* thy *corr.*) steede, thou proud [harpèr,
Go stable him in the stalle; 200
Itt doth not beseeme a proud harpèr
To stable him in a kyngs halle.

35 My ladd he is so lither, he sayd,
He will do nought that's meete;

205 And aye that I cold but find the man,
Were able him to beate.

Thou speakst proud wordes, sayd the Paynim kyng,
Thou harper here to mee;
There is a man within this halle, 5
210 That will beate thy lad and thee.

O lett that man come downe, he sayd,
A sight of him wolde I see;
And whan hee hath beaten well my ladd,,
Then he shall beate of mee. 10

215 Downe then came the kemperye man,
And looked him in the eare;
For all the golde, that was under heaven,
He durst not neigh him neare.

And how nowe, kempe, sayd the kyng of Spayne, 15
220 And how what aileth thee?
He sayes, Itt is written in his forhead
F 2 All and in gramaryè,
[That 68] That for all the gold that is under heaven,
I dare not neigh him nye. 20

225 Kyng Estmere then pulled forth his harpe,
And playd theron so sweete:
Upstarte the ladye from the kynge,
As hee sate at the meate.

Nowe stay thy harpe, thou proud harpèr, 25
230 Now stay thy harpe, I say;
For an thou playest as thou beginnest,
Thou'lt till my bride awaye.

He strucke upon his harpe agayne,
And playd both fayre and free; 30
235 The ladye was so pleasde theratt,
She laught loud laughters three.

Nowe sell me thy harpe, sayd the kyng of Spayne,
Thy harpe and stryngs eche one,
And as many gold nobles thou shalt have, 35
240 As there be stryngs thereon.

And what wold ye doe with my harpe, he sayd,
Iff I did sell it yee?

To playe my wiffe and me a FITT,
When abed together we bee.

[Now 69] Now sell me, syr kyng, thy bryde soe gay, 245
As shee sitts laced in pall,
5 And as many gold nobles I will give,
As there be rings in the hall.

And what wold ye doe with my bryde so gay,
Iff I did sell her yee? 250
More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye
10 To lye by mee than thee.

Hee played agayne both loud and shrille,
And Adler he did syng,
"O ladye, this is thy owne true love; 255
"Noe harper but a kyng.

15 "O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
"As playnlye thou mayest see;
"And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim,
"Who partes thy love and thee." 260

The ladye louked (*l.* looked), the ladye blushte,
20 And blushte and lookt agayne,
While Adler he hath drawne his brande,
And hath sir Bremor slayne.

Up then rose the kemperye men, 265
And loud they gan to crye:
25 Ah! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,
And therefore yee shall dye.

[Kyng 70] Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,
And swith he drew his brand; 270
And Estmere he, and Adler yonge
30 Right stiffe in stour can stand.

And aye their swordes soe sore can byte,
Throughe help of gramaryè,
That soone they have slayne the kempery men, 275
Or forst them forth to flee.

35 Kyng Estmere tooke that fayre ladye,
And marryed her to his wyfe,
And brought her home to merrye Englànd
With her to leade his lyfe. 280

*** *The word* Gramarye *occurs several times in the foregoing poem, and every where seems to signify Magic or some kind of supernatural science. I know not whence to derive it, unless it be from the word* Grammar: *in those dark and ignorant ages when it was thought a high degree of learning to be able* 5 *to read and write; he who had made a little farther progress in literature might well pass for a conjurer or magician.*

†‡† Termagaunt (*p.* 56) *is the name given in the old Romances to the God of the Saracens. Thus in the Legend of* Syr Guy *the Soudan (Sultan) swears,* 10

"*So helpe me Mahowne of might,*
"*And Termagaunt my God so bright.*"
Sign. P. iij. b.

This word is derived by the very learned Editor of Junius, from the Anglo-Saxon Týp *Very, and* maȝan *Mighty.* — 15

After the times of the Crusades, both Mahound *and* Termagaunt *made their constant* (*l. frequent* **corr.**) *appearance in the Pageants* [*and* 71] *and religious Enterludes of the barbarous ages; in which they were exhibited with gestures so furious and frantic, as to become proverbial. Thus Skelton* 20 *speaks of Wolsey,*

"*Lyke Mahound in a play,*
"*No man dare him withsaye.*"
Ed. 1736. *p.* 158.

And Bale in his Acts of English Votaries, pt. 2d. says — 25 "*Grennyng like Termagauntes in a play.*" — *Hence we may conceive the force of Hamlet's expression in Shakespeare, where condemning a ranting player he says,* "*I could have* "*such a fellow whipt for ore-doing* Termagant: *it out-Herod's* "*Herod.*" *A.* 3. *sc.* 3. *By degrees the word came to be* 30 *applied to any outrageous turbulent person*†, *and at last to a violent brawling woman only; and this the rather as, I suppose, the ancient figure of* Termagant *was represented, after the Eastern mode, with long robes or petticoats.*

† *So Mr. Johns. in his Dict.* 35

VII.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE,

A Scottish Ballad,

— *is given from two MS copies transmitted from Scotland. In what age the hero of this ballad lived, or when this fatal* 40

expedition happened that proved so destructive to the Scots nobles, I have not been able to discover; yet am of opinion that their catastrophe is not altogether without foundation in history, though it has escaped my researches. In the infancy of navigation, such as used the northern seas, were very liable to shipwreck in the wintry months: hence a law was enacted in the reign of James the III, (a law which was frequently repeated afterwards) "That there be na schip "frauchted out of the realm with ony staple gudes, fra the "feast of Simons day and Jude, unto the feast of the puri-"fication of our Lady called Candelmess." Jam. III. Parlt 2. *Ch.* 15.

[*In* 72] *In some modern copies, instead of Patrick Spence hath been substituted the name of Sir Andrew Wood, a famous Scottish admiral who flourished in the time of our Edw. IV. but whose story hath nothing in common with this of the ballad. As Wood was the most noted warrior of Scotland, it is probable that like the Theban Hercules, he hath engrossed the renown of other heroes.*

THE king sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
O quhar will I get guid sailòr,
To sail this schip of mine?

Up and spak an eldern knicht, 5
Sat at the kings richt kne:
Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailòr,
That sails upon the se.

The king has written a braid lettèr,
And signd it wi' his hand; 10
And sent it to sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he:
The next line that Sir Patrick red, 15
The teir blinded his ee.

O quha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me;
To send me out this time o' the zeir,
To sail upon the se? 20

[Mak 73] Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne.
O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

25 Late late yestreen I saw the new moone 5
Wi' the auld moone in hir arme;
And I feir, I feir, my deir mastèr,
That we will cum to harme.

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
30 To weet their cork-heild shoone; 10
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
Their hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies sit
Wi' thair fans into their hand,
35 Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence 15
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang, may the ladies stand
Wi' thair gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
40 For they'll se thame na mair. 20

Have owre, have owr to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom deip:
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.

[VIII. 74] VIII. 25

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE.

The Reader has here a ballad of Robin Hood (from the Editor's folio MS) which was never before printed, and carries marks of much greater antiquity than any of the common popular songs on this subject. 30

The severity of those tyrannical forest-laws, that were introduced by our Norman kings, and the great temptation of breaking them by such as lived near the royal forests, at a time when the yeomanry of this kingdom were every where trained up to the long-bow, and excelled all other nations in 35 *the art of shooting, must constantly have occasioned great numbers of outlaws, and especially of such as were the best*

marksmen. These naturally fled to the woods for shelter, and forming into troops, endeavoured by their numbers to protect themselves from the dreadful penalties of their delinquency. The ancient punishment for killing the king's deer,
5 *was loss of eyes and castration: a punishment far worse than death. This will easily account for the troops of banditti, which formerly lurked in the royal forests, and from their superior skill in archery and knowledge of all the recesses of those unfrequented solitudes, found it no difficult matter*
10 *to resist or elude the civil power.*

Among all these, none ever was more famous than the hero of this ballad: the heads of whose story, as collected by Stow, are briefly these.

"*In this time* [*about the year* 1190, *in the reign of*
15 "*Richard I.*] *were many robbers, and outlawes, among the* 2
["*which* 75] "*which Robert Hood, and Little John, renowned* "*theeves, continued in woods, dispoyling and robbing the goods* "*of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade* "*them, or by resistance for their own defence.*

20 „*The saide Robert intertained an hundred tall men and* "*good archers with such spoiles and thefts as he got, upon* "*whom four hundred (were they never so strong) durst not* "*give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, vio-* "*lated, or otherwise molested: poore mens goods he spared,*
25 "*aboundantlie relieving them with that, which by theft he got* "*from abbeys and the houses of rich carles: whom Maior* "*(the historian) blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all* "*theeves he affirmeth him to be the prince and the most gentle* "*theefe.*" — *Annals, p.* 159.

30 *The personal courage of this celebrated outlaw, his skill in archery, his humanity, and especially his levelling principle of taking from the rich and giving to the poor, have in all ages rendered him the favourite of the common people: who not content to celebrate his memory by innumerable songs and*
35 *stories, have erected him into the dignity of an earl. Indeed it is not impossible, but our hero, to gain the more respect from his followers, or they to derive the more credit to their profession, may have given rise to such a report themselves: for we find it recorded in an epitaph, which a late antiquary*
40 *pretends was formerly legible on his tombstone near the nunnery of Kirk-lees in Yorkshire, where he is said to have been*

bled to death by a treacherous nun to whom he applied for phlebotomy.

Hear underneað dis laitl stean
laiz robert earl of Huntingtun
nea arcir ver az hie sae geud 5
an pipl kauld im robin heud
sick utlawz as hi an iz men
vil England nivir si agen.
obiit 24 kal. dekembris, 1247.

See Thoresby's Ducat. Leod. p. 576. *Biog. Brit. VI.* 3933. 10
[*Vgl. hiezu* ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS *in Vol.* III. *p.* 335.]

[*It* 76] *It must be confessed this epitaph is suspicious, because in the most ancient poems on Robin Hood, there is no mention or hint of this imaginary earldom. He is expresly asserted to have been a yeoman* in a very old legend in verse pre-* 15 *served in the archives of the public library at Cambridge*† *in eight* FYTTES *or parts, printed in black letter quarto, thus inscribed* "¶ Here begynneth a lytell geste of Robyn hode "and his meyne and of the proud sheryfe of Nottyngham."
The first lines are, 20

"*Lythe and lysten, gentylmen,*
"*That be of fre bore blode:*
"*I shall you tell of a good* YEMAN,
"*His name was Robin hode.*

"*Robyn was a proude out lawe,* 25
"*Whiles he walked on grounde;*
"*So curteyse an outlawe as he was one,*
"*Was never none yfounde." &c.*

The printer's colophon is, "¶ *Explicit Kinge Edwarde "and Robyn hode and lyttel Johan. Enprented at London in* 30 *"Fletestrete at the sygne of the sone by Wynkyn de Worde."* — *In Mr. Garrick's Collection*‡ *is a different edition of the same poem* "¶ *Imprinted at London upon the thre Crane "wharfe by Wylliam Copland," containing a little dramatic piece on the subject of Robin Hood and the Friar, not found* 35 *in the former copy called* "A newe play for to be played in "Maye games very plesaunte and full of pastyme. ¶ (∴) D."

[WHAN 77] WHAN shales beene sheene, and shraddes full
And leaves both large and longe, [fayre,

* *See also the following ballad, v.* 147. † *Num. D.* 5. 2. 40
‡ *Old Plays* 4*to. K. vol.* 10.

Itt's merrye walkyng in the fayre forrèst
To heare the small birdes songe.

The woodweete sang, and wold not cease, 5
Sitting upon the spraye,
5 Soe lowde he wakend Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay.

Now by faye, said jollye Robìn,
A sweaven I had this night; 10
I dreamt me of tow wighty yemen,
10 That fast with me can fight.

Methought they did me beate and binde,
And tooke my bowe me froe;
Iff I be Robin alive in this lande, 15
Ile be wroken on them towe.

15 Sweavens are swift, sayd lyttle John,
As the wind blowes over the hill;
For iff itt be never so loude this night,
To morrow it may be still. 20

Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
20 And John shall goe with mee,
For Ile goe seeke yond wighty yeomen,
In greenwood where they bee.

[78 Then] Then they cast on theyr gownes of grene, 25
And tooke theyr bowes ech one;
25 And they away to the greene forrèst
A shooting forth are gone;

Untill they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdest to bee, 30
There they were ware of a wight yeomàn,
30 That leaned agaynst a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
Of manye a man the bane,
And he was clad in his capull hyde 35
Topp and tayll and mayne.

35 Stand still, master, quoth litle John,
Under this tree so grene,

And I will go to yond wight yeoman
40 To know what he doth meane.

Ah! John, by me thou settest noe store,
And that I farley finde:
How often send I my men before, 5
And tarry my selfe behinde?

45 It is no cunning a knave to ken,
And a man but heare him speake;
And it were not for bursting ŏf (*l.* of) my bowe,
John, I thy head wold breake. 10

[As **79**] As often wordes they breeden bale,
50 So they parted Robin and John;
And John is gone to Barnesdale:
The gates† he knoweth eche one.

But when he came to Barnesdale, 15
Great heavinesse there hee hadd,
55 For he found tow of his owne fellŏwes
Were slaine both in a slade.

And Scarlette he was flyinge a-foote
Fast over stocke and stone, 20
For the proud sheriffe with seven score men
60 Fast after him is gone.

One shoote now I will shoote, quoth John,
With Christ his might and mayne;
Ile make yond sheriffe that wends soe fast, 25
To stopp he shall be fayne.

65 Then John bent up his long bende-bowe,
And fetteled him to shoote:
The bow was made of tender boughe,
And fell downe at his foote. 30

Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
70 That ere thou grew on a tree;
For now this day thou art my bale,
My boote when thou shold bee.

[His **80**] His shoote it was but loosely shott, 35
Yet flewe not the arrowe in vaine,

† *i. e. passes, paths, ridings.*

For itt mett one of the sherriffes men, 75
And William a Trent was slaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent
To have bene abed with sorrowe,
5 Than to be that day in the green wood slade
To meet with Little Johns arrowe. 80

But as it is said, when men be mett
Fyve can doe more than three,
The sheriffe hath taken little John,
10 And bound him fast to a tree.

Thou shalt be drawen by dale and downe, 85
And hanged hye on a hill.
But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose, quoth John,
If it be Christ his will.

15 Lett us leave talking of little John,
And thinke of Robin Hood, 90
How he is gone to the wight yeoman,
Where under the leaves he stood.

Good morrowe, good fellowe, sayd Robin so fayre,
20 "Good morrowe, good fellow quo' hee:"
Methinkes by this bowe thou beares in thy hande 95
A good archere thou sholdst bee.

[I am 81] I am wilfulle of my waye, quo' the yeman,
And of my morning tyde.
25 Ile lead thee through the wood, sayd Robin;
Good fellow, Ile be thy guide. 100

I seeke an outlàwe, the straunger sayd,
Men call him Robin Hood;
Rather Ild meet with that proud outlàwe
30 Than fortye pound soe good.

Now come with me, thou wighty yeman, 105
And Robin thou soone shalt see:
But first let us some pastime find
Under the greenwood tree.

35 First let us some masterye make
Among the woods so even, 110

We may chance to meete with Robin Hood
  Here at some unsett steven.

They cutt them down two summer shroggs,
  That grew both under a breere,
115 And sett them threescore rood in twaine 5
  To shoote the prickes y-fere.

Leade on, good fellowe, quoth Robin Hood,
  Leade on, I do bidd thee.
Nay by my faith, good fellowe, hee sayd,
Vol. III.G 120 My leader thou shalt bee. 10

[The 82] The first time Robin shot at the pricke,
  He mist but an inch it fro:
The yeoman he was an archer good,
  But he cold never do soe.

125 The second shoote had the wightye yeman, 15
  He shot within the garlànd:
But Robin he shott far better than hee,
  For he clave the good pricke wande.

A blessing upon thy heart, he sayd;
130 Good fellowe, thy shooting is goode; 20
For an thy hart be as good as thy hand,
  Thou wert better than Robin Hoode.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, sayd he,
  Under the leaves of lyne.
135 Nay by my faith, quoth bolde Robìn, 25
  Till thou have told me thine.

I dwell by dale and downe, quoth hee,
  And Robin to take Ime sworne,
And when I am called by my right name
140 I am Guy of good Gisbòrne. 30

My dwelling is in this wood, sayes Robin,
  By thee I set right nought:
I am Robin Hood of Barnèsdale,
  Whom thou so long hast sought.

145 [He 83] He that had neyther beene kithe nor kin, 35
  Might have seen a full fayre sight,

To see how together these yeomen went
  With blades both browne and bright.

To see how these yeomen together they fought
  Two howres of a summers day: 150
5 Yett neither Robin Hood nor sir Guy
  Them fettled to flye away.

Robin was reachles on a roote,
  And stumbled at that tyde;
And Guy was quicke and nimble with-all, 155
10 And hitt him upon the syde.

Ah deere Ladye, sayd Robin Hoode tho,
  That art but mother and may',
I think it was never mans destinye
  To dye before his day. 160

15 Robin thought on our ladye deere,
  And soone leapt up againe,
And strait he came with a 'backward' stroke,
  And he sir Guy hath slayné.

He tooke sir Guys head by the hayre, 165
20 And stucke it upon his bowes end:
Thou hast beene a traytor all thy life,
  Which thing must have an end.

[Robin 84] Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
  And nicked sir Guy in the face, 170
25 That he was never on woman born,
  Cold know whose head it was.

Sayes, Lye there, lye there, now sir Guye,
  And with me be not wrothe;
Iff thou have had the worst strokes at my hand, 175
30 Thou shalt have the better clothe.

Robin did off his gowne of greene,
  And on Sir Guy did throwe,
And hee put on that capull hyde,
  That cladd him topp to toe. 180

35 Thy bowe, thy arrowes, and litle horne,
  Now with me I will beare;

Ver. 163. awkwarde. *MS.*

For I will away to Barnèsdale,
To see how my men doe fare.

185 Robin Hood sett Guyes horne to his mouth,
And a loud blast in it did blow.
That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham, 5
As he leaned under a lowe.

Hearken, hearken, sayd the sheriffe,
190 I heare nowe tydings good,
For yonder I heare sir Guyes horne blow,
And he hath slaine Robin Hoode. 10

[Yonder 85] Yonder I heare sir Guyes horne blowe,
Itt blowes soe well in tyde,
195 And yonder comes that wightye yeoman,
Cladd in his capull hyde.

Come hyther, come hyther, thou good sir Guy, 15
Aske what thou wilt of mee.
O I will none of thy gold, sayd Robin,
200 Nor I will none of thy fee:

But now I have slaine the master, he sayes,
Let me goe strike the knave, 20
For this is all the meede I aske,
None other rewarde I'le have.

205 Thou art a madman, sayd the sheriffe,
Thou sholdst have had a knightes fee:
But seeing thy asking hath beene soe bad, 25
Well granted it shal bee.

When Little John heard his master speake,
210 Well knewe he it was his steven:
Now shall I be looset, quoth Little John,
With Christ his might in heaven. 30

Fast Robin hee hyed him to Little John,
He thought to loose him blive;
215 The sheriffe and all his companye
G 3 Fast after him can drive.

[Stand 86] Stand abacke, stand abacke, sayd Robin; 35
Why draw you mee so neere?
Itt was never the use in our countryè,
220 Ones shrift another shold heere,

But Robin pulled forth an Irysh knife,
And losed John hand and foote,
And gave him sir Guyes bowe into his hand,
And bade it be his boote.

5 Then John he tooke Guyes bowe in his hand, 225
His boltes and arrowes eche one:
When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,
He fettled him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham towne,
10 He fled full fast away; 230
And soe did all the companye;
Not one behind wold stay.

But he cold neither runne soe fast,
Nor away soe fast cold ryde,
15 But Little John with an arrowe soe broad, 235
He shott him into the 'backe'-syde.

*** *The Title of* Sir *was not formerly peculiar to Knights, it was given to Priests, and sometimes to very inferior personages.*

20 [IX. 87] IX.

THE TOWER OF DOCTRINE.

The Reader has here a specimen of the descriptive powers of Stephen Hawes, *a celebrated poet in the reign of Henry VII, tho' now little known. It is extracted from an* 25 *allegorical poem of his (written in* 1505.) *intitled, "The Hist. "of Graunde Amoure & La Belle Pucel, called the Palace "of Pleasure, &c."* 4*to.* 1555. *See more of Hawes in Ath. Ox. v. I. p.* 6. *and Warton's Observ. v.* 2. *p.* 105.

The following Stanzas are taken from Chap. iii. "How 30 *"Fame departed from Graunde Amour and left him with "Governaunce and Grace, and how he went to the Tower of "Doctrine." — As we are able to give no small lyric piece of Hawes's, the Reader will excuse the insertion of this extract.*

I Loked about and sawe a craggy roche,
35 Farre in the west neare to the element,
And as I dyd then unto it approche,

Upon the toppe I sawe refulgent
5 The royall tower of MORALL DOCUMENT,
Made of fine copper with turrets faire and hye,
Which against Phebus shone so marveylously,
That for the very perfect brighteness 5
What of the tower, and of the cleare sunne,
10 I could nothyng behold the goodliness
Of that palaice, whereas Doctrine did wonne:
Till at the last, with mystie wyndes donne,
'OL. The radiant brightness of golden Phebus 10
.G4 Auster gan cover with clowde tenebrous.

15 [Then 88] Then to the tower I drew nere and nere,
And often mused of the great hyghnes
Of the craggy roche, which quadrant did appere:
But the fayre tower, (so much of ryches 15
Was all about,) sexangled doubteless;
20 Gargeyld with grayhounds, and with many lyons,
Made of fyne golde, with divers sundry dragons.

The little turrett with ymages of golde
About was set, which with the wynde aye moved 20
With proper vices, that I did well beholde
25 About the towre: in sundry wyse they hoved
With goodly pypes, in their mouthes ituned,
That with the winde they pyped a daunce
Iclipped *Amour de la hault plesaunce.* 25

The toure was great of marveylous wydnes,
30 To which ther was no way to passe but one,
Into the toure for to have an intres:
A grece ther was ychyseled all of stone
Out of the rocke, on whyche men did gone 30
Up to the toure, and in lykewyse did I
35 Wyth both the Grayhoundes in my company†:

Till that I came unto a ryall gate,
Wher I sawe stondynge the goodly Portres,
Whych exed me from whence I came alate; 35
To whom I gan in every thinge expresse
40 All myne adventure, chaunce, and businesse,
And eke my name; I tolde her every dell:
When she hard this she lyked me full well.

† *This alludes to a former part of the Poem.*

[Her 89] Her name, she sayd, was called COUNTENAUNCE;
Into the base courte she dyd me then lede,
Where was a fountayne depured of pleasaunce, 45
A noble sprynge, a riall conduyte hede,
5 Made of fyne golde enameled with reed;
And on the toppe four dragons blewe and stoute
The dulcet water in four parts dyd spoute.

Of whyche ther flowed foure ryvers ryght clere, 50
Sweter than Nylus† or Ganges was ther odoure;
10 Tygres or Eufrates unto them no pere:
I did than taste th' aromatyke licoure
Fragrant of fume, and swete as any floure,
And in my mouthe it had a marveylous scent 55
Of divers spyces, I knewe not what it ment.

15 And after thys further forth me brought
Dame Countenaunce into a goodlye Hall,
Of jasper stones it was wonderly wrought:
The wyndowes clere depured all of crystall, 60
And in the roufe on hie over all
20 Of gold was made a ryght crafty vyne,
Instede of grapes the rubies there did shyne.

The flore was paved with berall clarified,
With pillars made of stones pretious, 65
Like a place of pleasure so gayely glorified,
25 It might be called a palace glorious,
So much delectable and solacious:
The hall was hanged hye and circuler
With clothe of arras in the richest manner. 70

[That 90] That treated well of a ful noble story,
30 Of the doutye waye to the Tower Perillous;†
Howe a noble knyghte should winne the victory
Of many a serpent foule and odious.
* * * * * * *

† *Nysus. PC.* † *The Story of the Poem.*

35

X.

THE CHILD OF ELLE,

— is given from a fragment in the Editor's folio MS: which tho' extremely defective and mutilated, appeared to have so

much merit, that it excited a strong desire to attempt a completion of the story. The Reader will easily discover the supplemental stanzas by their inferiority, and at the same time be inclined to pardon it, when he considers how difficult it must be to imitate the affecting simplicity and artless 5
beauties of the original.

CHILD *was a title sometimes given to a knight. See Gloss.*

ON yonder hill a castle standes,
With walles and towres bedight,
And yonder lives the Child of Elle, 10
A young and comely knighte.

5 The Child of Elle to his garden wente,
And stood at his garden pale,
Whan, lo! he beheld fair Emmelines page
Come trippinge downe the dale. 15

[The 91] The Childe of Elle he hyed him thence,
10 Y-wis he stoode not stille,
And soone he mette faire Emmelines page
Come climbing up the hille.

Nowe Christe thee save, thou little foot-page, 20
Now Christe thee save and see!
15 Oh telle me how does thy ladye gaye,
And what may thy tydinges bee?

My lady shee is all woe-begone,
And the teares they falle from her eyne; 25
And aye shee laments the deadlye feude
20 Betweene her house and thine.

And here shee sends thee a silken scarfe
Bedewde with many a teare,
And biddes thee sometimes thinke on her, 30
Who loved thee so deare.

25 And here shee sends thee a ring of golde
The last boone thou mayst have,
And biddes thee weare it for her sake,
Whan she is layde in grave. 35

For ah! her gentle heart is broke,
30 And in grave soone must shee bee,

Sith her father hath chose her a new new love,
And forbidde her to thinke of thee.

[Her 92] Her fathir hath brought her a carlish knight,
Sir John of the north countràye,
5 And within three dayes shee must him wedde, 35
Or he vowes he will her slaye.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And greet thy ladye from mee,
And telle her that I her owne true love
10 Will dye, or sette her free. 40

Now hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And let thy fair ladye know
This night will I bee at her bowre-windòwe,
Betide me weale or woe.

15 The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne, 45
He neither stint ne stayd
Untill he came to faire Emmelines bowre,
Whan kneeling downe he sayd,

O ladye, Ive been with thy own true love,
20 And he greets thee well by mee; 50
This night will he bee at thy bowre-windòwe,
And dye or sette thee free.

Nowe daye was gone, and night was come,
And all were fast asleepe,
25 All save the ladye Emmeline, 55
Who sate in her bowre to weepe:

[And 93] And soone shee heard her true loves voice
Lowe whispering at the walle,
Awake, awake, my deare ladyè,
30 Tis I thy true love call. 60

Awake, awake, my ladye deare,
Come, mount this faire palfràye:
This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,
Ile carrye thee hence awaye.

35 Nowe nay, nowe nay, thou gentle knight, 65
Now nay, this may not bee;

For aye should I tint my maiden fame,
If alone I should wend with thee.

O ladye, thou with a knighte so true
70 Mayst safelye wend alone,
To my ladye mother I will thee bringe, 5
Where marriage shall make us one.

"My father he is a baron bolde,
Of lynage proude and hye;
75 And what would he saye if his daughtèr
Awaye with a knight should fly? 10

Ah! well I wot, he never would rest,
Nor his meate should doe him no goode,
Till he had slayne thee, Child of Elle,
80 And seene thy deare hearts bloode."

[O ladye, **94**] O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette, 15
And a little space him fro,
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
Nor the worst that he could doe.

85 O ladye wert thou in thy saddle sette,
And once without this walle, 20
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
Nor the worst that might befalle.

Faire Emmeline sighde, fair Emmeline wept,
90 And aye her heart was woe:
At length he seizde her lilly-white hand, 25
And downe the ladder hee drewe:

And thrice he claspde her to his breste,
And kist her tenderlíe:
95 The teares that fell from her fair eyes,
Ranne like the fountayne free. 30

Hee mounted himselfe on his steede so talle,
And her on a faire palfràye,
And slung his bugle about his necke,
100 And roundlye they rode awaye.

All this beheard her owne damsèlle, 35
In her bed whereas shee ley,

Quoth shee, My lord shall knowe of this,
Soe I shall have golde and fee.

[Awake, 95] Awake, awake, thou baron bolde! 105
Awake, my noble dame!
5 Your daughter is fledde with the Child of Elle,
To doe the deede of shame.

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,
And callde his merrye men all: 110
"And come thou forth, Sir John the knighte,
10 Thy ladye is carried to thrall."

Fair Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,
A mile forth of the towne,
When she was aware of her fathers men 115
Come galloping over the downe:

15 And foremost came the carlish knight,
Sir John of the north countràye:
"Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitòure,
Nor carry that ladye awaye. 120

For she is come of hye lynàge,
20 And was of a ladye borne,
And ill it beseems thee a false churles sonne
To carrye her hence to scorne."

Nowe loud thou lyest, Sir John the knight, 125
Nowe thou doest lye of mee;
25 A knight mee gott, and a ladye me bore,
Soe never did none by thee.

[But 96] But light nowe downe, my ladye faire,
Light downe, and hold my steed, 130
While I and this discourteous knighte
30 Doe trye this arduous deede.

But light now downe, my deare ladyè,
Light downe, and hold my horse;
While I and this discourteous knight 135
Doe trye our valours force.

35 Fair Emmeline sighde, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe,

While twixt her love, and the carlish knight
140 Past many a baleful blowe.

The Child of Elle hee fought soe well,
As his weapon he wavde amaine,
That soone he had slaine the carlish knight, 5
And layde him upon the plaine.

145 And nowe the baron, and all his men
Full fast approached nye:
Ah! what may ladye Emmeline doe?
Twere nowe no boote to flye. 10

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,
150 And blew both loud and shrill,
And soone he saw his owne merry men
Come ryding over the hill.

["Nowe 97] "Nowe hold thy hand, thou bold baròn, 15
I pray thee, hold thy hand,
155 Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts,
Fast knit in true loves band.

Thy daughter I have dearly lovde
Full long and many a day, 20
But with such love as holy kirke
160 Hath freelye sayd wee may.

O give consent, shee may be mine,
And blesse a faithfulle paire:
My lands and livings are not small, 25
My house and lynage faire:

165 My mother she was an erles daughtèr,
A noble knyght my sire —
The baron he frownde, and turnde away
With mickle dole and ire. 30

Fair Emmeline sighde, faire Emmeline wept,
170 And did all tremblinge stand:
At lengthe she sprange upon her knee,
And held his lifted hand.

Pardon, my lorde and father deare, 35
This faire yong knyght and mee:

Trust me, but for the carlish knyght, 175
I ne'er had fled from thee.

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[Oft 98] Oft have you callde your Emmeline
Your darling and your joye;
5 O let not then your harsh resolves
Your Emmeline destroye. 180

The baron he stroakt his dark-brown cheeke,
And turnde his heade asyde
To whipe awaye the starting teare,
10 He proudly strave to hyde.

In deepe revolving thought he stoode, 185
And musde a little space;
Then raisde faire Emmeline from the grounde,
With many a fond embrace.

15 Here take her, child of Elle, he sayd,
And gave her lillye hand, 190
Here take my deare and only child,
And with her half my land:

Thy father once mine honour wrongde
20 In dayes of youthful pride; 195
Do thou the injurye repayre
In fondnesse for thy bride.

And as thou love her, and hold her deare,
Heaven prosper thee and thine:
25 And nowe my blessing wend wi' thee,
My lovelye Emmeline. 200

***

XI.

[99] EDOM O' GORDON,

A Scottish Ballad,

30 *— was printed at Glasgow, by Robert and Andrew Foulis, MDCCLV. 8vo.* 12 *pages. — We are indebted for its publication (with many other valuable things in these volumes) to Sir David Dalrymple, Bart. who gave it as it was preserved in the memory of a lady, that is now dead.*

35 *The reader will here find it improved, and enlarged with*

several fine stanzas, recovered from a fragment of the same ballad, in the Editor's folio MS. It is remarkable that the latter is entitled CAPTAIN ADAM CARRE, *and is in the English idiom. But whether the author was English or Scotch, the difference originally was not great. The English* 5
Ballads are generally of the North of England, the Scottish are of the South of Scotland, and of consequence the country of Ballad-singers was sometimes subject to one crown, and sometimes to the other, and most frequently to neither. Most of the finest old Scotch songs have the scene laid within 20 10
miles of England; which is indeed all poetic ground, green hills, remains of woods, clear brooks. The pastoral scenes remain: Of the rude chivalry of former ages happily nothing remains but the ruins of the castles, where the more daring and successful robbers resided. The Castle of the Rhodes is 15
fixed by tradition in the neighbourhood of Dunse in Berwickshire. The Gordons were anciently seated in the same country. Whether this ballad hath any foundation in fact, we have not been able to discover. It contains however but too just a picture of the violences practised in the feudal times 20
H2 *all over Europe.*

[*From* 100] *From the different titles of this ballad, it should seem that the old strolling bards or minstrels (who gained a livelihood by reciting these poems) made no scruple of changing the names of the personages they introduced, to humour their* 25
hearers. For instance, if a Gordon's conduct was blameworthy in the opinion of that age, the obsequious minstrel would, when among Gordons, change the name to Car, whose clan or sept lay further west, and vice versâ. In another volume the reader will find a similar instance. See the song 30
of GIL MORRIS, *the hero of which had different names given him, probably from the same cause.*

It may be proper to mention, that in the English copy, instead of the "Castle of the Rodes," it is the "Castle of Bittons-borrow" (or "Diactours-borrow," for it is very ob- 35
scurely written) and "Capt. Adam Carre" is called the "Lord of Westerton-town." Uniformity required that the additional stanzas supplied from that copy should be clothed in the Scottish orthography and idiom: this has therefore been attempted, though perhaps imperfectly. 40

IT fell about the Martinmas,
  Quhen the wind blew schril and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
  We maun draw to a hauld.

And quhat a hauld sall we draw to, 5
  My mirry men and me?
We wul gae to the house o' the Rhodes,
  To see that fair ladie.

The lady stude on hir castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down: 10
  There she was ware of a host of men
Cum ryding towards the toun.

[O see 101] O see ze nat, my mirry men a'?
  O see ze nat quhat I see?
Methinks I see a host of men: 15
  I merveil quha they be.

She weend it had been hir luvely lord,
  As he cam ryding hame;
It was the traitor Edom o' Gordon,
  Quha reckt nae sin nor shame. 20

She had nae sooner buskit hirsel,
  And putten on hir goun,
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
  Were round about the toun.

They had nae sooner supper sett, 25
  Nae sooner said the grace,
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men,
  Were light about the place.

The lady ran up to hir towir head,
  Sa fast as she could drie, 30
To see if by hir fair speechès
  She could wi' him agree.

But quhan he see this lady saif,
  And hir yates all locked fast,
He fell into a rage of wrath, 35
  And his hart was all aghast.

[Cum 102] Cum doun to me, ze lady gay,
  Cum doun, cum doun to me:

This night sall ye lig within mine armes,
40 To morrow my bride sall be.

I winnae cum doun, ze fals Gordòn,
I winnae cum down to thee;
I winnae forsake my ain dear lord, 5
That is sae far frae me.

45 Give owre zour house, ze lady fair,
Give owre zour house to me,
Or I sall brenn yoursel therein,
Bot and zour babies three. 10

I winnae give owre, ze false Gordòn,
50 To nae sik traitor as zee;
And if ze brenn my ain dear babes,
My lord sall make ze drie.

But reach my pistol, Glaud, my man, 15
And charge ze weil my gun:
55 For, but if I pierce that bluidy butcher,
My babes we been undone.

She stude upon hir castle wa,
And let twa bullets flee: 20
She mist that bluidy butchers hart,
60 And only raz'd his knee.

[Set 103] Set fire to the house, quo' fals Gordòn,
All wood wi' dule and ire:
Fals lady, ze sall rue this deid, 25
As ze brenn in the fire.

65 Wae worth, wae worth ze, Jock my man,
I paid ze weil zour fee;
Quhy pow ze out the ground-wa stane,
Lets in the reek to me? 30

And ein wae worth ze, Jock my man,
70 I paid ze weil zour hire;
Quhy pow ze out the ground-wa stane,
To me lets in the fire?

Ze paid me weil my hire, lady; 35
Ze paid me weil my fee:
75 But now Ime Edom o' Gordons man,
Maun either doe or die.

O than bespaik hir little son,
Sate on the nourice' knee:
Sayes, Mither dear, gi owre this house,
For the reek it smithers me. 80

5 I wad gie a' my gowd, my childe,
Sae wad I a' my fee,
For ane blast o' the westlin wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee. H 4

[O then **104**] O then bespaik hir dochter dear, 85
10 She was baith jimp and sma:
O row me in a pair o' sheits,
And tow me owre the wa.

They rowd hir in a pair o' sheits,
And towd hir owre the wa: 90
15 But on the point of Gordons spear,
She gat a deadly fa.

O bonnie bonnie was hir mouth,
And cherry wer hir cheiks,
And clear clear was hir zellow hair, 95
20 Whereon the reid bluid dreips.

Then wi' his spear he turnd hir owre,
O gin hir face was wan!
He sayd, Ze are the first that eir
I wisht alive again. 100

25 He turnd hir owre and owre again,
O gin hir skin was whyte!
I might ha spared that bonnie face
To hae been sum mans delyte.

[Busk **105**] Busk and boun, my merry men a', 105
30 For ill dooms I do guess;
I cannae luik in that bonnie face,
As it lyes on the grass.

Thame, luiks to freits, my master deir,
Then freits wil follow thame: 110
35 Let it neir be said brave Edom o' Gordon
Was daunted by a dame.

V. 98, 102. O gin, &c. *a Scottish idiom to express great admiration.* *V.* 109, 110. Thame, &c. *i. e. Them that look after omens of ill luck, ill luck will follow.*

But quhen the ladye see the fire
  Cum flaming owre hir head,
115 She wept and kist hir children twain,
  Sayd, Bairns, we been but dead.

The Gordon then his bougill blew, 5
  And said, Awa', awa';
This house o' the Rhodes is a' in flame,
120 I hauld it time to ga'.

O then bespyed hir ain dear lord,
  As hee cam owre the lee; 10
He sied his castle all in blaze
  Sa far as he could see.

125 [Then 106] Then sair, O sair his mind misgave,
  And all his hart was wae:
Put on, put on, my wighty men, 15
  Sa fast as ze can gae.

Put on, put on, my wighty men,
130 So fast as ze can drie;
For he that is hindmost of the thrang,
  Sall neir get guid o' me. 20

Than sum thay rade, and sum they rin,
  Fou fast out-owre the bent;
135 But eir the foremost could get up,
  Baith lady and babes were brent.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair, 25
  And wept in teenefu' muid:
O traitors, for this cruel deid
140 Ze sall weep teirs o' bluid.

And after the Gordon he is gane,
  Sa fast as he micht drie; 30
And soon i' the Gordon's foul hartis bluid,
  He's wroken his dear ladie.

[XII. 107]

XII.

AN ELEGY ON HENRY FOURTH EARL OF NORTH- HUMBERLAND. 35

As it was proposed to give specimens of the composition of most of our ancient poets, the reader has here an ELEGY *of*

SKELTON'S: *yet as this is some little deviation from our plan, we chuse to throw it to the end of the* FIRST BOOK, *though evidently written before some of the preceding.*

The subject of this poem is the death of HENRY PERCY,
5 *fourth earl of Northumberland, who fell a victim to the avarice of Henry VII. In* 1489 *the parliament had granted the king a subsidy for carrying on the war in Bretagne. This tax was found so heavy in the North, that the whole country was in a flame. The E. of Northumberland, then*
10 *lord lieutenant for Yorkshire, wrote to inform the king of the discontent, and praying an abatement. But nothing is so unrelenting as avarice: the king wrote back that not a penny should be abated. This message being delivered by the earl with too little caution, the populace rose, and supposing him*
15 *to be the promoter of their calamity, broke into his house and murdered him with several of his attendants: who yet are charged by Skelton with being backward in their duty on this occasion. This melancholy event happened at the earl's seat at Cocklodge, near Thirske, in Yorkshire, April* 28.
20 1489. *See Lord Bacon, &c.*

[*If* **108**] *If the reader does not find much poetical merit in this old poem, (which yet is one of Skelton's best) he will see a striking picture of the state and magnificence kept up by our ancient nobility during the feudal times. This great*
25 *earl is described here as having among his menial servants,* KNIGHTS, SQUIRES, *and even* BARONS: *see v.* 32. 183. *&c. Which however different from modern manners, was (l. was formerly not* **corr.**) *not unusual with our greater barons, whose castles had all the splendour and offices of a royal*
30 *court, before the Laws against Retainers abridged and limited the number of their attendants.*

JOHN SKELTON, *who commonly styled himself Poet Laureat, died June* 21. 1529. *The following poem, which appears to have been written soon after the event, is printed*
35 *from an ancient edition of his poems in bl. let.* 12*mo.* 1568. — *It is addressed to Henry fifth earl of Northumberland, and is prefaced, &c. in the following manner:*

Poeta Skelton Laureatus libellum suum metrice alloquitur.

Ad dominum properato meum mea pagina Percy,
40 Qui Northumbrorum jura paterna gerit.

Ad nutum celebris tu prona repone leonis,
  Quæque suo patri tristia justa *** (*l.* cano *corr.*)
Ast ubi perlegit, dubiam sub mente volutet
  Fortunam, cuncta quæ male fida rotat.
Qui leo sit felix, & Nestoris occupet annos, 5
  Ad libitum cujus ipse paratus ero.

SKELTON LAUREAT UPON THE DOLOURS (*l.* DOLORUS) DETHE AND MUCH LAMENTABLE CHAUNCE OF THE MOST HONORABLE ERLE OF NORTHUMBERLANDE.

I Wayle, I wepe, I sobbe, I sigh ful sore 10
The dedely fate, the dolefulle desteny
Of hym that is gone, alas! without restore,
[Of 109] Of the bloud† royall descending nobelly;
5 Whose lordshyp doutles, was slayne lamentably
Thorow treson again him compassed and wrought; 15
Trew to his prince, in word, in dede, and thought.

Of hevenly poems, O Clyo calde by name
  In the colege of musis goddess hystoriall,
10 Adres the to me, whiche am both halt I (*l.* and *corr.*) lame
  In elect uteraunce to make memoryall: 20
  To the for souccour, to the for helpe I call
Mine homely rudnes and dryghnes to expell
With the freshe waters of Elyconys well.

15 Of noble actes aunciently enrolde,
  Of famous pryncis and lordes of astate, 25
By thy report ar wont to be extold,
  Regestringe trewly every formaré (*l.* formare) date;
  Of thy bountie after the usuall rate,
20 Kyndell in me suche plenty of thy noblès,
These sorowfulle ditès that I may shew expres. 30

In sesons past who hath herde or sene
  Of formar writyng by any presidente
That vilane hastarddis in their furious tene,
25 Fulfyled with malice of froward entente,
  Confetered togeder of common concente 35

† *Henry, first E. of Northumberland, was begotten* (*l. born corr.*) *of Mary daughter to Henry E. of Lancaster, second son of K. Henry III. — He was also lineally descended from Godfrey Duke of Brabant, son of the Emperour Charlemagne, by Gerberga niece to Lothar K. of France. See Cambden Brit.* 40

Falsly to slee theyr most singuler good lord?
It may be registrede of shamefull recorde.

[So 110] So noble a man, so valiaunt lord and knyght,
Fulfilled with honor, as all the world doth ken; 30
5 At his commaundement, which had both day and nyght
Knyghtes and squyers, at every season when
He calde upon them, as meniall houshold men:
Were not these commons uncurteis karlis of kind
To slo their own lord? God was not in their mynd. 35

10 And were not they to blame, I say also,
That were aboute him his owne servants of trust,
To suffre him slayn of his mortall fo?
Fled away from hym, let hym ly in the dust:
They bode not till the rekening were discust. 40
15 What shuld I flatter? what shuld I glose or paint?
Fy, fy for shame, their hartes were to faint.

In England and Fraunce, which gretly was redouted;
Of whom both Flaunders and Scotland stode in drede;
To whom great estates obeyed and lowted; 45
20 Amayny (*l.* A m.) of rude villayns made hym for to blede:
Unkindly they slew him, that holp them oft at nede:
He was their bulwark, their paves, and their wall,
Yet shamfully they slew hym; that shame mot them befal.

I say, ye comoners, why wer ye so stark mad? 50
25 What frantyk frensy fyll in your brayne?
Where was your wit and reson, ye should have had?
What wilful foly made yow to ryse agayne
Your naturall lord? alas! I can not fayne.
Ye armed you with will, and left your wit behynd; 55
30 Well may you be called comones most unkynd.

[He 111] He was your chefteyne, your shelde, your chef defence,
Redy to assist you in every time of nede:
Your worshyp depended of his excellence:
Alas! ye mad men, to far ye did excede: 60
35 Your hap was unhappy, to ill was your spede:
What moved you againe him to war or to fyght?
What aylde you to sle your lord agayn all ryght?

The ground of his quarel was for his soverain lord,
The well concerning of all the hole lande, 65

Demandyng suche duties as nedes most acord
  To the right of his prince which shold not be withstand;
  For whose cause ye slew him with your owne hand:
But had his noble men done wel that day
70 Ye had not been able to have sayd hym nay. 5

But ther was fals packing, or els I am begylde;
  How be it the mater was evydent and playne,
For if they had occupied their spere and their shilde,
  This noble man doutles had not bene slayne.
75 But men say they wer lynked with a double chaine, 10
And held with the comones under a cloke,
Which kindeled the wild fyr that made al this smoke.

The commons renyed ther taxes to pay
  Of them demaunded and asked by the kynge;
80 With one voice importune, they plainly sayd nay: 15
  They buskt them on a bushment themselfe in baile to bring:
  Agayne the kyngs plesure to wrestle or to wring,
Bluntly as bestis with boste and with crye
They sayd, they forsed not, nor carede not to dy.

85 [The 112] The nobelnes of the north this valiant lord and 20
  As man that was innocent of trechery or traine, [knight,
Presed forth boldly to withstand the myght,
  And, lyke marciall Hector, he faught them agayne,
  Vygorously upon them with might and with maine,
90 Trustyng in noble men that were with him there: 25
But al they fled from hym for falshode or fere.

Barones, knyghtes, squiers and all,
  Together with servauntes of his famuly,
Turned their backe, and let their master fal,
95 Of whome they counted not a flye; 30
  Take up whose wold for them, they let him ly.
Alas! his gold, his fee, his annual rent
Upon suche a sort was ille bestowd and spent.

He was environd aboute on every syde
100 With his enemyes, that were starke mad and wode; 35
Yet while he stode he gave them woundes wyde:
  Alas for ruth! what thoughe his mynd were gode,
  His corage manly, yet ther he shed his blode!

Al left alone, alas! he foughte in vayne;
For cruelly among them ther he was slayne. 105

Alas for pite! that Percy thus was spylt
The famous erle of Northumberland:
5 Of knyghtly prowès the sword pomel and hylt,
The myghty lyon doutted by se and lande!
O dolorous chaunce of fortunes froward hande! 110
What man remembryng howe shamfully he was slaine,
From bitter weping himself can restrain? I

10 [O cruell 113] O cruell Mars, thou dedly god of war!
O dolorous tewisday, dedicate to thy name,
When thou shoke thy sworde so noble a man to mar! 115
O ground ungracious, unhappy be thy fame,
Which wert endyed with rede bloud of the same!
15 Most noble erle! O foule mysuryd ground
Where on he gat his finall dedely wounde!

O Atropos, of the fatall systers thre 120
Goddes most cruel unto the lyfe of man,
All merciles in the is no pitè!
20 O homicide, which sleest all that thou can,
So forcibly upon this erle thou ran,
That with thy sword enharpit of mortall drede, 125
Thou kit asonder his perfight vitall threde!

My wordes unpullysht be nakide and playne,
25 Of aureat poems they want ellumynynge;
But by them to knowlege ye may attayne
Of this lordes dethe and of his murdrynge. 130
Which whils he lyved had fuyson of every thing,
Of knights, of squyers, chyf lord of toure and towne
30 Tyl fykkell fortune began on hym to frowne.

Paregall to dukes, with kynges he might compare,
Surmountinge in honor all erles he did exoede, 135
To all countries aboute hym reporte me I dare.
Lyke to Eneas benigne in worde and dede,
35 Valiant as Hector in every marciall nede,
Prudent, discrete, circumspect and wyse,
Tyll the chaunce ran agayne hym of fortunes duble dyse. 140

[What 114] What nedeth me for to extoll his fame
With my rude pen enkankered all with rust?

Whose noble actes show worshiply his name,
Transendyng 'far' myne homely muse, that muste
145 Yet somewhat wright supprised with herty lust,
Truly reportyng his right noble estate,
Immortally whiche is immaculate. 5

His noble blode never destayned was,
Trew to his prince for to defend his ryght,
150 Dobleness hatyng, fals maters to compas,
Treytory and treson he banysht out of syght,
With truth to medle was al his holl delyght, 10
As all his countrey can testyfy the same:
To sle suche a lorde, alas, it was great shame

155 If the hole quere of the musis nyne
In me all onely wer set and comprysed,
Enbrethed with the blast of influence devyne, 15
As perfytly as could be thought or devised;
To me also all though it were promised
160 Of laureat Phebus holy the eloquence,
All were to lytell for his magnificence.

O yonge lyon, but tender yet of age, 20
Grow and encrease, remembre thyn estate,
God the assyst unto thyn herytage,
165 And geve the grace to be more fortunate,
Agayn rebellyones arme to make debate,
And, as the lyone, whiche is of bestes kynge, 25
3 Unto thy subjectes be curteis and benynge.

[I pray **115**] I pray God sende the prosperous lyfe and long'
170 Stable (*l.* Stabille *corr.*) thy mynde constant to be and fast,
Ryght to mayntayn, and to resyst all wronge,
All flatteryng faytors abhor and from the cast, 30
Of foule detraction God kepe the from the blast,
Let double delyng in the have no place,
175 And be not lyght of credence in no case.

With hevy chere, with dolorous hart and mynd,
Eche man may sorow in his inward thought, 35
This lords death, whose pere is hard to fynd
Al gife Englond and Fraunce were thorow saught.
180 Al kynges, all princes, al dukes, well they ought

Both temporall and spiritual for to complayne
This noble man, that crewelly was slayne.

More specially barons, and those knygtes bold,
And all other gentilmen with him enterteyned
5 In fee, as menyall men of his housold, 185
Whom he as lord worshyply mainteyned:
To sorowful weping they ought to be constreined,
As oft as they call to theyr remembraunce,
Of ther good lord the fate and dedely chaunce.

10 Perlese (*l.* O perlese *corr.*) prince of heven emperyall, 190
That with one worde formed al thing of noughte;
Heven, hell, and erthe obey unto thy call;
Which to thy resemblance wondersly hast wrought
All mankynd, whom thou full dere hast bought,
15 With thy bloud precious our finaunce thou did pay 195
And us redemed, from the fendys pray:

[To **116**] To the pray we, as prince incomparable,
As thou art of mercy and pyte the well,
Thou bring unto thy joye eterminable
20 The soull of this lorde from all daunger of hell, 200
In endles blys with the to byde and dwell
In thy palace above the orient,
Where thou art lord, and God omnipotent.

O quene of mercy, O lady full of grace,
25 Mayden most pure, and goddes moder dere, 205
To sorowful hartes chef comfort and solace,
Of all women O flowre without pere,
Pray to thy son above the sterris clere,
He to vouchesaf by thy mediacion
30 To pardon thy servant, and bringe to salvacion. 210

In joy triumphaunt the hevenly yerarchy,
With all the hole sorte of that glorious place,
His soull mot receyve into theyr company
Thorow bounty of hym that formed all solace:
35 Wel of pite, of mercy, and of grace, 215
The father, the sonn, and the holy ghost
In Trinitate one God of myghts moste.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

Kupferstich: rechts ein Harfner, neben ihm ein Kind, eine Broadside Ballade in Händen und singend; in der Mitte ein Postament, auf dem einige Broadsides — Ballad of the Jew, Robin Hood, Constant Susannah — liegen, links daran gelehnt ein Dichter (Shakspere) lauschend.

Ancient
SONGS AND BALLADS,
&c.

SERIES THE FIRST.
BOOK II. 5

BALLADS THAT ILLUSTRATE SHAKESPEARE.

Our great dramatic poet having occasionally quoted many ancient ballads, and even taken the plot of one, if not more, 13 *of his plays from among them, it was judged proper to pre-* [*serve* **118**] *serve as many of these as could be recovered, and* 10 *that they might be the more easily found, to exhibit them in one collective view. This* SECOND BOOK *is therefore set apart for the reception of such ballads as are quoted by* SHAKESPEARE, *or contribute in any degree to illustrate his writings: this being the principal point in view, the candid reader will* 15 *pardon the admission of some pieces, that have no other kind of merit.*

The design of this BOOK *being of a Dramatic tendency, it may not be improperly introduced with a few observations* ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE, *and* ON THE CONDUCT OF 20 OUR FIRST DRAMATIC POETS: *a subject, which though not unsuccessfully handled by several good writers already*, will yet perhaps admit of some farther illustration.*

* *Bp. Warburton's Shakesp. vol.* 5. *p.* 338. — *Pref. to Dodsley's Old Plays. — Riccoboni's Acct. of Theat. of Europe.* 25

On the Origin of the English Stage, &c.

It is well known that dramatic poetry in this and most
5 *other nations of Europe owes its origin, or at least its revival, to those religious shows, which in the dark ages were usually exhibited on the more solemn festivals. At those times they were wont to represent in the churches the lives and miracles of the saints, or some of the more important*
10 *stories of scripture. And as the most mysterious subjects were frequently chosen, such as the Incarnation, Passion, and Resurrection of Christ, &c. these exhibitions acquired the general name of* MYSTERIES. *At first they were probably a kind of dumb shews, intermingled, it may be, with a few short*
15 *speeches; at length they grew into a regular series of connected dialogues, formally divided into acts and scenes. Specimens of these in their most improved state (being at best but poor artless compositions)* [*may* **119**] *may be seen among Dodsley's* OLD PLAYS *and in Osborne's* HARLEYAN MISCEL.
20 *How they were exhibited in their most simple form, we may learn from an ancient novel (often quoted by our old dramatic poets*) intitled* ... a merye Jest of a man that was called Howleglas †, *&c. being a translation from the Dutch language, in which he is named* Ulenspiegle. *Howleglas, whose waggish*
25 *tricks are the subject of this book, after many adventures comes to live with a priest, who makes him his parish-clark. This priest is described as keeping a* LEMAN *or concubine, who had but one eye, to whom Howleglas owed a grudge for revealing his rogueries to his master. The story thus pro-*
30 *ceeds,* .... "*And than in the meane season, while Howleglas "was paryshe clarke, at Easter they should play the resur-"rection of our lorde: and for because than the men wer not "learned, nor could not read, the priest toke his leman, and "put her in the grave for an Aungell: and this seing Howle-*
35 *"glas, toke to hym iij of the symplest persons that were in "the towne, that played the iij Maries; and the Person* [*i. e. "Parson or Rector*] *played Christe, with a baner in his hand.*

* *See Ben Jonson's Poetaster, Act. 3. sc. 4. and his Masque of the Fortunate Isles.*

40 † *Howleglas is said in the Preface to have died in M.CCCC.L, At the end of the book, in M.CCC.L.*

"Than saide Howleglas to the symple persons, Whan the "Aungel asketh you, whome you seke, you may saye, The "parsons leman with ohne iye. Than it fortuned that the "tyme was come that they must playe, and the Angel asked "them whom they sought, and than sayd they, as Howleglas 5 *"had shewed and lerned them afore, and than answered they, "We seke the priests leman with one iye. And than the "prieste might heare that he was mocked. And whan the "priestes leman herd that, she arose out of the grave, and "would have smyten with her fist Howleglas upon the cheke,* 10
14 *"but she missed him and smote one of the simple persons that "played one of* [*"the* **120**] *the thre Maries; and he gave her "another; and than toke she him by the heare* [*hair*]*; and "that seing his wyfe, came running hastely to smite the priestes "leaman; and than the priest seeing this, caste down hys baner* 15 *"and went to helpe his woman, so that the one gave the other "sore strokes, and made great noyse in the churche. And "than Howleglas seyng them lyinge together by the eares in "the bodi of the churche, went his way out of the village, and "came no more there*†." 20

As the old Mysteries frequently required the representation of some allegorical personage, such as Death, Sin, Charity, Faith, and the like, by degrees the rude poets of those unlettered ages began to form compleat dramatic pieces consisting intirely of such personifications. These they intitled 25 MORAL PLAYS, *or* MORALITIES. *The Mysteries were very inartificial, representing the scripture stories simply according to the letter. But the Moralities are not devoid of invention; they exhibit outlines of the dramatic art; they contain something of a fable or plot, and even attempt to delineate cha-* 30 *racters and manners. I have now before me two that were printed early in the reign of Henry VIII; in which I think one may plainly discover the seeds of Tragedy and Comedy: for which reason I shall give a short analysis of them both.*

One of them is intitled Every Man*. *The subject of* 35 *this piece is the summoning of man out of the world by death; and its moral, that nothing will then avail him but a well-*

† C. Imprynted . . . by Wyllyam Copland: *without date, in 4to. bl. Let. among Mr. Garrick's Old Plays. K. vol.* 10.

* *See a farther account of this play in Vol.* 2. *p.* 104. 105. 40 *where instead of „Wynkyn de Worde" read Rycharde Pynson".*

spent life and the comforts of religion. This subject and moral are opened in a monologue spoken by the Messenger *(for that was the name generally given by our ancestors to the prologue on their rude stage:) then* God ‡ *is represented,*
5 *who after some general complaints on the degeneracy of mankind, calls for* [Deth 121] Deth *and orders him to bring before his tribunal* Every-man, *for so is called the personage who represents the human race.* Every-man *appears, and receives the summons with all the marks of confusion and terror.*
10 *When Death is withdrawn, Every-man applies for relief in this distress to* Fellowship, Kindred, Goods, *or Riches, but they successively renounce and forsake him. In this disconsolate state he betakes himself to* Good-dedes, *who after upbraiding him with his long neglect of her* †, *introduces him*
15 *to her sister* Knowledge, *and she leads him to the "holy man* Confession" *who appoints him penance: this he inflicts upon himself on the stage, and then withdraws to receive the sacraments of the priest. On his return he begins to wax faint, and after* Strength, Beauty, Discretion *and* Five
20 Wits* *have all taken their final leave of him, gradually expires on the stage; Good-dedes still accompanying him to the last. Then an* Aungell *descends to sing his* requiem: *and the epilogue is spoken by a person, called* Doctour, *who recapitulates the whole and delivers the moral,*

25 "*Œ. This memoriall men may have in mynde,*
"*Ye herers, take it of worth old and yonge,*
"*And forsake pryde, for he disceyveth you in thende,*
"*And remembre Beautè, Five Witts, Strength and Discrecion,*
"*They all at last do Every-man forsake,*
30 "*Save his Good Dedes there dothe he take:*
"*But beware, for and they be small,*
"*Before God he hath no helpe at all," &c.*

From this short analysis it may be observed, that Every Man *is a grave solemn piece, not without some rude attempts*
35 *to excite terror and pity, and therefore may not improperly be referred to the class of tragedy. It is remarkable that in this* [*old* 122] *old simple drama the fable is conducted upon*

‡ *The second person of the Trinity seems to be meant.*
† *Those above-mentioned are male characters.*
40 * *i. e. the Five Senses. These are frequently exhibited upon the Spanish stage: (see Riccoboni p. 98.) but our moralist has represented them all by one personage.*

the strictest model of the Greek tragedy. The action is simply one, the time of action is that of the performance, the scene is never changed, nor the stage ever empty. Every man *the hero of the piece after his first appearance never withdraws, except when he goes out to receive the sacraments, which could* 5
not well be exhibited in public; and during his absence Knowledge *discants on the excellence and power of the priesthood, somewhat after the manner of the Greek chorus. And indeed except in the circumstance of Every-man's expiring on the stage, the Sampson Agon. of Milton is hardly* 10
formed on a severer plan.

The other play is entitled Hick-Scorner* *and bears no distant resemblance to comedy: its chief aim seems to be to exhibit characters and manners, its plot being much less regular than the foregoing. The prologue is spoken by* Pity 15
represented under the character of an aged pilgrim, he is joyned by Contemplacyon *and* Perseverance *two holy men, who after lamenting the degeneracy of the age, declare their resolution of stemming the torrent. Pity then is left upon the stage, and presently found by* Frewyll, *represen-* 20
ting a lewd debauchee, who with his dissolute companion Imaginacion *relate their manner of life, and not without humour describe the stews and other places of base resort. They are presently joined by* Hick-scorner, *who is drawn as a libertine returned from travel, and agreeably to his name* 25
scoffs at religion. These three are described as extremely vicious, who glory in every act of wickedness: at length two of them quarrel, and Pity *endeavours to part the fray: on this they fall upon him, put him in the stocks, and there leave him. Pity then discants in a kind of lyric measure on the* 30
profligacy of the age, and in this situation is found by Perseverance and Contemplacion, who set him at liberty, and advise him to go in search of the delinquents. As soon as he is gone Frewill appears again; and, after relating in a very comic manner some of his roqueries and escapes from justice, 35
is rebuked by the two holy [men, **123**] *men, who, after a long altercation, at length convert him and his libertine-companion Imaginacion from their vicious course of life: and*

* Emprynted by me Wynkyn de Worde, *no date; in* 4*to, bl. Let.* 40

then the play ends with a few verses from Perseverance by way of epilogue. This and every Morality I have seen conclude with a solemn prayer. They are all of them in rhyme; in a kind of loose stanza, intermixed with distichs.

5 *It would be needless to point out the absurdities in the plan and conduct of the foregoing play: they are evidently great. It is sufficient to observe, that, bating the moral and religious reflections of Pity, &c. the piece is of a comic cast, and contains a humorous display of some of the vices of the* 10 *age. Indeed the author has generally been so little attentive to the allegory, that we need only substitute other names to his personages, and we have real characters and living manners.*

We see then that the writers of these Moralities were upon the very threshold of real Tragedy and Comedy; and 15 *therefore we are not to wonder that Tragedies and Comedies in form soon after took place, especially as the revival of learning about this time brought them acquainted with the Roman and Grecian models.*

At what period of time the Mysteries and Moralities had 20 *their rise it is difficult to discover. Holy plays representing the miracles and sufferings of the saints appear to have been no novelty in the reign of Henry II. and a lighter sort of Interludes were not then unknown*. In Chaucer's Time "Plays* ["*of* **124**] "*of Miracles" were the common resort of* 25 *idle gossips‡. Towards the latter end of Henry the VIIth's reign Moralities were so common, that John Rastel, brother-in-law to Sir Thomas More, conceived a design of making them the vehicle of science and natural philosophy. With this view he published* 'ℭ. A new interlude and a mery 30 of the nature of the iiii elements declarynge many proper

* *See Fitz-stephens's description of London, preserved by Stow,* Londonia pro spectaculis theatralibus, pro ludis scenicis, ludos habet sanctiores, representationes miraculorum, &c. *He is thought to have written in the R. of Hen. II. and to have died in that* 35 *of Rich. I. It is true at the end of his book we find mentioned* Henricum regem tertium; *but as it comes in between the names of the Empress Maud and Thomas Becket, it is probably a mistake of some transcriber for* Henricum regem *ij. as it might be written in MS. From a passage in his Chap.* De Religione, *it should* 40 *seem that the body of St. Thomas Becket was just then a new acquisition to the Church of Canterbury.*

‡ *See Prologue to Wife of Bath's Tale, v.* 558. *Urry's Ed.*

points of phylosophy naturall, and of dyvers straunge landys,* &c. *It is observable that the poet speaks of the discovery of America as then recent;*

— "Within this xx yere
"Westwarde be founde new landes 5
"That we never harde tell of before this," &c.

The West Indies were discovered by Columbus in 1492, *which fixes the writing of this play to about* 1510. *The play of* Hick-Scorner *was probably somewhat more ancient, as he still more imperfectly alludes to the American disco-* 10 *veries, under the name of "the Newe founde Ilonde," sign. A. vij.*

It appears from the prologue of the play of The Four Elements, that Interludes were then very common: The profession of PLAYER *was no less common; for in an old satire intitled* Cocke Lorelles Bote† *the author enumerates all the most* 15 *[common* 125] *common trades or callings, as "Carpenters, Coopers, Joyners, &c. and among others,* PLAYERS *tho' it must be acknowledged he has placed them in no very reputable company,*

*"*PLAYERS, *purse-cutters, money-batterers,* 20
"Golde-washers, tomblers, jogelers,
"Pardoners, &c." Sign. B. vj.

It is observable that in the old Moralities of Hick Scorner, Every-man, &c. there is no kind of stage direction for the exits and entrances of the personages, no division of acts and 25 *scenes. But in the moral interlude of* Lusty Juventus‡,

* *Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy, Old Plays I. vol. 3. The Dramatis Personæ are, "¶. The Messengere [or Prologue] "Nature naturate. Humanyte. Studyous Desire. Sensuall Appetyte. "The Taverner. Experyence. Ygnoraunce. (Also yf ye lyste ye* 30 *"may brynge in a dysgysynge.)" Afterwards follows a table of the matters handled in the interlude. Among which are "¶. Of certeyn "conclusions prouvynge yt the yerthe must nedes be rounde, and "that it hengyth in myddes of the fyrmament, &c. "¶. Of cer- "teyne points of cosmography .... and of dyvers straunge regyons,* 35 *".... and of the new founde landys and the maner of the people." This part is extremely curious, as it shows what notions were entertained of the new American discoveries.*

† *Pr. at the Sun in Fleet-st. by W. de Worde. no date. bl. L. 4to.*

‡ *Described in vol. 2. pag.* 104. *The Dramatis Personæ of* 40 *this piece are, ¶. Messenger. Lusty Juventus. Good Counsaill. Knowledge. Sathan the devyll. Hypocrisie. Fellowship. Abominable-lyving, [an Harlot.] Gods-merciful-promises."*

written under Edw. VI. the exits and entrances begin to be noted in the margin: at length in Q. Elizabeth's reign Moralities appeared formally divided into acts and scenes, with a regular prologue, &c. One of these is reprinted by Dodsley.

5 *In the time of Hen. VIII. one or two dramatic pieces had been published under the classical names of Comedy and Tragedy*, but they appear not to have been intended for popular use: it was not till the religious ferments had subsided that the public had leisure to attend to dramatic poetry.*

10 *In the reign of Eliz. Tragedies and Comedies began to appear in form, and could the poets have persevered, the first models were good.* Gorboduc, *a regular tragedy, was acted in* 1561. [*See Ames p.* 316.] *and Gascoigne, in* 1566, *exhibited* Jocasta, *a translation from Euripides, as also* The

15 Supposes, *a regular comedy, from Ariosto: near thirty years before any of Shakespeare's were printed.*

[*The* **126**] *The people however still retained a relish for their old Mysteries and Moralities‡, and the popular dramatic poets seem to have made them their models. The graver*

20 *sort of Moralities appear to have given birth to our modern* TRAGEDY; *as our* COMEDY *evidently took its rise from the lighter interludes of that kind. And as most of these pieces contain an absurd mixture of religion and buffoonery, an eminent critic || has well deduced from thence the origin of*

25 *our unnatural* TRAGI-COMEDIES. *Even after the people had been accustomed to Tragedies and Comedies, Moralities still kept their ground: one of them intituled* The New Custom † *was printed so late as* 1573: *at length they assumed the name of* MASQUES⸸, *and with some classical improvements,*

30 * *Bp. Bale had applied the name of Tragedy to his Mystery of* Gods Promises, *in* 1538. *In* 1540 *John Palsgrave, B.D. had re-published a Latin comedy called* Acolastus, *with an English version. Holingshed even tells us, that so early as* 1520, *the king had "a goodlie comedie of Plautus plaied" before him at Green-*

35 *wich: but he does not say in what language. See vol.* 3. *pag.* 850.

‡ *The general reception the old Moralities had upon the stage will account for the fondness of all our first poets for allegory. Subjects of this kind were familiar to every body.*

|| *Bp. Warburt. Shakesp. V.* 5. † *In Dods. Old Plays, V. I.*

40 ⸸ *In some of these appeared characters full as extraordinary as in any of the old Moralities. In Ben. Jonson's masque of* Christmas 1616, *one of the personages is* MINCED PYE.

became in the two following reigns the favourite entertainments of the court.

As for the old Mysteries, which ceased to be acted after the reformation, they seem to have given rise to a third species of stage exhibition, which, though now confounded with Tragedy and Comedy, were by our first dramatic writers considered as quite distinct from them both: these were Historical Plays, or HISTORIES, *a species of dramatic writing, which resembled the old Mysteries in representing a series of historical events simply in the order of time in which they happened, without any regard to the three great unities. These pieces seem to differ from Tragedy, just as much as Historical poems do from Epic: as the Pharsalia does from the Æneid. What might contribute to make dramatic poetry take this turn was, that soon after the Mysteries ceased to be exhibited, there was published a large collection of poetical narratives, called* The Mirrour for Magistrates §, *wherein a great number of the* [*most* 127] *most eminent characters in English history are drawn relating their own misfortunes. This book was popular and of a dramatic cast, and therefore, as an elegant writer* || *has well observed, might have its influence in producing Historic Plays. These narratives probably furnished the subjects, and the ancient Mysteries suggested the plan.*

That our old writers considered Historical Plays as somewhat distinct from Tragedy and Comedy, appears from numberless passages of their works. "Of late days, says Stow, instead "of those stage-playes have been used Comedies, Tragedies, "Enterludes, and* HISTORIES *both true and fained." Survey of London* †. — *Beaumont and Fletcher, in the prologue to* The Captain, *say,*

> *"This is nor Comedy, nor Tragedy,*
> *"Nor* HISTORY."

Polonius in Hamlet *commends the actors, as the best in the world "either for Tragedie, Comedie,* HISTORIE, *Pastorall," &c. And Shakespeare's friends, Heminge and Condell, in the first folio edit. of his plays, in* 1623, *have not only intitled their book "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies,*

§ *The first part of which was printed in* 1559.
|| *Catal. of Royal and Noble authors, vol. I. p.* 166, 7.
* *The Creation of the world, acted at Skinners-well, in* 1409.
† *See Mr. Warton's Observations, vol.* 2. *p.* 109.

Histories, *and Tragedies:" but in their Table of Contents have arranged them under those three several heads: placing in the class of* Histories, *"K. John, Richard II. Henry IV. 2 pts. Henry V. Henry VI. 3 pts. Richard III. and* 5 *Henry VIII.*

This distinction deserves the attention of the critics: for if it be the first canon of sound criticism to examine any work by those rules the author prescribed for his observance, then we ought not to try Shakespear's Histories *by the general* 10 *laws of Tragedy or Comedy. Whether the rule itself be vicious or not, is another inquiry: but certainly we ought to examine a work only by those principles according to which it was composed. This would save a deal of impertinent criticism.*

15 [*We* **128**] *We have now brought the inquiry as low as was intended, but cannot quit it without remarking the great fondness of our forefathers for dramatic entertainments: not fewer than* nineteen *play-houses had been opened before the year* 1633, *when Prynne published his Histriomastix*. From* 20 *this writer we learn that "tobacco, wine, and beer†" were in those days the usual accomodations in the theatre, as now at Sadlers Wells. With regard to the ancient prices of admission; That playhouse called the* Hope *had five different priced seats from six-pence to half-a-crown‡. Some Houses had* Penny 25 *benches ||. The "two-penny gallery" is mentioned in the Prol. to Beaum. and Fletcher's Woman Hater: And seats of three-pence and a groat in the passage of Prynne last referred to. But the general price of what is now called the* Pit *seems to have been a shilling⸸. The time of exhibition was early in the* 30 *afternoon, their plays being generally acted by day-light‡. All female parts were performed by men, no actress (l. no English*

* *He speaks in p.* 492, *of the play-houses in Bishopsgate-Street, and on Ludgate-Hill, which are not among the* seventeen *enumerated in Pref. to Dodsley's Old Plays.*

35 † *P.* 322. ‡ *Induct. to Jonson's Bartholomew-Fair.*

|| *So a MS. of Oldys, from Tom Nash, on old pamphlet-writer.*

⸸ *Shakesp. Prol. to Hen. viij. — Beaum. and Fletch. Prol. to the Captain, and to the Mad-lover. The* Pit *probably had its name from one of the Play-houses having been a Cock-pit.*

40 ‡ *Biogr. Brit. I.* 117. *n. — Overbury's Charact. of an actor. — Even in the reign of Cha. II. plays began at* 3 *in the afternoon.*

Actress corr.) *being ever seen on the public stage before the civil wars. And as for the play-house furniture and orna-* "*ments,* "*they had no other scenes nor decorations of the* "*stage, but only old tapestry, and the stage strewed with* "*rushes, with habits accordingly*§:" *as we are assured in A* 5
short Discourse on the English Stage, subjoined to Flecknoe's LOVE'S-KINGDOM, 1674. 12*mo*.

[I. ADAM 129] I.

ADAM BELL, CLYM OF THE CLOUGH, AND WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLY, 10

— *were three noted outlaws, whose skill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of residence was in the forest of Englewood, not far from Carlisle, (called in the ballad English-wood, which is* 15
probably the true etymology.) When they lived does not appear. The author of the common ballad on "THE PEDIGREE, EDUCATION, AND MARRIAGE OF ROBIN HOOD," *makes them contemporary with Robin Hood's father, in order to give him the honour of beating them. This seems to prove that they* 20
were generally thought to have lived before the popular hero of Sherwood.

Our northern archers were not unknown to their southern countrymen, their excellence at the long-bow is often alluded to by our ancient poets. Shakespeare, in his comedy of "MUCH 25
adoe about nothing," *Act I. makes Benedicke confirm his resolves of not yielding to love, by this protestation,* "*If I do,* "*hang me in a bottle like a cat**, *and shoot at me, and he*

§ *Puttenham tells us they used Vizards in his time,* "*partly to* "*supply the want of players, when there were moe parts then there* 30
"*were persons, or that it was not thought meet to trouble . . . princes* "*chambers with too many folkes.*" [*Art of Eng. Poes.* 1589. *p.* 26.] *From the last clause, it should seem that they were chiefly used in the* MASQUES *at Court.*

* *Bottles formerly were of leather; though perhaps a wooden* 35
bottle might be here meant. It is still a diversion in Scotland to hang up a cat in a small cask or firkin, half filled with soot: and then a parcel of clowns on horseback try to beat out the ends of it, in order to shew their dexterity in escaping before the contents fall upon them. 40

"that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder and called Adam:" *meaning* Adam Bell, *as Theobald rightly ob-* [*serves* **130**] *serves, who refers to one or two other passages in our old poets wherein he is mentioned. The Oxford editor*
5 *has also well conjectured that "Abraham Cupid" in Romeo and Juliet, A. 2. sc. 1. should be* "Adam *Cupid," in allusion to our archer. Ben Jonson has mentioned* Clym o' the Clough *in his Alchemist, Act I. sc. 2. And Sir William Davenant, in a mock poem of his, called* "The *long vacation*
10 *in London," describes the Atorneys and Proctors, as making matches to meet in Finsbury fields,*

"With loynes in canvas bow-case tyde;
"Where arrowes stick with mickle pride;
"... Like ghosts of Adam Bell *and* Clymme.
15 *"Sol sets for fear they'l shoot at him."*

Works, p. 291. fol. 1673.

The following stanzas will be judged from the stile, orthography, and numbers, to be very ancient: they are given from an old black-letter quarto, Imprinted at London in Lothburye
20 by Wyllyam Copland *(no date): corrected in some places by another copy in the editor's folio MS. In that volume this ballad is followed by another, intitled* Younge Cloudeslee, *being a continuation of the present story, and reciting the adventures of William of Cloudesly's son: but greatly in-*
25 *ferior to this, both in merit and antiquity.*

Part the First.

Mery it was in grene forèst
Amonge the levès grene,
Wheras men hunt east and west
30 Wyth bowes and arrowes kene;

To ryse the dere out of theyr denne; 5
Suche sightes hath ofte bene sene;
As by thre yemen of the north countrèy,
By them it is I meane.

35 [The **131**] The one of them hight Adam Bel,
The other Clym of the Clough, 10
The thyrd was William of Cloudesly,
An archer good ynough.

They were outlawed for venyson,
40 These yemen everychone;

15 They swore them brethren upon a day,
To Englyshe wood for to gone.

Now lith and lysten, gentylmen,
That of myrthe loveth to here:
Two of them were singele men, 5
20 The third had a wedded fere.

Wyllyam was the wedded man,
Muche more than was hys care:
He sayde to hys brethren upon a day,
To Carleil he wold fare; 10

25 For to speke with fayre Alyce his wife,
And with hys chyldren thre.
By my trouth, sayde Adam Bel,
Not by the counsell of me:

For if ye go to Carleil, brother, 15
I 2 30 And from thys wylde wode wende,
[If 132] If the justice may you take,
Your lyfe were at an ende.

If that I come not to-morowe, brother,
By pryme to you agayne, 20
35 Truste not els, but that I am take,
Or else that I am slayne.

He toke hys leave of his brethren two,
And to Carleil he is gon:
There he knocked at his owne windòwe 25
40 Shortlye and anone.

Wher be you, fayre Alyce my wyfe,
And my chyldren thre?
Lyghtly let in thyne own husbànde
Wyllyam of Cloudeslè. 30

45 Alas! then sayde fayre Alyce,
And syghed wonderous sore,
Thys place hath ben besette for you
Thys halfe yere and more.

Now am I here, sayde Cloudesle, 35
50 I wold that in I were:

Ver. 24. Caerlel. *in P.C. passim.*

Now fetche us meate and drynke ynoughe,
And let us make good chere.

[She 133] She fetched hym meate and drynke plentyè,
Lyke a true wedded wyfe;
5 And pleased hym with that she had, 55
Whome she loved as her lyfe.

There lay an old wyfe in that place,
A lytle besyde the fyre,
Whych Wyllyam had found of charytyè
10 More than seven yere. 60

Up she rose, and forth she goes,
Evel mote she spede therefoore;
For she had not set no fote on ground
In seven yere before.

15 She went unto the justice hall, 65
As fast as she could hye:
Thys nyght is come unto thys town
Wyllyam of Cloudeslyè.

Thereof the justice was full fayne,
20 And so was the shirife also: 70
Thou shalt not trauaill hether, dame, for nought,
Thy meed thou shalt have or thou go.

They gave to her a ryght good goune
Of scarlate, and of graine:
25 She toke the gyft, and home she wente, 75
And couched her doune agayne.

[They 134] They rysed the towne of mery Carleile
In all the haste they can;
And came thronging to Wyllyames house,
30 As fast as they might gone. 80

There they besette that good yemàn
About on every syde:
Wyllyam hearde great noyse of folkes,
That theyther-ward they hyed.

35 Alyce opened a back wyndòw, 85
And loked all aboute,

Ver. 85. shop window. *P. C.*

She was ware of the justice and shirife bothe
  Wyth a full great route.

Alas! treason, cryed Alyce,
  Ever wo may thou be!
90 Goe into my chamber, husband, she sayd, 5
  Swete Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

He toke hys sweard and hys bucler,
  Hys bow and hys chyldren thre,
95 And wente into hys strongest chamber,
  Where he thought surest to be. 10

Fayre Alyce, like a lover true,
  Took a pollaxe in her hande:
[He 135] He shal be deade that here commeth in
100 Thys dore, whyle I may stand.

Cloudesle bente a wel-good bowe, 15
  That was of trusty tre,
He smot the justise on the brest,
  That hys arowe brest in three.

105 A curse on his harte, saide William,
  Thys day thy cote dyd on! 20
If it had ben no better then myne,
  It had gone nere thy bone.

Yeld the Cloudeslè, sayd the justise,
110 Thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro.
A curse on hys hart, sayd fair Alyce, 25
  That my husband councelleth so.

Set fyre on the house, saide the sherife,
  Syth it wyll no better be,
115 And brenne we therin William, he saide,
  Hys wyfe and chyldren thre. 30

They fyred the house in many a place,
  The fyre flew up on hye:
Alas! than cryed fayre Alice,
120 I se we here shall dy.

[William 136] William openyd a backe wyndòw, 35
  That was in hys chamber hie,

And wyth shetes let downe his wyfe,
  And eke hys chyldren thre.

Have here my treasure, sayde William, 125
  My wyfe and my chyldren thre:
5 For Christès love do them no harme,
  But wreke you all on me.

Wyllyam shot so wonderous well,
  Tyll hys arrowes were all agoe, 130
And the fyre so fast upon hym fell,
10 That hys bowstryng brent in two.

The sparkles brent and fell upon
  Good Wyllyam of Cloudeslè:
Than was he a wofull man, and sayde, 135
  Thys is a cowardes death to me.

15 Lever had I, sayde Wyllyam,
  With my sworde in the route to renne,
Then here among myne enemyes wode
  Thus cruelly to bren. 140

He toke hys sweard and hys buckler,
20 And among them all he ran,
Where the people were most in prece,
  He smot downe many a man.

[There 137] There myght no man abyde hys stroke, 145
  So fersly on them he ran:
25 Then they threw wyndowes, and dores on him,
  And so toke that good yemàn.

There they hym bounde both hand and fote,
  And in depe dongeon cast: 150
Now Cloudesle, sayd the hye justice,
30 Thou shalt be hanged in hast.

A payre of new gallowes, sayd the sherife,
  Now shal I for the make,
And the gates of Carleil shal be shutte: 155
  No man shal come in therat.

35 Then shall not helpe Clym of the Cloughe,
  Nor yet shal Adam Bell,

Though they came with a thousand mo,
160 Nor all the devels in hell.

Early in the mornynge the justice uprose,
To the gates fast gan he gon,
And commaundeth to be shut full close 5
Lightilè everychone.

165 Then went he to the markett place,
As fast as he coulde hye;
A payre of new gallous there he set up
Besyde the pyllorye. 10

[A lytle **138**] A lytle boy amonge them asked,
170 „What meaneth that gallow-tre?"
They sayde to hange a good yeamàn,
Called Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

That lytle boye was the towne swyne-heard, 15
And kept fayre Alyces swyne;
175 Oft he had seene Cloudesle in the wodde,
And geuend hym there to dyne.

He went out att a crevis in the wall,
And lightly to the woode dyd gone, 20
There met he with these wightye yemen
180 Shortly and anone.

Alas! then sayde that lytle boye,
Ye tary here all to longe;
Cloudesle is taken, and dampned to death, 25
All readye for to honge.

185 Alas! then sayd good Adam Bell,
That ever we see thys daye!
He had better with us have taryed,
So ofte as we dyd hym praye. 30

He myght have dwellyd in grene forèste,
190 Under the shadowes grene,
[And **139**] And have kepte both hym and us in reste,
Out of trouble and teene.

Adam bent a ryght good bow, 35
A great hart sone had he slayne:

Ver. 179. yonge men. *P. C.* *Ver.* 190. shadowes sheene. *P. C.*

Take that, chylde, he sayde, to thy dynner, 195
And bryng me myne arrowe agayne.

Now go we hence, sayed these wightye yeomen,
Tary we no lenger here;
5 We shall hym borowe by God his grace,
Though we bye it full dere. 200

To Caerleil wente these good yemen,
In a mery mornyng of maye.
Here is a FYT† of Cloudeslye,
10 And another is for to saye.

Part the Second.

AND when they came to mery Carleil,
All in the mornyng tyde,
They founde the gates shut them untyll
15 About on every syde.

[Alas! 140] Alas! than sayd good Adam Bell, 5
That ever we were made men!
These gates be shut so wonderous wel,
We may not come here in.

20 Then bespake 'him' Clym of the Clough,
Wyth a wyle we wyl us in bryng, 10
Let us saye we be messengers,
Streyght come nowe from our king.

Adam said, I have a letter written,
25 Now let us wysely werke,
We wyl saye we have the kynges seales; 15
I holde the porter no clerke.

Then Adam Bell bete on the gate
With strokes great and strong:
30 The porter herde suche noyse therat,
And to the gate he throng. 20

Who is there nowe, sayde the porter,
That maketh all thys dinne?

Ver. 197. wight yong men. *P.C.* † *See Gloss.*

We be tow messengers, sayde Clim of the Clough,
  Be come ryght from our kyng.
25 We have a letter, sayde Adam Bel,
  To the justice we must it bryng;
Let us in our message to do, 5
  That we were agayne to the kyng.

[Here 141] Here commeth none in, sayd the porter,
30 Be hym that dyed on a tre,
Tyll a false thefe be hanged up,
  Called Wyllyam of Cloudeslè. 10

Then spake the good yeman Clym of the Clough,
  And swore by Mary fre,
35 And if that we stande long wythout,
  Lyk a thefe honge thou shalt be.

Lo! here we have the kyngès seale: 15
  What, Lurden, art thou wode?
The porter went† it had ben so,
40 And lyghtly dyd off hys hode.

Welcome be my lordes seale, he saide;
  For that ye shall come in. 20
He opened the gate full shortlye;
  An euyl openyng for him.

45 Now are we in, sayde Adam Bell,
  Therof we are full faine;
But Christ he knowes, that harowed hell, 25
  How we shall com out agayne.

Had we the keys, said Clim of the Clough,
50 Ryght wel then shoulde we spede,
[Then 142] Then might we come out wel ynough
  When we se tyme and nede. 30

They called the porter to counsell,
  And wrange hys necke in two,
55 And cast hym in a depe dongeon,
  And toke hys keys hym fro.

Now am I porter, sayd Adam Bel, 35
  Se brother the keys are here,

Ver. 38. Lordeyne. *P. C.* † *i. e. weened.*

The worst porter to merry Carleile
  The have had thys hundred yere. 60

And now wyll we our bowes bend,
  Into the towne wyll we go,
5 For to delyuer our dere brothèr,
  That lyeth in care and wo.

Then they bent theyr good ewe bowes, 65
  And loked theyr stringes were round*,
The markett place in mery Carleile
10 They beset that stound.

And, as they loked them besyde,
  A paire of new galowes thei see, 70
And the justice with a quest of squyers,
  Had judged theyr fere to de.

15 [And **143**] And Cloudeslè hymselfe lay in a carte,
  Fast bound both fote and hand;
And a stronge rop about hys necke, 75
  All readye for to hange.

The justice called to him a ladde,
20 Cloudeslès clothes should he have
To take the measure of that yemàn,
  Therafter to make hys grave. 80

I have sene as great mervaile, said Cloudesle,
  As betweyne thys and pryme,
25 He that maketh thys grave for me
  Hymselfe may lye therin.

Thou speakest proudli, said the justice, 85
  I shall the hange with my hande.
Full wel herd this his brethren two,
30 There styll as they dyd stande.

Then Cloudeslè cast his eyen asyde,
  And saw hys brethren twaine 90
At a corner of the market place,
  Redy the justice for to slaine.

* *So Ascham says, "The stringe must be rounde."* (*Toxoph. p.* 149. *Ed.* 1761.) *A precept not very intelligible now.*

I se comfort, sayd Cloudeslè,
Yet hope I well to fare,
95 If I might have my handes at wyll
4 Ryght lytle wolde I care.

[Then 144] Then bespake good Adam Bell 5
To Clym of the Clough so free,
Brother, se ye marke the justyce wel,
100 Lo! yonder ye may him se.

And at the shyrife shote I wyll
Strongly wyth arrowe kene, 10
A better shote in mery Carleile
Thys seven yere was not sene.

105 They loosed their arrowes both at once,
Of no man had the dread;
The one hyt the justice, the other the sheryfe, 15
That both theyr sides gan blede.

All men voyded, that them stode nye,
110 When the justice fell to the grounde,
And the sherife fell hym by;
Eyther had his deathes wounde. 20

All the citezens fast gan flye,
They durst no lenger abyde;
115 There lyghtly they loosed Cloudesle,
Where he with ropes lay tyde.

Wyllyam sterte to an officer of the town, 25
Hys axe fro hys hand he wronge,
[On 145] On eche syde he smote them downe,
120 Hym thought he taryed to long.

Wyllyam sayde to hys brethren two,
Thys daye let us lyve and de, 30
If ever you have nede, as I have now,
The same shall you finde by me.

125 They shot so well in that tyde,
Theyr stringes were of silke ful sure,
That they kept the stretes on every side; 35
That batayle did long endure.

Ver. 105. lowsed thre. *P. C.* *Ver.* 108. can bled. *MS.*

The fought together as brethren tru,
  Lyke hardy men and bolde, 130
Many a man to the ground they thrue,
  And many a herte made colde.

5 But when their arrowes were al gon,
  Men preced to them full fast,
They drew theyr swordès then anone, 135
  And theyr bowes from them cast.

They wenten lyghtlye on theyr way,
10 Wyth swordes and bucklers round,
By that it was myd of the day,
  They made mani a wound. 140 Vol. III.

[There 146] There was many an out horne in Carliel (*l.* Carleil) [blowen,
  And the belles bacwàrd dyd ryng,
15 Many a woman sayde, Alas!
  And many theyr handes dyd wryng.

The mayre of Carleile forth was com, 145
  Wyth hym a ful great route:
These yemen dred hym full sore,
20 Of theyr lyves they stode in doute.

The mayre came armed a full great pace,
  With a pollaxe in hys hande; 150
Many a strong man wyth him was,
  There in that stowre to stande.

25 The mayre smot at Cloudeslè with his bil,
  Hys bucler he brast in two,
Full many a yeman with great evyll, 155
  Alas! they cryed for wo.
Kepe we the gates fast, they bad,
30 That these traytours therout not go.

But al for nought was that the wrought,
  For so fast they downe were layde, 160
Tyll they all thre, that so manfulli fought,
  Were gotten without, abraide.

35 Have here your keys, sayd Adam Bel,
  Myne office I here forsake,
[And 147] And yf you do by my counsell 165
  A new porter do ye make.

He threw theyr keys at theyr heads,
  And bad them well to thryve,
And all that letteth any good yeman
170 To come and comfort his wyfe.

Thus be these good yemen gon to the wod, 5
  And lyghtly, as lefe on lynde,
The lough and be mery in theyr mode,
  Theyr foes were ferr behynd.

175 And when they came to Englyshe wode,
  Under the trusty tre, 10
There they found bowes full good,
  And arrowes full great plentye.

So God me help, sayd Adam Bell,
180 And Clym of the Clough so fre,
I would we were in mery Carleile, 15
  Before that fayre meynè.

They set them downe, and made good chere,
  And eate and dranke full well.
185 A second FYT of the wightye yeomen,
  Another I wyll you tell. 20

[PART 148] PART THE THIRD.

AS they sat in Englyshe wood,
  Under the green-wode tre,
They thought they herd a woman wepe,
  But her they mought not se. 25

5 Sore then syghed the fayre Alyce:
  That ever I sawe thys day!
For nowe is my dere husband slayne:
  Alas! and wel-a-way!

Myght I have spoke with hys dere brethren, 30
10 Or with eyther of them twayne,
To shew to them what him befell,
  My hart were out of payne.

Cloudeslè walked a lytle beside,
  Lookt under the grene wood linde, 35

Ver. 175. merry green wood. *P.* (*l. P. C.*)

He was ware of his wife, and chyldren three, 15
Full wo in harte and mynde.

Welcome, wyfe, then sayde Wyllyam,
Under this trusti tre:
5 I wende yesterday, by swete saynt John,
Thou shulde me never have se. 20

["New (*l.* "Now) **149**] "Now well is me that ye be here,
My harte is out of wo."
Dame, he sayde, be mery and glad,
10 And thanke my brethren two.

Herof to speake, said Adam Bell, 25
I-wis it is no bote:
The meate, that we must supp withall,
It runneth yet fast on fote.

15 Then went they downe into a launde,
These noble archares thre; 30
Eche of them slew a hart of greece,
The best that they cold se.

Have here the best, Alyce my wyfe,
20 Sayde Wyllyam of Cloudeslye;
By cause ye so bouldly stode by me 35
When I was slayne full nye.

Then went they to suppère
Wyth suche meate as they had,
25 And thanked God of ther fortune:
They were both mery and glad. 40

And when they had supped well,
Certayne wythouten lease,
Cloudeslè sayd, we wyll to our kyng,
To get us a charter of peace.

[Alyce **150**] Alyce shal be at our sojournyng 45
In a nunery here besyde,
My tow sonnes shall wyth her go,
And there they shall abyde.

35 Myne eldest son shall go wyth me,
For hym have I no care: 50

Ver. 19. I had wende. *P. C.* *Ver.* 20. never had see. ***P. C.***

And he shall breng you worde agayn,
  How that we do fare.

Thus be these yemen to London gone,
  As fast as they myght he,
55 Tyll they came to the kynge's pallàce, 5
  Where they woulde nedes be.

And whan they came to the kyngès courte,
  Unto the pallace gate,
Of no man wold they aske no leave,
60 But boldly went in therat. 10

They preced prestly into the hall,
  Of no man had they dreade:
The porter came after, and dyd them call,
  And with them gan to chyde.

65 The usher sayde, Yemen, what would ye have? 15
  I pray you tell to me:
You myght thus make offycers shent:
  Good syrs, of whence be ye?

[Syr, 151] Syr, we be out-lawes of the forest
70 Certayne withouten lease, 20
And hether we be come to our kyng
  To get us a charter of peace.

And whan they came before the kyng,
  As it was the lawe of the lande,
75 The kneled downe without lettyng, 25
  And eche held up his hand.

The sayed, Lord, we beseche the here,
  That ye wyll graunt us grace,
For we have slayne your fat falow dere
80 In many a sondry place. 30

What be your nams, then said our king,
  Anone that you tell me?
They sayd, Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
  And Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

85 Be ye those theves, then sayd our kyng, 35
  That men have tolde of to me?

Here to God I make an avowe,
Ye shal be hanged all thre.

Ye shal be dead withoute mercy,
As I am kynge of this lande. 90
5 He commandeth his officers every one,
Fast on them to lay hand. L 4

[There 152] There they toke these good yemen,
And arested them all thre.
So may I thryve, sayd Adam Bell, 95
10 Thys game lyketh not me.

But, good lorde, we beseche you now,
That yee graunt us grace,
Insomuche as frelè to you we comen,
As frelè fro you to passe, 100
15 With such weapons, as we have here,
Tyll we be out of your place;
And yf we lyve this hundreth yere,
We wyll aske you no grace.

Ye speake proudly, sayd the kynge; 105
20 Ye shall be hanged all thre.
That were great pitye, then sayd the quene,
If any grace myght be.

My lorde, whan I came fyrst into this lande
To be your wedded wyfe, 110
25 The fyrst boone that I wold aske,
Ye would graunt it me belyfe:

And I never asked none tyll now;
Then, good lorde, graunt it me.
[Nowe 153] Nowe aske it, madam, sayd the kynge, 115
30 And graunted it shall be.

Then, good my lord, I you beseche,
These yemen graunt ye me.
Madame, ye myght have asked a boone,
That shuld have been worth them all three. 120
35 Ye myght have asked towres, and townes,
Parkes and forestes plentè.

Ver. 111. 119. bowne. *P. C.*

But none soe pleasant to my pay, shee sayd,
  Nor none so lefe to me.

125 Madame, sith it is your desyre,
  Your askyng graunted shal be,
But I had lever have geven you 5
  Good market townes thre.

The quene was a glad woman
130 And sayde, Lord, gramarcyè:
I dare undertake for them,
  That true men they shal be. 10

But good my lord, speke som mery word,
  That comfort they may se.
135 I graunt you grace, then sayd our king,
  Washe, felos, and to meate go ye.

[They 154] They had not setten but a whyle 15
  Certayne without lesynge,
There came messengers out of the north
140 With letters to our kyng.

And whan the came before the kynge,
  They knelt downe on theyr kne; 20
Sayd, Lord, your officers grete you well,
  Of Carleile in the north cuntrè.

145 How fareth my justice, sayd the kyng,
  And my sherife also?
Syr, they be slayne without leasynge, 25
  And many an officer mo.

Who hath them slayne, sayd the kyng;
150 Anone thou tell to me?
Adam Bell, and Clime of the Clough,
  And Wyllyam of Cloudeslè. 30

Alas for rewth! then sayd our kynge;
  My hart is wonderous sore;
155 I had lever than a thousande pounde,
  I had knowne of thys before:

For I have graunted them grace, 35
  And that forthynketh me;

Ver. 130. God a mercye. *MS.*

But had I knowne all thys before,
They had been hanged all thre. 160 3

[The 155] The kyng hee opened the letter anone,
Himselfe he red it tho,
5 And founde how these outlawes had slain
Thre hundred men and mo:

Fyrst the justice, and the sheryfe, 165
And the mayre of Carleile towne;
Of all the constables and catchipolles
10 Alyve were scant left one:

The baylyes, and the bedyls both,
And the sergeaunte of the law, 170
And forty fosters of the fe,
These outlawes had yslaw:

15 And broke his parks, and slayne his dere;
Of all they chose the best;
So perelous out-lawes, as they were, 175
Walked not by easte nor west.

When the kynge this letter had red,
20 In harte he syghed sore:
Take up the tables anone he bad,
For I may eate no more. 180

The kyng called hys best archars
To the buttes with hym to go:
25 I wyll se these felowes shote, he sayd,
In the north have wrought this wo.

[The 156] The kynges bowmen busket them blyve, 185
And the quenes archers also;
So dyd these thre wyghtye yemen,
30 With them they thought to go.

There twyse, or thryse they shote about
For to assay theyr hande; 190
There was no shote these yemen shot,
That any prycke † myght stand.

35 Then spake Wyllyam of Cloudeslè,
By him that for me dyed,

Ver. 185. blythe. *MS.* † *i. e. mark.*

195 I hold hym never no good archar,
That shoteth at buttes so wyde.

At what a butte now wold ye shote,
I pray thee tell to me?
At suche a but, syr, he sayd, 5
200 As men use in my countrè.

Wyllyam wente into a fyeld,
With his two brethèrene:
There they set up two hasell roddes
Full twenty score betwene. 10

205 I hold him an archar, said Cloudesle,
That yonder wande cleveth in two.
[Here 157] Here is none suche, sayd the kyng,
Nor none that can so do.

I shall assaye, syr, sayd Cloudeslè, 15
210 Or that I farther go.
Cloudesly with a bearyng arow
Clave the wand in two.

Thou art the best archer, then said the king,
For sothe that ever I se. 20
215 And yet for your love, sayd Wyllyam,
I wyll do more maystry.

I have a sonne is seven yere olde,
He is to me full deare;
I wyll hym tye to a stake; 25
220 All shall se, that be here;

And lay an apple upon hys head,
And go syxe score hym fro,
And I my selfe with a brode aròw
Shall cleve the apple in two. 30

225 Now haste the, then sayd the kyng,
By hym that dyed on a tre,
But yf thou do not, as thou hest sayde,
Hanged shalt thou be.

Ver. 202, 203, 212, to. *P. C.* *Ver.* 204. Twenty score paces. *P. C. i. e.* 400 *yards.* *Ver.* 222. Sixscore paces. *P. C. i. e.* 120 *yards.*

[And 158] And thou touche his head or gowne. (*l.*,)
In syght that men may se, 230
By all the sayntes that be in heaven,
I shall hange you all thre.

That I have promised, said William,
That wyll I never forsake.
And there even before the kynge 235
In the earth he drove a stake:

And bound therto his eldest sonne,
And bad hym stand styll thereat;
And turned the childes face him fro,
Because he should not sterte. 240

An apple upon his head he set,
And then his bowe he bent:
Syxe score paces they were out mete,
And thether Cloudeslè went.

There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe, 245
Hys bowe was great and longe,
He set that arrowe in his bowe,
That was both styffe and stronge.

He prayed the people, that wer there,
That they still wold stand, 250
For he shoteth for such a wager,
Behoveth a stedfast hand.

[Muche 159] Muche people prayed for Cloudeslè,
That his lyfe saved myght be,
And whan he made hym redy to shote, 255
There was many weping ee.

But Cloudeslè clefte the apple in twaine,
His sonne he did not nee.
Over Gods forbode, sayde the kinge,
That thou shold shote at me. 260

I geve thee eightene pence a day,
And my bowe shalt thou bere,
And over all the north countrè
I make the chyfe rydère.

Ver. 252. steedye. *MS.*

265 And I thyrtene pence a day, said the quene,
By God, and by my fay;
Come feche thy payment when thou wylt
No man shall say the nay.

Wyllyam, I make the a gentelman 5
270 Of clothyng, and of fe:
And thy two brethren, yemen of my chambre,
For they are so semely to se.

Your sonne, for he is tendre of age,
Of my wyne-seller he shal be; 10
275 And whan he commeth to mans estate,
Shal better avaunced be.

[And, **160**] And, Wyllym, bring to me your wife,
Me longeth her sore to se:
She shall be my chefe gentelwoman 15
280 To governe my nurserye.

The yemen thanketh them curteously.
To some byshop wyl we wend,
Of all the synnes, that we have done,
To be assoyld at his hand. 20

285 So forth be gone these good yemen,
As fast as they might he,
And after came and dwelled with the kynge,
And dyed good men all thre.

Thus endeth the lives of these good yemen; 25
God send them eternall blysse,
And all, that with a hand-bowe shoteth,
That of heven they never mysse. Amen.

[THE **161**] II.

THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH LOVE. 30

The Grave-digger's song in HAMLET, *A.* 5. *is taken from three stanzas of the following poem, though somewhat altered and disguised, probably as the same were corrupted by the ballad-singers of Shakespeare's time. The original is preserved among Surrey's Poems,* 1559, *and is attributed to* 35 *Lord* VAUX, *by Geo. Gascoigne, who tells us, it "was thought*

by some to be made upon his death-bed;" a popular error which he laughs at. (See his Epist. to Yong Gent. prefixed to his Posies 1575. *4to.) Lord* VAUX *was remarkable for his skill in drawing feigned manners, &c. for so I understand an ancient writer. "The Lord Vaux his commenda-"tion lyeth chiefly in the facilitie of his meetre, and the apt-"nesse of his descriptions such as he taketh upon him to "make, namely in sundry of his Songs, wherein he showeth "the* COUNTERFAIT ACTION *very lively and pleasantly." Arte of Eng. Poesie,* 1589. *p.* 51. *See also Vol.* 2. *p.* 45.

I Lothe that I did love,
  In youth that I thought swete:
As tyme requires for my behove,
  Me thinkes they are not mete.

My lustes they do me leave, 5
  My fancies all be fled,
And tract of time begins to weave
  Gray heares upon my hed.

[For 162] For age with stealing steps,
  Hath clawed me with his crowch, 10
And lusty life away she leapes,
  As there had ben none such.

My muse doth not delight
  Me as she did before,
My hand and pen are not in plight, 15
  As they have ben of yore.

For reason me denyes,
  This youthly ydle rime
And day by day to me she cryes,
  Leave off these toyes in tyme. 20

The wrinkles in my brow,
  The furrowes in my face
Say, limping age will lodge him now,
  Where youth must geve him place.

The harbinger of death, 25
  To me I see him ride,
The cough, the colde, the gasping breath,
  Doth bid me to provyde

Vol. III. I.

A pikeax and a spade,
30 And eke a shrowding shete,
A howse of clay for to be made,
For such a guest most mete.

[Me 163] Me thinkes I heare the clarke, 5
That knowles the carefull knell,
35 And bids me leave my woful warke,
Ere nature me compell.

My kepers knit the knot,
That youth did laugh to skorne, 10
Of me that clene shal be forgot,
40 As I had not been borne.

Thus must I youth geve up,
Whose badge I long did weare,
To them I yield the wanton cup 15
That better may it beare.

45 Lo here the bar-hed skull,
By whose balde signe I know,
That stouping age away shall pull,
Which youthful yeres did sow. 20

For beauty with her band,
50 These croked cares hath wrought,
And shipped me into the lande,
From whence I first was brought.

And ye that byde behinde, 25
Have ye none other trust:
55 As ye of clay wer cast by kinde,
So shall ye wast to dust.

[A 164] III.

A SONG TO THE LUTE IN MUSICKE. 30

Shakespeare has made this sonnet the subject of some pleasant ridicule in his Romeo and Juliet *A. IV. Sc.* 5. *where he introduces Peter putting this Question to the Musicians.*

"Peter. . . . *why* "*Silver Sound*"? *why* "*Musicke with her* 35 "*silver sound*"? *what say you, Simon Catling?*

"1. Mus. *Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.*

"PET. *Pretty! what say you, Hugh Rebecke?*
"2. MUS. *I say, silver sound, because Musicians sound for silver.*
"PET. *Pretty too! what say you, James Sound-post.*
"3. MUS. *Faith, I know not what to say.*
5 "PET.... *I will say for you: It is "Musicke with her silver "sound," because Musicians have no gold for sounding."*
This ridicule is not so much levelled at the song itself (which for the time it was written is not inelegant) as at those forced and unnatural explanations often given by us
10 *painful editors and expositors of ancient authors.*

This copy is printed from the (*l. an* **corr.**) *old quarto MS in the Cotton Library,* [*Vesp. A.* 25.] *entitled "Divers "things of Hen. viij's time": with some corrections from The Paradise of dainty devises,* 1596.

15 [WHERE **165**]

WHERE gripinge grefes the hart would wounde,
And dolefulle dumps the mynde oppresse,
There musicke with her silver sound
With spede is wont to send redresse:
20 Of trobled mynds, in every sore, 5
Swete musicke hathe a salve in store.

In joye yt maks our mirthe abounde,
In woe yt cheres our hevy sprites;
Be-strawghted heads relyef hath founde,
25 By musickes pleasaunt swete delightes: 10
Our senses all, what shall I say more?
Are subjecte unto musicks lore.

The Gods by musicke have theire prayse,
The lyfe, the soule therein doth joye;
30 For, as the Romayne poet sayes, 15
In seas, whom pyrats would destroy,
A dolphin saved from death most sharpe
Arion playing on hys harpe.

O heavenly gyft, that rules the mynd,
35 Even as the sterne dothe rule the shippe! 20
O musicke, whom the gods assinde
To comforte manne, whom cares would nippe!
Sence thow both man and beste doest move,
What beste ys he, wyll the disprove?

[IV. KING **166**] IV.

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID,

— is a story often alluded to by our old Dramatic Writers. Shakespear in his Romeo and Juliet, *A. ii. Sc.* 1, *makes Mercutio say,* 5

> —— *"Her [Venus's] purblind son and heir,*
> *"Young Adam* Cupid, he that shot so true,*
> *"When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid."*

As the 13*th Line of the following ballad seems here particularly alluded to, it is not improbable but Shakespeare* 10 *wrote it* shot so trim, *which the players or printers, not perceiving the allusion, might alter to* true. *The former, as being the more humorous expression, seems most likely to have come from the mouth of Mercutio.*

In the 2*d Part of* Hen. *IV. A.* 5. *Sc.* 3. *Falstaff is in-* 15 *troduced affectedly saying to Pistoll,*

> *"O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?*
> *"Let king* Cophetua *know the truth thereof."*

These lines Bp. Warburton thinks were taken from an old bombast play of King Cophetua. *No such play is, I be-* 20 *lieve, now to be found: but it does not therefore follow that it never existed. Many dramatic pieces are referred to by old writers †, which are not now extant, or even mentioned in any [List.* **167**] *List. In the infancy of the stage, plays were often exhibited that were never printed.* 25

It is probably in allusion to the same play that Ben Jonson says in his Comedy of Every man *in his humour, A.* 3. *sc.* 4.

*"I have not the heart to devour thee, an' I might be made as "*rich *as King Cophetua."* 30

At least there is no mention of King Cophetua's riches *in the present ballad, which is the oldest I have met with on the subject.*

It is printed from Rich. Johnson's "Crown Garland of "Goulden Roses." 1612. 12*mo. (where it is intitled simply,* A 35 Song of a Beggar and a King:) *corrected by another copy.*

* *See above p.* 130.

† *See Meres's Wits Treas. f.* 283. *Arte of Eng. Poes.* 1589. *p.* 51, 111, 143, 169.

I Read that once in Affrica
  A princely wight did raine,
Who had to name Cophetua,
  As poets they did faine:
From natures lawes he did decline, 5
For sure he was not of my mind,
He cared not for women-kinde,
  But did them all disdaine.
But, marke, what hapned on a day.
As he out of his window lay, 10
He saw a beggar all in gray,
  The which did cause his paine.

The blinded boy, that shootes so trim,
  From heaven downe did hie;
He drew a dart and shot at him, 15
  In place where he did lye:
[Which 168] Which soone did pierse him to the quicke,
And when he felt the arrow pricke,
Which in his tender heart did sticke,
  He looketh as he would dye. 20
What sudden chance is this, quoth he,
That I to love must subject be,
Which never thereto would agree,
  But still did it defie?

Then from the window he did come, 25
  And laid him on his bed,
A thousand heapes of care did runne
  Within his troubled head:
For now he meanes to crave her love,
And now he seekes which way to proove 30
How he his fancie might remoove,
  And not this beggar wed.
But Cupid had him so in snare,
That this poore begger must prepare
A salve to cure him of his care, 35
  Or els he would be dead.

And, as he musing thus did lye,
  He thought for to devise
How he might have her companye,
  That so did 'maze his eyes. 40

In thee, quoth he, doth rest my life,
For surely thou shalt be my wife;
[Or 169] Or else this hand with bloody knife
  The Gods shall sure suffice.
45 Then from his bed he soon arose, 5
And to his pallace gate he goes;
Full little then this begger knowes
  When she the king espies.

The gods preserve your majesty
50 The beggers all gan cry: 10
Vouchsafe to give your charity
  Our childrens food to buy.
The king to them his pursse did cast,
And they to part it made great haste,
55 This silly woman was the last 15
  That after them did hye.
The king he cal'd her back againe,
And unto her he gave his chaine,
And said, With us you shal remaine
60 Till such time as we dye: 20

For thou, quoth he, shalt be my wife,
  And honoured for my queene;
With thee I meane to lead my life,
  As shortly shall be seene:
65 Our wedding shall appointed be, 25
And every thing in its degree:
Come on, quoth he, and follow me,
  Thou shalt go shift thee cleane.
[What 170] What is thy name, faire maid, quoth he?
70 Penelophon, O king, quoth she: 30
With that she made a lowe courtsèy;
  A trim one as I weene.

Thus hand in hand along they walke
  Unto the king's pallàce:
75 The king with courteous comly talke 35
  This begger doth imbrace:
The begger blusheth scarlet red,
And straight againe as pale as lead,
But not a word at all she said,
80 She was in such amaze. 40

At last she spake with trembling voyce
And said, O king, I doe rejoyce
That you wil take me for your choyce,
  And my degree's so base.

5 And when the wedding day was come, 85
  The king commanded strait
The noblemen both all and some
  Upon the queene to wait.
And she behavde herself that day,
10 As if she had never walkt the way; 90
She had forgot her gowne of gray,
  Which she did weare of late.
The proverbe old is come to passe,
The priest, when he begins his masse,
15 [Forgets **171**] Forgets that ever clerke he was, 95
  He knowth not his estate.

Here you may read, Cophetua,
  Though long time fancie-fed,
Compelled by the blinded boy
20 The begger for to wed, 100
He that did lovers lookes disdaine,
To do the same was glad and faine,
Or else he would himselfe have slaine,
  In storie, as we read.
25 Disdaine no whit, O lady deere, 105
But pitty now thy servant heere,
Least that it hap to thee this yeare,
  As to that king it did.

And thus they led a quiet life
30 During their princely raine; 110
And in a tombe were buried both,
  As writers sheweth plaine.
The lords they tooke it grievously,
The ladies tooke it heavily,
35 The commons cryed pitiously, 115
  Their death to them was paine.
Their fame did sound so passingly,

V. 105. *Here the Poet addresses himself to his mistress.*
V. 112. Sheweth *was anciently the plur. numb.*

That it did pierce the starry sky,
And throughout all the world did flye
120 To every princes realme.

[TAKE 172] V.

TAKE THY OLD CLOAK ABOUT THEE, 5

—*is supposed to have been originally a Scottish Ballad. The reader has here an ancient copy in the English idiom, with an additional Stanza (the 2d.) never before printed. This curiosity is preserved in the Editor's folio MS but not without corruptions, which are here removed by the assistance* 10 *of the Scottish Edit. Shakespear in his* OTHELLO, *A.* 2. *has quoted one stanza, with some variations, which are here adopted: The old MS readings are however given in the margin.*

THIS winters weather waxeth cold, 15
And frost doth freese on every hill,
And Boreas blowes his blasts soe bold,
That all our cattell are like to spill;
5 Bell my wife, who loves no strife,
She sayd unto me quietlie, 20
Rise up, and save cow Crumbockes life,
Man, put thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte 'and scorne'?
10 Thou kenst my cloak is very thin: 25
It is so bare and overworne,
A cricke‡ he thereon cannot renn:
[Then 173] Then Ile noe longer borrow nor lend,
'For once Ile new appareld bee,
15 To-morrow Ile to towne and spend,' 30
For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE

Cow Crumbocke is a very good cowe,
Shee has been alwayes true to the payle,

‡ *Perhaps* ticke.

Still has helpt us to butter and cheese, I trow,
And other things she will not fayle; 20
I wold be loth to see her pine,
Good husband, councell take of mee,
5 It is not for us to goe soe fine,
Then take thine old cloake about thee.

He.

My cloake it was a very good cloake, 25
Itt hath been alwayes true to the weare,
10 But now it is not worth a groat;
I have had it four and forty yeare:
Sometime it was of cloth in graine,
'Tis now but a sigh-clout as you may see, 30
It will neither hold out winde nor raine;
15 Ill have a new cloake about mee.

She.

It is four and fortye yeeres agoe
Since th' one of us the other did ken,
[And 174] And wee have had betwixt us towe 35
20 Of children either nine or ten;
Wee have brought them up to women and men;
In the feare of God I trow they bee;
And why wilt thou thyself misken?
Man, take thine old cloake about thee 40

25 He.

O Bell my wyfe, why dost thou floute!
Now is nowe, and then was then:
Seeke now all the world throughout,
Thou kenst not clownes from gentlemen.
30 They are clad in blacke, greene, yellowe, or 'gray,' 45
Soe farr above their owne degree:
Once in my liffe Ile 'doe as they,'
For Ill have a new cloake about mee.

She.

35 King Stephen was a worthy peere,
His breeches cost him but a crowne, 50

Ver. 49. King Harry. *MS.* *Ver.* 50. I trow his hose. *MS.*

He held them sixpence all too deere;
Therefòre he calld the taylor Lowne.
He was a wight of high renowne,
And thouse but of a low degree:
55 Itt's pride that putts the countrye downe, 5
Then take thine old cloake about thee.

[He 175] He.

'Bell my wife she loves not strife,
Yet she will lead me if ſhe can,
And oft, to live a quiet life, 10
60 I am forced to yield, though Ime good-man':
Itt's not for a man with a woman to threape,
Unlesse he first give oer the plea:
Where I began I now mun leave,
And take mine old cloake about mee. 15

VI.

WILLOW, WILLOW, WILLOW.

It is from the following stanzas that Shakespeare has taken his song of the Willow, *in his* Othello, *A.* 4. *s.* 3. *though somewhat varied and applied by him to a female* 20 *character. He makes Desdemona introduce it in this pathetic and affecting manner,*

"My mother had a maid call'd Barbarie:
"She was in love; and he, she lov'd forsook her,
"And she prov'd mad. She had a Song of Willow. 25
"An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune;
"And she dyed singing it."

This is given from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection thus intitled, "A Lovers complaint, being forsaken "of his love. To a pleasant tune." 30

[A Poore 176]

A Poore soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree;
O willow, willow, willow!
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee;
O willow, willow, willow! 35
5 O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

Ver. 51. 12 pence. *MS.* *Ver.* 52. clowne. *MS.*

He sigh'd in his singing, and after each grone,
Come willow, &c.
I am dead to all pleasure, my true-love is gone;
O willow, &c. 10
5 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

My love she is turned; untrue she doth prove:
O willow, &c.
She renders me nothing but hate for my love.
O willow, &c. 15
10 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O pitty me (cried he) ye lovers, each one:
O willow, &c.
Her heart's hard as marble; she rues not my mone.
O willow, &c. 20
15 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace,
O willow, &c.
The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face:
O willow, &c. 25
20 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

[The **177**] The mute birds sate hy him, made tame by his mones:
O willow, &c.
The salt tears fell from him, which softened the stones.
O willow, &c. *30*
25 Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlànd!

Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove;
O willow, &c.
She was borne to be fair; I, to die for her love.
O willow, &c. 35
30 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O that beauty should harbour a heart, that's so hard!
Sing willow, &c.
My true love rejecting without all regard.
O willow, &c. 40
35 Sing, O the green willow, &c.

Let Love no more boast him in palace, or tower;
O willow, &c.

For women are trothles, and flote in an houre.
45 O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

But what helps complaining? In vaine I complaine:
O willow, &c. 5
I must patiently suffer her scorne, and disdaine.
Vol. III. N 50 O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

[Come, 178] Come, all you forsaken, and set (*l.* sit *corr.*)
O willow, &c, [down by me, 10
He that 'plaines of his false love, mine's falser than she.
55 O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The willow wreath weare I, since my love did fleet;
O willow, &c. 15
A Garland for lovers forsaken most meete.
60 O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlànd!

The Second Part. 20

LOWE lay'd by my sorrow, begot by disdaine,
O willow, willow, willow!
Against her too cruell, still still I complaine,
O willow, willow, willow!
5 O willow, willow, willow: 25
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlànd!

O love too injurious, to wound my poore heart;
O willow, &c.
To suffer the triumph, and joy in my smart:
10 O willow, &c. 30
I Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

[O willow, 179] O willow, willow, willow! the willow
O willow, &c. [garlànd,
A sign of her falsenesse before me doth stand:
15 O willow, &c. 35
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As here it doth bid to despair and to dye,
O willow, &c.
So hang it, friends, ore mee in grave where I lye:
O willow, &c. 20
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

In grave where I rest mee, hang this to the view
O willow, &c.
Of all that doe knowe her, to blaze her untrue.
O willow, &c. 25
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

With these words engraven, as epitaph meet,
O willow, &c.
"Here lyes one, drank poyson for potion most sweet."
O willow, &c. 30
Sing, O the green willow, &c.

Though she thus unkindly hath scorned my love,
O willow, &c.
And carelesly smiles at the sorrowes, I prove;
O willow, &c. 35
Sing, O the green willow, &c.

[I cannot **180**] I cannot against her unkindly exclaim,
O willow, &c.
Cause once well I loved her, and honoured her name:
O willow, &c. 40
Sing, O the green willow shall be my garlànd.

The name of her sounded so sweete in mine eare,
O willow. &c.
It rays'd my heart lightly, the name of my deare;
O willow, &c. 45
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my griefe;
O willow, &c.
It now brings me anguish, then brought me reliefe.
O willow, &c. 50
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Farewell, faire false hearted: plaints end with my breath!
O willow, &c.

Thou dost loath me, I love thee, though cause of my death.
55 O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlànd.

[VII. SIR 181] VII. 5

SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE.

This ballad is quoted in Shakespeare's second Part of HENRY *IV. A.* 2. *sc.* 4. *The subject of it is taken from the ancient romance of K. Arthur (commonly called* MORTE ARTHUR) *being a poetical translation of Chap.* cviii, cix, cx, 10 *in Pt.* 1*st. as they stand in Ed.* 1634. 4*to. In the older Editions the Chapters are differently numbered. — This song is given from a printed copy, corrected in part by the folio MS.*

In the same play of 2 *Hen. IV.* SILENCE *hums a scrap* 15 *of one of the old ballads of Robin Hood. It is taken from the following stanza of* ROBIN HOOD AND THE PINDAR OF WAKEFIELD.

All this beheard three wighty yeomen,
Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John: 20
With that they espy'd the jolly Pindàr
As he sate under a thorne.

That ballad may be found on every stall, and therefore is not here reprinted.

WHEN Arthur first in court began, 25
And was approved king,
By force of armes great victoryes wanne,
And conquest home did bring.

5 [Then 182] Then into England straight he came
With fifty good and able 30
Knights, that resorted unto him,
And were of his round table.

And many justs and turnaments,
10 Wherto were many prest,
Wherein some knights did then excell 35
And far surmount the rest.

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
  Who was approved well,
He for his deeds and feates of armes, 15
  All others did excell.

5 When he had rested him a while
  In play, and game, and sportt,
He said he wold goe prove himselfe
  In some adventurous sort. 20

He armed rode in forrest wide,
10 And met a damsell faire,
Who told him of adventures great,
  Whereto he gave good eare.

Such wold I find, quoth Lancelott: 25
  For that cause came I hither.
15 Thou seemst, quoth she, a knight full good,
  And I will bring thee thither.

[Whereas **183**] Wheras a mighty knight doth dwell,
  That now is of great fame: 30
Therfore tell me what wight thou art,
20 And what may be thy name.
"My name is Lancelot du Lake."
  Quoth she, it likes me than:
Here dwelles a knight who never was 35
  Yet matcht with any man:
25 Who has in prison threescore knights
  And four, that he did wound;
Knights of king Arthurs court they be,
  And of his table round. 40
She brought him to a river side,
30 And also to a tree,
Whereon a copper bason hung,
  And many shields to see.
He struck soe hard, the bason broke; 45
  And Tarquin soon he spyed:
35 Who drove a horse before him fast,
  Whereon a knight lay tyed.
Sir knight, then sayd Sir Lancelott,
  Bring me that horse-load hither, 50

And lay him downe, and let him rest;
N 4 Weel try our force together.

[For, 184] For, as I understand, thou hast,
Soe far as thou art able,
55 Done great despite and shame unto 5
The knights of the Round Table.

If thou be of the Table Round,
Quoth Tarquin speedilye,
Both thee and all thy fellowship
60 I utterly defye. 10

That's over much, quoth Lancelott;
Defend thee by and by.
They sett their speares unto their steeds,
And each att other flye.

65 They coucht their speares, (their horses ran 15
As though there had been thunder)
And strucke them each amidst their shields,
Wherewith they broke in sunder.

Their horses backes brake under them,
70 The knights were both astound: 20
To avoyd their horses they made haste
And light upon the ground.

They tooke them to their shields full fast,
Their swords they drew out than,
75 With mighty strokes most eagerlye 25
3 Eache at the other ran.

[They 185] They wounded were, and bled full sore,
For breath they both did stand,
And leaning on their swordes awhile,
80 Quoth Tarquine, Hold thy hand, 30

And tell to me what I shall aske.
Say on, quoth Lancelot tho.
Thou art, quoth Tarquine, the best knight
That ever I did know;

85 And like a knight, that I did hate: 35
Soe that thou be not hee,

I will deliver all the rest,
  And eke accord with thee.

That is well sayd, quoth Lancelott;
  But sith it must be soe, 90
5 What knight is that thou hatest thus?
  I pray thee to me show.

His name is Lancelot du Lake,
  He slew my brother deere;
Him I suspect of all the rest: 95
10 I would I had him here.

Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknowne,
  I am Lancelot du Lake,
Now knight of Arthurs Table Round;
  King Hauds son of Schuwake; 100

15 [And **186**] And I desire thee do thy worst.
  Ho, ho, quoth Tarquin tho,
One of us two shall end our lives
  Before that we do go.

If thou be Lancelot du Lake, 105
20 Then welcome shalt thou bee:
Wherfore see thou thyself defend,
  For now defye I thee.

They buckled then together so,
  Like unto wild boares rushing, 110
25 And with their swords and shields they ran
  At one another slashing:

The ground besprinkled was with blood:
  Tarquin began to yield,
For he gave backe for wearinesse, 115
30 And lowe did beare his shield.

This soone Sir Lancelot espyde,
  He leapt upon him then,
He pull'd him downe upon his knee,
  And rushing off his helm, 120
35 Forthwith he strucke his necke in two,
  And, when he had soe done,
From prison threescore knights and four
  Delivered everye one.

[VIII. CORYDON's 187] VIII.

CORYDON's FAREWELL TO PHILLIS

— is an attempt to paint a lover's irresolution, but so poorly executed, that it would not have been admitted into this collection, if it had not been quoted in Shakespear's Twelfth-Night, *A. 2. sc. 3. — It is found in a little ancient miscellany intitled, "The golden Garland of princely delights." 12mo. bl. let.* 5

In the same scene of the Twelfth Night, Sir Toby *sings a scrap of an old ballad, which is preserved in the Pepys Collection. [Vol.* I. *p. 33. 496.] but is so poor a performance, that it will be sufficient here to give the first stanza:* 10

The Ballad of Constant Susanna.

There dwelt a man in Babylon
Of reputation great by fame, 15
He took to wife a faire woman,
Susanna she was callde by name;
A woman fair and vertuous;
Lady, lady:
Why should we not of her learn thus 20
To live godly?

If this song of Corydon, *&c. has not more merit, it is at least an evil of less magnitude.*

[FAREWELL, 188]

FAREWELL, dear love; since thou wilt needs be gone; 25
Mine eyes do shew, my life is almost done.
Nay I will never die, so long as I can spie
There be many mo, though that she doe goe.
5 There be many mo, I fear not:
Why then let her goe, I care not. 30

Farewell, farewell; since this I find is true,
I will not spend more time in wooing you:
But I will seek elsewhere, if I may find love there:
10 Shall I bid her goe? what and if I doe?
Shall I bid her goe and spare not? 35
O no, no, no, I dare not.

Ten thousand times farewell; — yet stay a while: —
Sweet, kiss me once; sweet kisses time beguile:

I have no power to move. How now am I in love? 15
Wilt thou needs be gone? Go then, all is one.
Wilt thou needs be gone? Oh, hie thee!
Nay stay, and do no more deny me.

5 Once more adieu, I see loath to depart
Bids oft adieu to her, that holds my heart. 20
But seeing I must lose thy love, which I did choose,
Goe thy way for me, since that may not be.
Goe thy ways for me. But whither?
10 Goe, oh, but where I may come thither.

[What **189**] What shall I doe? my love is now departed. 25
She is as fair, as she is cruel-hearted.
She would not be intreated, with prayers oft repeated.
If she come no more, shall I die therefòre?
15 If she come no more, what care I?
Faith, let her goe, or come, or tarry. 30

IX.

GERNUTUS THE JEW OF VENICE.

In the "LIFE OF POPE SIXTUS V. *translated from*
20 *the Italian of Greg.* LETI, *by the Rev. Mr. Farneworth, folio,*" *is a remarkable passage to the following effect,*

"IT *was reported in Rome, that Drake had taken and "plundered St. Domingo in Hispaniola, and carried off an "immense booty. This account came in a private letter to*
25 *"Paul Secchi, a very considerable merchant in the city, who "had large concerns in those parts, which he had insured. "Upon receiving this news, he sent for the insurer Sampson "Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, "whose interest it was to have such a report thought false,*
30 *"gave many reasons why it could not possibly be true, and "at last worked himself into such a passion, that he said, "I'll lay you a pound of my flesh it is a lye. Secchi, who "was of a fiery hot temper, replied, I'll lay you a thousand "crowns against a pound of your flesh that it is true. The*
35 *"Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately exe-"cuted betwixt them, That if Secchi won, he should himself "cut the flesh with a sharp knife from whatever part of the*

"Jew's body he pleased. The ["truth **190**] *truth of the "account was soon confirmed; and the Jew was almost dis- "tracted, when he was informed, that Secchi had solemnly "sworn he would compel him to an exact performance of his "contract. A report of this transaction was brought to the* 5 *"Pope, who sent for the parties, and being informed of the "whole affair, said, When contracts are made, it is but just "they should be fulfilled, as this shall. Take a knife there- "fore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh from any part you "please of the Jew's body. We advise you, however, to be* 10 *"very careful; for if you cut but a scruple more or less "than your due, you shall certainly be hanged."*

The Editor of that book is of opinion, That the scene between Shylock and Antonio in the Merchant of Venice, *is taken from this incident. But Mr. Warton in his "Ob-* 15 *servations on the Faerie Queen* ‡," *has, with more probability, referred it to the following ballad, which should seem to have taken its rise from some such story. Mr. Warton thinks this ballad was written before Shakespeare's play, as being not so circumstantial, and having more of the naked-* 20 *ness of an original. Besides it differs from the play in many circumstances, which a meer copyist, such as we may suppose the ballad-maker to be, would hardly have given himself the trouble to alter. Indeed he expressly informs us, that he had his story from the Italian writers. See the* 25 Connoisseur. *Vol.* I. *No.* 16.

After all, one would be glad to know what authority Leti† *had for the foregoing fact, or at least for connecting it with the taking of St. Domingo by Drake: for this expedition did not happen till* 1585, *and it is very certain that* 30 *a play of the* Jewe, *"representing the greedinesse of worldly "chusers, and bloody minds of usurers," had been exhibited at the play-house called* the Bull, *before the year* 1579, *being men-* [*tioned* **191**] *tioned in Steph. Gosson's* Schoole of abuse‡, *which was printed in that year.* 35

As for Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice, *the earliest edition known of it is in quarto* 1600; *though it had been exhibited before the year* 1598, *being mentioned together with*

‡ *Vol.* I. *pag.* 128. *&c.* † *He wrote in the time of Charles II.*
‡ *Warton, ubi supra.*

eleven other of his plays in Meres's WITS TREASURY, *&c.* 1598. 12*mo. fol.* 282.

The following is printed from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection†, *intitled,* "*A new Song, shewing*
5 "*the crueltie of* GERNUTUS, *a* JEWE, *who lending to a mer-*
"*chant an hundred crownes, would have a pound of his*
"*fleshe, because he could not pay him at the time appointed.*
"*To the tune of Black and yellow.*"

THE FIRST PART.

10 IN Venice towne not long agoe
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usurie,
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew,
15 Which never thought to dye, 5
Nor never yet did any good
To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a barrow hogge,
That liveth many a day,
20 Yet never once doth any good, 10
Until men will him slay.

[Or 192] Or like a filthy heap of dung,
That lyeth in a whoard;
Which never can do any good, 15
25 Till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with the usurer,
He cannot sleep in rest,
For feare the thiefe will him pursue
To plucke him from his nest. 20

30 His heart doth thinke on many a wile,
How to deceive the poore;
His mouth is almost ful of mucke,
Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shilling, 25
35 For every weeke a penny,

† *Compared with the Ashmole Copy.*

Yet bring a pledge, that is double worth,
If that you will have any.

And see, likewise, you keepe your day,
30 Or else you loose it all:
[This 193] This was the living of the wife, 5
Her cow she did it call.

Within that citie dwelt that time
A marchant of great fame,
35 Which being distressed in his need,
Unto Gernutus came: 10

Desiring him to stand his freind
For twelve month and a day,
To lend to him an hundred crownes:
40 And he for it would pay

Whatsoever he would demand of him, 15
And pledges he should have.
No, (quoth the Jew with flearing lookes)
Sir, aske what you will have.

45 No penny for the loane of it
For one yeare you shall pay; 20
You may doe me as good a turne,
Before my dying day.

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[But 194] But we will have a merry jeast,
50 For to be talked long:
You shall make me a bond, quoth he, 25
That shall be large and strong:

And this shall be the forfeyture;
Of your owne fleshe a pound.

Ver. 32. *Her* COW, *&c. seems to have suggested to Shakespeare* SHYLOCK'S *argument for usury taken from Jacob's management* 30 *of Laban's sheep, Act* I. *to which* ANTONIO *replies,*
"*Was this inserted to make interest good?*
"*Or are your gold and silver* EWES *and rams?*
"SHY. *I cannot tell, I make it* BREED AS FAST."

Ver. 35. *Shakespear has finely improved this, by making the* 35 *merchant's motive for borrowing to be not on account of his own necessities, but for the service of his friend. Which at the same time that it raises his character, becomes conducive to the general plot. See the Connoisseur, ubi supra.*

If you agree, make you the bond, 55
And here is a hundred crownes.

With right good will! the marchant says:
And so the bond was made.
5 When twelve month and a day drew on
That backe it should be payd, 60

The marchants ships were all at sea,
And money came not in;
Which way to take, or what to doe
10 To thinke he doth begin:

And to Gernutus strait he comes 65
With cap and bended knee,
And sayde to him, Of curtesie
I pray you beare with mee.

15 My day is come, and I have not
The money for to pay: 70
And little good the forfeyture
Will doe you, I dare say.

[With **195**] With all my heart, Gernutus sayd,
20 Commaund it to your minde:
In thinges of bigger waight then this 75
You shall me ready finde.

He goes his way; the day once past
Gernutus doth not slacke
25 To get a sergiant presently;
And clapt him on the backe: 80

And layd him into prison strong,
And sued his bond withall;
And when the judgement day was come,
30 For judgement he did call.

The marchants friends came thither fast, 85
With many a weeping eye,
For other means they could not find,
But he that day must dye.

THE SECOND PART.

"Of the Jews crueltie; setting foorth the mercifulnesse of the "Judge towards the Marchant. To the tune of Blacke and yellow."

SOME offered for his hundred crownes
Five hundred for to pay; 5
And some a thousand, two or three,
0 2 Yet still he did denay.

5 [And 196] And at the last ten thousand crownes
They offered, him to save.
Gernutus sayd, I will no gold, 10
My forfeite I will have.

A pound of fleshe is my demand,
10 And that shall be my hire.
Then sayd the judge, Yet good my friend,
Let me of you desire 15

To take the flesh from such a place,
As yet you let him live:
15 Do so, and lo! an hundred crownes
To thee here will I give.

No: no: quoth he, no: judgment here: 20
For this it shall be tride,
For I will have my pound of fleshe
20 From under his right side.

It grieved all the companie
His crueltie to see, 25
For neither friend nor foe could helpe
But he must spoyled bee.

25 The bloudie Jew now ready is
With whetted blade in hand,
To spoyle the bloud of innocent, 30
By forfeit of his bond.

[And 197] And as he was about to strike
30 In him the deadly blow:
Stay (quoth the judge) thy crueltie;
I charge thee to do so. 35

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,
Which is of flesh a pound:

See that thou shed no drop of bloud, 35
  Nor yet the man confound.

For if thou doe, like murderer,
  Thou here shalt hanged be:
5 Likewise of flesh see that thou cut
  No more than longes to thee: 40

For if thou take either more or lesse
  To the value of a mite,
Thou shalt be hanged presently
10 As is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxt franticke mad, 45
  And wotes not what to say;
Quoth he at last, Ten thousand crownes,
  I will that he shall pay;

15 And so I graunt to set him free.
  The judge doth answere make; 50
You shall not have a penny given;
  Your forfeyture now take.

[At 198] At the last he doth demaund
20 But for to have his owne.
No, quoth the judge, doe as you list, 55
  Thy judgement shall be showne.

Either take your pound of flesh, quoth he,
  Or cancell me your bond.
25 O cruell judge, then quoth the Jew,
  That doth against me stand! 60

And so with griping grieved mind
  He biddeth them fare-well.
'Then' all the people prays'd the Lord,
30 That ever this heard tell.

Good people, that doe heare this song, 65
  For trueth I dare well say,
That many a wretch as ill as hee
  Doth live now at this day;

35 That seeketh nothing but the spoyle
  Of many a wealthey man, 70

Ver. 61. griped. ***Ashmol. copy.***

And for to trap the innocent
Deviseth what they can.

From whome the Lord deliver me,
And every Christian too,
75 And send to them like sentence eke 5
That meaneth so to do.

[199] X.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

This beautiful sonnet is quoted in the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, *A.* 3. *sc.* 1. *and is ascribed (together with the* 10 REPLY) *to Shakespeare himself by all the modern editors of his smaller poems. In Lintot's* COLLECTION *of them,* 12*mo* (*no date*) *is a copy of this sonnet containing only four stanzas* (*the 4th. and 6th. being wanting*), *accompanied with the first stanza of the Answer. This edition has some appearance* 15 *of exactnes, and is affirmed to be reprinted from an ancient copy, containing* "THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME, *and* SONNETS "TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSICKE, *by Mr.* WILLIAM SHAKE-"SPEARE. LOND. *printed for* W. JAGGARD. 1599." — *If this may be relied on, then was this sonnet, &c. published, as* 20 *Shakespeare's in his Life time.*

And yet there is good reason to believe that (not Shakespeare, but) CHRISTOPHER MARLOW, *wrote the song, and Sir* WALTER RALEGH (*l.* RALEIGH) *the "Nymph's reply:" For so we are positively assured by Isaac Walton, a writer of some* 25 *credit, who has inserted them both in his* COMPLEAT ANGLER†, *under the character of "that smooth song, which was made "by Kit. Marlow, now at least fifty years ago; and . . . an "Answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in "his younger days. . . . Old-fashioned poetry but choicely* 30 *"good." — It also passed for Marlow's in the opinion of his contemporaries, for the editor of the "Muses Library," has reprinted a poem from* EN- [GLAND'S 200] GLAND'S HELICON, 1600, *subscribed* Ignoto, *and thus intitled, "In Imitation of C. Marlow," beginning thus,* 35

"COME *live with me and be my dear,*
"And we will revel all the year,
"In plains and groves, &c."

† *First printed in the year* 1653, *but probably written some time before.* 40

Upon the whole I am inclined to attribute them to MARLOW *and* RALEIGH; *notwithstanding the authority of Shakespeare's Book of Sonnets. For it is well known that as he took no care of his own compositions, so was he utterly re-*
5 *gardless what spurious things were fathered upon him. Sir* JOHN OLDCASTLE, PERICLES, *and the* LONDON PRODIGAL, *were printed with his name at full length in the title-pages, while he was living, which yet were afterwards rejected by his first editors* HEMINGE *and* CONDELL, *who were his in-*
10 *timate friends*‡, *and therefore no doubt had good authority for setting them aside.*

The following sonnet appears to have been (as it deserved) a great favourite with our earlier poets: for besides the imitation above-mentioned, another is to be found among
15 DONNE'S *poems, intitled "The Bait," beginning thus,*

"COME *live with me, and be my love,*
"*And we will some new pleasures prove*
"*Of golden sands, &c.*"

As for CHR. MARLOW, *who was in high repute for his*
20 *Dramatic writings, he lost his life by a stab received in a brothel, before the year* 1593. *See A. Wood*, I. 138.

LIVE with me, and be my love,
And we wil all the pleasures prove
That hils and vallies, dale and field,
25 And all the craggy mountains yield.

[There 201] There will we sit upon the rocks, 5
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

30 There will I make thee beds of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies, 10
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Imbrodered all with leaves of mirtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
35 Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold, 15
With buckles of the purest gold;

‡ *He mentions them both in his will.*

A belt of straw, and ivie buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
20 Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing 5
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

IF that the World and Love were young, 10
And truth in every shepherd's toung,
[These 202] These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

5 But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold, 15
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
10 To wayward winter reckoning yield:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall, 20
Is fancies spring, but sorrows fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
15 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten. 25

Thy belt of straw, and ivie buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
20 To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed, 30
Had joyes no date, nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

[XI. TITUS 203] XI.

TITUS ANDRONICUS'S COMPLAINT. 35

The reader has here an ancient ballad on the same subject with the play of TITUS ANDRONICUS, *and there is no doubt,*

but the one was borrowed from the other: which of them was the original it is not easy to decide. And yet, if the arguments offered above in p. 190 *for the priority of the ballad of the* JEW OF VENICE *be admitted as conclusive, somewhat of the*
5 *same kind may be urged here; for this ballad differs from the play in several particulars, which a simple Ballad-writer would be less likely to alter than an inventive Tragedian. Thus in the ballad is no mention of the contest for the empire between the two brothers, the composing of which makes the*
10 *ungrateful treatment of* TITUS *afterwards the more flagrant: neither is there any notice taken of his sacrificing one of Tamora's sons, which the tragic poet has assigned as the original cause of all her cruelties. In the play Titus loses twenty-one of his sons in war, and kills another for assisting*
15 *Bassianus to carry off Lavinia: the reader will find it different in the ballad. In the latter she is bethrothed* (*l. betr.*) *to the Emperor's Son: in the play to his Brother. In the tragedy only Two of his sons fall into the pit, and the Third being banished returns to Rome with a victorious army, to avenge*
20 *the wrongs of his house: in the ballad all Three are entrapped and suffer death. In the scene the Emperor kills Titus, and is in return stabbed by Titus's surviving son. Here Titus kills the Emperor, and afterwards himself.* [*Vgl. hiezu* ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS *in Vol.* III. *p.* 335.]
25 [*Let* 204] *Let the Reader weigh these circumstances and some others wherein he will find them unlike, and then pronounce for himself. — After all, there is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakespeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally writ by him, for*
30 *not to mention that the stile is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the Induction to Ben Jonson's* BARTHOLOMEW-FAIR, *in* 1614, *as one that had then been exhibited "five and twenty, or thirty "years:" which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the*
35 *year* 1589, *at which time Shakespeare was but* 25: *an earlier date, than can be found for any other of his pieces* ‡: *and if it does not clear him entirely of it, shews at least it was a first attempt.*

The following is given from a Copy in "The Golden Gar-"land", intitled as above; compared with three others, two of

40 ‡ *The earliest known, is* KING JOHN *in two parts* 1591. *4to. bl. let. This play he afterwards intirely new wrote, as we now have it.*

them in black letter in the Pepys Collection, intitled "The "Lamentable and Tragical History of Titus Andronicus, &c. — "To the tune of Fortune." — Unluckily none of these have any dates.

YOU noble minds, and famous martiall wights, 5
That in defence of native country fights,
Give eare to me, that ten yeeres fought for Rome,
Yet reapt disgrace at my returning home.

5 In Rome I lived in fame fulle threescore yeeres,
My name beloved was of all my peeres; 10
Full five and twenty valiant sonnes I had,
Whose forwarde vertues made their father glad.

[For 205] For when Romes foes their warlike forces [bent,
10 Against them stille my sonnes and I were sent;
Against the Goths full ten yeeres weary warre 15
We spent, receiving many a bloudy scarre.

Just two and twenty of my sonnes were slaine
Before we did returne to Rome againe:
15 Of five and twenty sonnes, I brought but three
Alive, the stately towers of Rome to see. 20

When wars were done, I conquest home did bring,
And did present my prisoners to the king,
The queene of Goths, her sons, and eke a moore,
20 Which did such murders, like was nere before.

The emperour did make this queene his wife, 25
Which bred in Rome debate and deadlie strife,
The moore, with her two sonnes did growe soe proud,
That none like them in Rome might bee allowd.

25 The moore soe pleas'd this new-made empress' eie,
That she consented to him secretly 30
For to abuse her husbands marriage bed,
And soe in time a blackamore she bred.

Then she, whose thoughts to murder were inclinde,
30 Consented with the moore of bloody minde
Against myselfe, my kin, and all my friendes, 35
In cruell sort to bring them to their ends.

[Soe 206] Soe when in age I thought to live in peace,
Both care and griefe began then to increase:

Amongst my sonnes I had one daughter bright, 35
Which joy'd, and pleased best my aged sight:

My deare Lavinia was betrothed than
To Cesars sonne, a young and noble man:
5 Who in a hunting by the emperours wife,
And her two sonnes, bereaved was of life. 40

He being slaine, was cast in cruel wise,
Into a darksome den from light of skies:
The cruell moore did come that way as then
10 With my three sonnes, who fell into the den.

The moore then fetcht the emperour with speed, 45
For to accuse them of that murderous deed;
And when my sonnes within the den were found,
In wrongfull prison they were cast and bound.

15 But nowe, behold! what wounded most my mind,
The empresses two sonnes of savage kind 50
My daughter ravished without remorse,
And tooke away her honour, quite perforce.

When they had tasted of soe sweete a flowre,
20 Fearing this sweete should shortly turne to sowre,
They cutt her tongue, whereby she could not tell 55
How that dishonoure unto her befell.

[Then 207] Then both her hands they basely cutt off [quite
Whereby their wickednesse she could not write,
25 Nor with her needle on her sampler sowe
The bloudye workers of her direfull woe. 60

My brother Marcus found her in the wood,
Staining the grassie ground with purple bloud,
That trickled from her stumpes, and bloudlesse armes:
30 Noe tongue at all she had to tell her harmes.

But when I sawe her in that woefull case, 65
With teares of bloud I wet mine aged face:
For my Lavinia I lamented more,
Then for my two and twenty sonnes before.

35 When as I sawe she could not write nor speake,
With griefe mine aged heart began to breake; 70

We spred an heape of sand upon the ground,
Whereby those bloudy tyrants out we found.

For with a staffe without the helpe of hand,
She writt these wordes upon the plat of sand:
75 "The lustfull sonnes of the proud emperèsse 5
"Are doers of this hateful wickednèsse."

I tore the milk-white hairs from off mine head,
I curst the houre, wherein I first was bred,
I wisht this hand, that fought for countrie's fame,
80 In cradle rockt, had first been stroken lame. 10

[The 208] The moore delighting still in villainy,
Did say, to sett my sonnes from prison free
I should unto the king my right hand give,
And then my three imprisoned sonnes should live.

85 The moore I caus'd to strike it off with speede, 15
Whereat I grieved not to see it bleed,
But for my sonnes would willingly impart,
And for their ransome send my bleeding heart.

But as my life did linger thus in paine,
90 They sent to me my bootlesse hand againe, 20
And therewithal the heades of my three sonnes,
Which filld my dying heart with fresher moanes.

Then past reliefe I upp and downe did goe,
And with my tears writ in the dust my woe:
95 I shot my arrowes‡ towards heaven hie, 25
And for revenge to hell did often crye.

The empresse then, thinking that I was mad,
Like furies she and both her sonnes were clad,
(She nam'd Revenge, and Rape and Murder they)
100 To undermine and heare what I would say. 30

[I fed 209] I fed their foolish veines† a certaine space,
Untill my friendes did find a secrett place,
Where both her sonnes unto a post were bound,
And just revenge in cruell sort was found.

‡ *If the ballad was written before the play, I should suppose* 35
this to be only a metaphorical expression, taken from that in the Psalms, "They shoot out their arrowes, even bitter words." *Ps.* 64. 3.
† *i. e. encouraged them in their foolish humours, or fancies.*

I cut their throates, my daughter held the pan 105
Betwixt her stumpes, wherein the bloud it ran:
And then I ground their bones to powder small,
And made a paste for pyes streight therewithall.

5 Then with their fleshe I made two mighty pyes,
And at a banquet servde in stately wise: 110
Before the empresse set this loathsome meat;
So of her sonnes own flesh she well did eat.

Myselfe bereav'd my daughter then of life,
10 The empresse then I slewe with bloudy knife,
And stabb'd the emperour immediatelie, 115
And then myself: even soe did Titus die.

Then this revenge against the Moore was found
Alive they sett him halfe into the ground,
15 Whereas he stood untill such time he starv'd:
And soe God send all murderers may be serv'd. 120

[XII. TAKE 210] XII. Vol. III. P

TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

The first stanza of this little sonnet, which an eminent
20 *critic‡ justly admires for its extreme sweetness, is found in Shakespeare's* Measure for Measure, *A.* 4. *sc.* 1. *Both the stanzas are preserved in Beaum. and Fletcher's* Bloody Brother, *A.* 5. *sc.* 2. *Sewel and Gildon have printed it among Shakespeare's smaller Poems, but they have done the*
25 *same by twenty other pieces that were never writ by him; their book being a wretched heap of inaccuracies and mistakes. It is not found in Jaggard's old edition of Shakespear's* Sonnets *reprinted by Lintot.*

TAKE, oh take those lips away,
30 That so sweetlye were forsworne;
And those eyes, the breake of day,
Lights, that do misleade the morne:
But my kisses bring againe, 5
Seales of love, but seal'd in vaine.

‡ *Bp. Warb. in his Shakesp.*

Hide, oh hide those hills of snowe,
Which thy frozen bosom beares,
On whose tops the pinkes that growe,
10 Are of those that April wears:
But first set my poor heart free, 5
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

[XIII. KING 211] XIII.

KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

The Reader has here an ancient ballad on the subject of KING LEAR, *which (as a sensible female critic has well ob-* 10 *served* †) *bears so exact an analogy to the argument of Shakespeare's play, that his having copied it could not be doubted, if it were certain, that it was written before the tragedy. Here is found the hint of Lear's madness, which the old chronicles* ‡ *do not mention, as also the extravagant cruelty* 15 *exercised on him by his daughters: In the death of Lear they likewise very exactly coincide. — The misfortune is that there is nothing to assist us in ascertaining the date of the ballad but what little evidence arises from within, this the Reader must weigh and judge for himself. — After all,* 20 *'tis possible that Shakespeare and the author of this ballad might both of them be indebted to a more ancient dramatic Writer. For that an older play of* KING LEIR *had been exhibited before Shakespeare wrote, and is even still extant in print, I am assured upon undoubted authority, tho' I have* 25 *not been so lucky as to obtain a sight of it.*

This ballad is given from an ancient copy in the "Golden Garland" bl. let. intitled, "A lamentable song of the Death "of King Leir, and his three daughters. To the Tune of P 2 *"When flying fame."* 30

[KING 212] KING Leir once ruled in this land,
With princely power and peace,
And had all things with hearts content,
That might his joys increase:

† *Shakespear illustrated, Vol.* 3. *p.* 302.
‡ *See Jeffery of Monmouth, Holingshed, &c. who relate Leir's history in many respects the same as the ballad.*

Amongst those things that nature gave, 5
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

5 So on a time it pleas'd the king
A question thus to move, 10
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could shew the dearest love:
For to my age you bring content,
10 Quoth he, then let me hear
Which of you three in plighted troth, 15
The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began,
Dear father, mind, 'quoth she,
15 Before your face, to do you good,
My blood shall render'd be: 20
And for your sake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I see your reverend age
20 The smallest grief sustain.

[And 213] And so will I, the second said: 25
Dear father, for your sake,
The worst of all extremities
I'll gently undertake;
25 And serve your highness night and day
With diligence and love; 30
That sweet content and quietness (;)
Discomforts may remove.

In doing so, you glad my soul,
30 The aged king reply'd;
But what sayst thou, my youngest girl, 35
How is thy love ally'd?
My love (quoth young Cordelia then)
Which to your grace I owe,
35 Shall be the duty of a child,
And that is all I'll show. 40

And wilt thou shew no more, quoth he,
Than doth thy duty bind?

I well perceive thy love is small,
When as no more I find:
45 Henceforth I banish thee my court,
Thou art no child of mine;
Nor any part of this my realm; 5
P 3 By favour shall be thine.

[Thy **214**] Thy elder sisters loves are more
50 Than well I can demand,
To whom I equally bestow
My kingdome and my land: 10
My pompal state and all my goods,
That lovingly I may
55 With those thy sisters be maintain'd
Until my dying day.

Thus flattering speeches won renown, 15
By these two sisters here:
The third had causeless banishment,
60 Yet was her love more dear:
For poor Cordelia patiently
Went wandring up and down, 20
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,
Through many an English town:

65 Untill at last in famous France
She gentler fortunes found;
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd 25
The fairest on the ground:
Where when the king her virtues heard,
70 And this fair lady seen,
With full consent of all his court
He made his wife and queen. 30

[Her **215**] Her father 'old' king Lear this while
With his two daughters staid,
75 Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
Full soon the same decay'd,
And living in queen Ragan's court, 35
The eldest of the twain,
She took from him his chiefest means,
80 And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
  To wait with bended knee:
She gave allowance but to ten,
  And after scarce to three:
5 Nay, one she thought too much for him, 85
  So took she all away,
In hope that in her court, good king,
  He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
10 In giving all I have 90
Unto my children, and to beg
  For what I lately gave?
I'll go unto my Gonorell;
  My second child, I know,
15 Will be more kind and pitiful, 95
  And will relieve my woe.

[Full 216] Full fast he hies then to her court;
  Where when she heard his moan
Return'd him answer, That she griev'd,
20 That all his means were gone: 100
But no way could relieve his wants;
  Yet if that he would stay
Within her kitchen, he should have
  What scullions gave away.

25 When he had heard with bitter tears, 105
  He made his answer then;
In what I did let me be made
  Example to all men.
I will return again, quoth he,
30 Unto my Ragan's court; 110
She will not use me thus, I hope,
  But in a kinder sort.

Where when he came, she gave command
  To drive him thence away:
35 When he was well within her court 115
  (She said) he would not stay.
Then back again to Gonorell
  The woeful king did hie,

That in her kitchen he might have
120 What scullion boys set by.

[But 217] But there of that he was deny'd,
Which she had promis'd late:
For once refusing, he should not 5
Come after to her gate.
125 Thus twixt his daughters, for relief
He wandred up and down;
Being glad to feed on beggars food,
That lately wore a crown. 10

And calling to remembrance then
130 His youngest daughters words,
That said the duty of a child
Was all that love affords:
But doubting to repair to her, 15
Whom he had banish'd so,
135 Grew frantick mad; for in his mind
He bore the wounds of woe:

Which made him rend his milk-white locks,
And tresses from his head, 20
And all with blood bestain his cheeks,
140 With age and honour spread:
To hills and woods and watry founts,
He made his hourly moan,
Till hills and woods, and sensless things, 25
Did seem to sigh and groan.

145 [Even 218] Even thus possest with discontents,
He passed o're to France,
In hopes from fair Cordelia there,
To find some gentler chance. 30
Most virtuous dame! which when she heard
150 Of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, she quickly sent
Him comfort and relief:

And by a train of noble peers, 35
In brave and gallant sort,
155 She gave in charge he should be brought
To Aganippus' court;

Whose royal king, with noble mind
So freely gave consent,
To muster up his knights at arms,
To fame and courage bent. 160

5 And so to England came with speed,
To repossesse king Leir,
And drive his daughters from their thrones
By his Cordelia dear:
Where she, true-hearted noble queen, 165
10 Was in the battel slain:
Yet he good king, in his old days,
Possest his crown again.

[But 219] But when he heard Cordelia's death,
Who died indeed for love 170
15 Of her dear father, in whose cause
She did this battle move;
He swooning fell upon her breast,
From whence he never parted:
But on her bosom left his life, 175
20 That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they saw
The end of these events,
The other sisters unto death
They doomed by consents: 180
25 And being dead, their crowns they left
Unto the next of kin:
Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
And disobedient sin.

XIV.

30 ## YOUTH AND AGE,

— is found in the little collection of Shakespeare's Sonnets, intitled the PASSIONATE PILGRIME ‡, *the greatest part of which seem to relate to the amours of Venus and* [*Adonis,* 220] *Adonis, being little effusions of fancy, probably written,* 35 *while he was composing his larger Poem on that subject.*

‡ *See above, page* 199.

The following seems intended for the mouth of Venus, weighing the comparative merits of youthful Adonis and aged Vulcan. In the "Garland of good will," it is reprinted, with the additon (l. addition) of IV. more such stanzas, but evidently written by a meaner pen. 5

CRABBED Age and Youth
  Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance,
  Age is full of care:
5 Youth like summer morn, 10
  Age like winter weather,
Youth like summer brave,
  Age like winter bare:
Youth is full of sport,
10 Ages breath is short; 15
  Youth is nimble, Age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
  Youth is wild, and Age is tame.
15 Age, I do abhor thee, 20
Youth, I do adore thee,
  O, my love, my love is young:
Age, I do defie thee;
Oh sweet shepheard, hie thee,
20 For methinks thou stays (*l.* stayst) too long. 25

[XV. THE **221**] XV.

THE FROLICKSOME DUKE, OR THE TINKER'S GOOD FORTUNE.

The following ballad is upon the same subject, with the INDUCTION *to Shakespeare's* TAMING OF THE SHREW: *whether* 30 *it may be thought to have suggested the hint to the Dramatic poet, or is not rather of later date, the reader must determine.*

The story is told‡ of PHILIP *the* GOOD, *Duke of Burgundy; and is thus related by an old English writer.* "*The* 35

‡ *By Ludov. Vives in Epist. & Pont. Heut. Rerum Burgund. lib.* 4.

"said Duke, at the marriage of Eleonora, sister to the king "of Portugall at Bruges in Flanders, which was solemnised "in the deepe of winter, when as by reason of unseasonable "weather he could neither hawke nor hunt, and was now 5 *"tired with cards, dice, &c. and such other domestick sports, "or to see ladies dance; with some of his courtiers, he "would in the evening walke disguised all about the towne. "It so fortuned, as he was (was) walking late one night, he found "a countrey fellow dead drunke, snorting on a bulke; he* 10 *"caused his followers to bring him to his palace, and there "stripping him of his old clothes, and attyring him after the "court fashion, when he wakened, he and they were all ready "to attend upon his excellency, and persuade him that he "was some great Duke. The poor fellow admiring how he* 15 *"came there, was served in state all day long: after supper "he saw them dance, heard musicke, and* [*"all* 222] *all the "rest of those court-like pleasures: but late at night, when "he was well tipled, and again fast asleepe, they put on his "old robes, and so conveyed him to the place, where they* 20 *"first found him. Now the fellow had not made them so "good sport the day before, as he did now, when he returned "to himselfe: all the jest was to see how he looked upon "it. In conclusion, after some little admiration, the poore "man told his friends he had seen a vision; constantly be-* 25 *"leeved it; would not otherwise be persuaded, and so the "jest ended." Burton's Anatomy of melancholy. Pt.* 2. *sect.* 2. *Memb.* 4. 2*d. Ed.* 1624. *fol.*

This ballad is given from a black letter in the Pepys Collection, which is intitled as above, "To the tune of (,) 30 *Fond boy."*

NOW as fame does report, a young duke keeps a court,
One that pleases his fancy with frolicksome sport:
But amongst all the rest, here is one I protest,
Which will make you to smile when you hear the true jest:
35 A poor tinker he found, lying drunk on the ground, 5
As secure in a sleep as if laid in a swound.

The duke said to his men, William, Richard, and Ben,
Take him home to my palacee, we'll sport with him then.
O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd

10 To the palace, altho' he was poorly arrai'd:
Then they stript off his cloaths, both his shirt, shoes and hose,
And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over durt, 5
They did give him clean holland, this was no great hurt:
15 [On 223] On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,
They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his crown:
In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,
For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and gay. 10

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of state,
20 Till at last knights and squires they on him did wait:
And the chamberling bare, then did likewise declare,
He desir'd to know what apparel he'd ware:
The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd, 15
And admired how he to this honour was rais'd.

25 Tho' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a rich suit,
Which he straitways put on without longer dispute;
With a star on his side, which the tinker offt ey'd,
And it seem'd for to swell him 'no' little with pride; 20
For he said to himself, Where is Joan my sweet wife?
30 Sure she never did see me so fine in her life.

From a convenient place, the right duke his good grace,
Did observe his behaviour in every case.
To a garden of state, on the tinker they wait, 25
Trumpets sounding before him: thought he this is great:
35 Where an hour or two, pleasant walks he did view,
With commanders and squires in scarlet and blew.

A fine dinner was drest, both for him and his guests,
3 He was plac'd at the table above all the rest, 35
[In 224] In a rich chair 'or bed,' lin'd with fine crimson red,
40 With a rich golden canopy over his head:
As he sat at his meat, the musick play'd sweet,
With the choicest of singing his joys to compleat.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine, 35
Rich canary with sherry and tent superfine.
45 Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl,
Till at last he began for to tumble and roul

From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did snore,
Being seven times drunker then ever before.

Then the duke did ordain, they should strip him amain,
And restore him his old leather garments again: 50
5 'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it they must,
And they carry'd him strait where they found him at first;
Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might,
But when he did waken his joys took their flight.

For his glory 'to him' so pleasant did seem, 55
10 That he thought it to be but a meer golden dream;
Till at length being brought to the duke, where he sought
For a pardon as fearing he had set him at nought;
But his highness he said, Thou'rt a jolly bold blade,
Such a frolick before I think never was plaid. 60

15 Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloak,
Which he gave for the sake of this frolicksome joak;
[Nay,225] Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of ground,
Thou shalt never, said he, range the counteries round,
Crying old brass to mend, for I'll be thy good friend, 65
20 Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my duchess attend.

Then the tinker reply'd, What! must Joan my sweet bride
Be a lady in chariots of pleasure to ride?
Must we have gold and land e'ry (*l.* ev'ry) day at command?
Then I shall be a squire I well understand: 70
25 Well I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace,
I was never before in so happy a case.

XVI.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

Dispersed thro' Shakespeare's plays are innumerable little
30 *fragments of ancient ballads, the intire copies of which, could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor was tempted to select some of them, and with a few supplemental stanzas to connect them together and form them into a little* TALE,
35 *which is here submitted to the Reader's candour.*

One small fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher. VOL. III.

[IT 226] IT was a friar of orders gray,
Walkt forth to tell his beades;
And he met with a lady faire,
Clad in a pilgrime's weedes.

5 Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar, 5
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see.

And how should I know your true love,
10 From many another one? 10
O by his cockle hat, and staff,
And by his sandal shoone‡.

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
15 His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd, 15
And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turfe,
20 And at his heels a stone. 20

[Within 227] Within these holy cloysters long
He languisht, and he dyed,
Lamenting of a ladyes love,
And 'playning of her pride.
25 Here bore him barefac'd on his bier 25
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!
30 And art thou dead and gone! 30
And didst thou dye for love of me!
Break, cruel heart of stone!

O weep not, lady, weep not soe;
Some ghostly comfort seek:

‡ *These are the distinguishing marks of a pilgrim. The chief places of devotion being beyond sea, the pilgrims were wont to put cockle shells in their hats to denote the intention or performance of their pilgrimage. Warb. Shakesp. Vol.* 8. *p.* 224.

Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart, 35
Ne teares bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth,
That e'er wan ladyes love. 40

And nowe, alas! for thy sad losse,
I'll evermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wisht to live,
For thee I wish to dye.

[Weep 228] Weep no more, lady, weep no more, 45
Thy sorrowe is in vaine:
For, violets pluckt the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow againe.

Our joys as winged dreams doe flye,
Why then should sorrow last? 50
Since grief but aggravates thy losse,
Grieve not for what is past.

O say not soe, thou holy friar;
I pray thee, say not soe:
For since my true-love dyed for mee, 55
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he ne'er come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain. 60

His cheek was redder than the rose,
The comliest youth was he: —
But he is dead and laid in his grave:
Alas, and woe is me!

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more, 65
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

[Hadst 229] Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy; 70
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy.

Now say not so, thou holy friar,
  I pray thee say not soe:
75 My love he had the truest heart:
  O he was ever true!

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth, 5
  And didst thou dye for mee?
Then farewell home; for, ever-more
80 A pilgrim I will bee.

But first upon my true-loves grave
  My weary limbs I'll lay, 10
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf,
  That wraps his breathless clay.

85 Yet stay, fair lady; rest awhile
  Beneath this cloyster wall:
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind, 15
  And drizzly rain doth fall.

O stay me not, thou holy friar;
90 O stay me not I pray:
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Q 3 Can wash my fault away. 20

[Yet **230**] Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
  And dry those pearly tears;
95 For see beneath this gown of gray
  Thy owne true-love appears.

Here forc'd by grief, and hopeless love, 25
  These holy weeds I sought;
And here amid these lonely walls
100 To end my days I thought.

But haply for my year of grace‡
  Is not yet past away, 30
Might I still hope to win thy love,
  No longer would I stay.

105 Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
  Once more unto my heart:
For since I have found thee, lovely youth, 35
  We never more will part.

‡ *The year of probation, or noviciate.*

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

Kupferstich: Kampfszene in waldiger Gebirgsgegend (wohl Chevychace), im Vordergrunde zwei Ritter zu Pferd, deren einer (Douglas) von einem Pfeil getroffen zu Boden stürzt.

Ancient
SONGS AND BALLADS,
&c.

SERIES THE FIRST.
5 BOOK III.

I.

THE MORE MODERN BALLAD OF CHEVY CHACE.

At the beginning of this volume we gave the old original
10 *Song of* CHEVY-CHACE. *The reader has here the more im-*
proved edition of that fine Heroic ballad. It will afford Q 4
[*an* 232] *an agreeable entertainment to the curious to compare*
them together, and to see how far the latter bard has excelled
his predecessor, and where he has fallen short of him. For
15 *tho' he has every where improved the versification, and ge-*
nerally the sentiment and diction: yet some few passages
retain more dignity in the ancient copy; at least the obso-
leteness of the stile serves as a veil to hide whatever might
appear too familiar or vulgar in them. Thus, for instance,
20 *the catastrophe of the gallant Witherington is in the modern*
copy exprest in terms which never fail at present to excite
ridicule: whereas in the original it is related in a plain
and pathetic simplicity, that is liable to no such unlucky effect:
See the stanza in pag. 14. *which in modern orthography, &c.*
25 *would run thus,*

"For Witherington my heart is woe,
"That ever he slain should be:
"For when his legs were hewn in two,
"He knelt and fought upon his knee."

So again the stanza which describes the fall of Montgomery 5
is somewhat more elevated in the ancient copy,

"The dint it was both sad and sore,
"He on Montgomery set:
"The swan-feathers his arrow bore
"With his hearts blood were wet." p. 13. 10

We might also add, that the circumstances of the battle are more clearly conceived, and the several incidents more distinctly marked in the old original, than in the improved copy. It is well known that the ancient English weapon was the long bow, and that this nation excelled all others in 15 *archery; while the Scottish warriours chiefly depended on the use of the spear: this characteristic difference never escapes our ancient bard, whose description of the first onset,* (*p.* 9.) *is to the following effect.*

[*"The* **233**] *"The proposal of the two gallant earls to* 20 *determine the dispute by single combat being over-ruled: the English, says he, who stood with their bows ready bent, gave a general discharge of their arrows, which slew seven score spearmen of the enemy: but notwithstanding so severe a loss, Douglas like a brave captain kept his ground. He had di-* 25 *vided his forces into three columns, who as soon as the English had discharged the first volley, bore down upon them with their spears, and breaking through their ranks reduced them to close fighting. The archers upon this dropt their bows and had recourse to their swords, and there followed so sharp* 30 *a conflict, that multitudes on both sides lost their lives." In the midst of this general engagement, at length the two great earls meet, and after a spirited rencounter agree to breathe; upon which a parley ensues, that would do honour to Homer himself.* 35

Nothing can be more pleasingly distinct and circumstantial than this: whereas the modern copy, tho' in general it has great merit, is here unluckily both confused and obscure. Indeed the original words seem here to have been totally misunderstood. "Yet bydys the yerl Douglas upon the BENT,*"* 40 *evidently signifies, "yet the earl Douglas abides in the* FIELD*:"*

Whereas the more modern bard seems to have understood by BENT, *the inclination of his mind, aud (l. and) accordingly runs quite off from the subject,*

> *"To drive the deer with hound and horn*
> *"Earl Douglas had the bent."* v. 109.

One may also observe a generous impartiality in the old original bard, when in the conclusion of his tale he represents both nations as quitting the field without any reproachful reflection on either: tho' he gives to his own countrymen the credit of being the smaller number.

> *"Of fifteen hundred archers of England*
> *"Went away but fifty and three,*
> *"Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland,*
> *"But even five and fifty."* p. 14.

[*He* **234**] *He attributes* FLIGHT *to neither party, as hath been done in the modern copies of this ballad, as well Scotch as English. For, to be even with our latter bard, who makes the Scots to* FLEE; *some reviser of North Britain has turned his own arms against him, and printed an Edition at Glasgow, in which the lines are thus transposed,*

> *"Of fifteen hundred Scottish spears*
> *"Went hame but fifty three:*
> *"Of twenty hundred Englishmen*
> *"Scarce fifty five did flee."*

And to countenance this change he has suppressed the two stanzas between ver. 241. *and ver.* 249. — *From this Edition I have reformed the Scottish names in pag.* 244. *which in the modern English ballad appeared to be corrupted.*

When I call the present admired ballad modern, I only mean thas it is comparatively so, for that it could not be writ much later than the time of Q. Elizabeth, I think may be made appear, nor yet does it seem to be older than the latter end of her reign. Sir Philip Sidney when he complains of the antiquated phrase of CHEVY CHACE, *could never have seen this improved copy, the language of which is not more ancient than that he himself used. It is probable that the encomiums of so admired a writer excited some bard to revise the ballad, and to free it from those faults he had objected to it. That it could not be much later than that time appears from the phrase* DOLEFUL DUMPS: *which in that age carried no ill sound with it, but to the next generation be-*

came ridiculous. We have seen it pass uncensured in a sonnet that was at that time in request, and where it could not fail to have been taken notice of, had it been in the least exceptionable: see above p. 164, 5: Yet in about half a century after, it was become burlesque. See Hudibras, Pt. I. 5
c. 3. v. 95.

THIS *much premised, the reader that would see the general beauties of this ballad set in a just and striking light may consult the excellent criticism of Mr. Addison*†. *With regard to [its 235] its subject: it has already been considered in* 10
page 3d. The conjectures there offered will receive confirmation from a passage in the Memoirs of Cary Earl of Monmouth, 8vo. 1759. p. 165. Whence we learn that it was an ancient custom with he borderers of the two kingdoms when they were at peace, to send to the Lord Wardens of the 15
opposite Marches for leave to hunt within their districts. If leave was granted, then towards the end of summer they would come and hunt for several days together "with their GREY-HOUNDS FOR DEER:" *but if they took this liberty unpermitted, then the Lord Warden of the border so invaded,* 20
would not fail to interrupt their sport and chastise their boldness. He mentions a remarkable instance that happened while he was Warden, when some Scots Gentlemen coming to hunt in defiance of him, there must have ensued such an action as this of Chevy Chace, if the intruders had been pro- 25
portionably numerous and well-armed; for upon their being attacked by his men at arms, he tells us, "some hurt was "done, tho' he had given especiall order that they should "shed as little blood as possible." They were in effect overpowered and taken prisoners, and only released on their 30
promise to abstain from such licentious sporting for the future.

The following text is given from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. compared with two or three others printed in black letter. — In the second volume of Dryden's Miscellanies may 35
be found a translation of Chevy Chace into Latin Rhymes. The translator, Mr. Henry Bold of New College, undertook it at the command of Dr. Compton, bishop of London; who thought it no derogation to his episcopal dignity, to avow a

† *In the Spectator. No.* 70. 74. 40

fondness for this excellent old ballad. See the preface to Bold's Latin Songs, 1685. *8vo.*

GOD prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safetyes all;
5 A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chace befall;

[To **236**] To drive the deere with hound and horne, 5
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborne,
10 The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make, 10
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summers days to take;

15 The cheefest harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and beare away.
These tydings to Earl Douglas came, 15
In Scotland where he lay:

Who sent Earl Percy present word,
20 He wold prevent his sport.
The English earl not fearing this,
Did to the woods resort; 20

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold,
All chosen men of might,
25 Who knew full well in time of neede,
To aime their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran, 25
To chase the fallow-deere:
On Monday they began to hunt,
30 Ere day-light did appeare;

[And **237**] And long before high noone they had
An hundred fat buckes slaine; 30
Then having din'd, the drovers went
To rouze them up againe.

35 The bow-men mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;

35 Theire backsides all, with speciall care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deere to take,
And with their cryes the hills and dales 5
40 An eccho shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the tender deere;
Quoth he, Earl Douglas promised
This day to meete me heere: 10

45 But if I thought he would not come,
No longer wold I stay.
With that, a brave younge gentleman
Thus to the earle did say;

Loe yonder doth Earl Douglas come, 15
50 His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speares
All marching in our sight;

[All 238] All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweede: 20
55 Then cease your sport, Earl Percy said,
And take your bowes with speede:

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet, 25
60 In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horsebacke come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a speare. 30

65 Earl Douglas on a milke-white steede
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold:

Show me, sayd he, whose men you bee, 35
70 That hunt soe boldly heere,

That, without my consent, doe chase
And kill my fallow-deere?

The man that first did answer make,
Was noble Percy hee;
5 Who sayd, We list not to declare, 75
Nor shew whose men wee bee:

[Yet **239**] Yet will wee spend our deerest blood,
Thy cheefest harts to slay.
Then Douglas swore a solemne oathe,
10 And thus in rage did say, 80

Ere thus I will out-braved bee,
One of us two shall dye:
I know thee well, an earl thou art;
Lord Percy soe am I.

15 But trust me, Percy, pittye it were, 85
And great offence to kill
Any of these our harmlesse men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battell trye,
20 And set our men aside. 90
Accurs'd bee hee, Lord Percy sayd,
By whome this is denyed.

Then stept a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
25 Who said, I wold not have it told 95
To Henry our king for shame,

That e'er my captaine fought on foote,
And I stood looking on.
You bee two earls, sayd Witherington,
30 And I a squire alone: 100 s

[Ile **240**] Ile doe the best that doe I may,
While I have power to stand:
While I have pow'r to weeld my sword. (*l.* ,)
Ile fight with heart and hand.

35 Our English archers bent their bowes, 105
Their hearts were good and trew;

At the first flight of arrowes sent,
  Full threescore Scots they slew.

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
110 Earl Douglas had the bent;
Two captaines mov'd with mickle pride, 5
  Their speares to shivers went.

They clos'd full fast on everye side,
  Noe slacknes there was found;
115 And many a gallant gentleman
  Lay gasping on the ground. 10

O Christ! it was a griefe to see,
  And likewise for to heare,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
120 And scatter'd here and there.

At last these two stout earles did meet, 15
  Like captaines of great might;
Like lyons wood, they layd on load,
  And made a cruell fight:

125 [They 241] They fought untill they both did sweat,
  With swords of temper'd steele; 20
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
  They trickling downe did feele.

Yeeld thee, Lord Percy, Douglas sayd;
130 In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced bee 25
  By James our Scottish king:

Thy ransome I will freely give,
  And thus report of thee,
135 Thou art the most couragious knight,
  That ever I did see. 30

Noe, Douglas, quoth Earl Percy then,
  Thy proffer I doe scorne;
I will not yeelde to any Scott,
140 That ever yet was borne.

With that, there came an arrow keene 35
  Out of an English bow,

Which strucke Earl Douglas to the heart,
  A deepe and deadlye blow:

Who never spoke more words then these, 145
  Fight on, my merry men all;
5 For why, my life is at an end;
  Lord Percy sees my fall. Vol. III. B

[Then 242] Then leaving life, Earl Percy tooke
  The dead man by the hand; 150
And said, Earl Douglas, for thy life
10 Wold I had lost my land.

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed,
  With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure, a more renowned knight 155
  Mischance did never take.

15 A knight amongst the Scotts there was,
  Which saw Earl Douglas dye,
Who streight in wrath did vow revenge
  Upon the Lord Percy: 160

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call'd,
20 Who, with a speare most bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant steed,
  Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all, 165
  Without all dread or feare;
25 And thro' Earl Percy's body then
  He thrust his hatefull speare;

With such a vehement force and might
  He did his body gore, 170
The speare went through the other side
30 A large cloth-yard, and more.

[So 243] So thus did both these nobles dye,
  Whose courage none cold staine:
An English archer then perceiv'd 175
  The noble earl was slaine;

35 He had a bow bent in his hand,
  Made of a trusty tree;

An arrow of a cloth-yard long
180 Up to the head drew hee:

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery,
So right the shaft he sett,
The grey goose-wing that was thereon, 5
In his hearts blood was wett.

185 This fight did last from breake of day,
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battel scarce was done. 10

With brave Earl Percy, there was slaine,
190 Sir John of Ogerton*,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James that bold baròn:

And with Sir George and stout Sir James, 15
Both knights of good account,
195 Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slaine,
B 2 Whose prowesse did surmount.

[For **244**] For Witherington needs must I wayle,
As one in doleful dumpes*; 20
For when his leggs were smitten off,
200 He fought upon his stumpes.

And with Earl Douglas, there was slaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomery;
Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld 25
One foote would never flee.

205 Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too,
His sisters sonne was hee;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet saved cold not be. 30

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
210 Did with Earl Douglas dye:
Of twenty hundred Scottish speres,
Scarce fifty-five did flye.

* *The names here seem to be corrupted from the old Copy.* [*Vgl. hiezu* ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS *in Vol.* III. *p.* 334.] 35

* *i. e. "I, as one in deep concern, must lament." The construction here has generally been misunderstood.*

Of fifteen hundred English men,
  Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slaine in Chevy-Chase, 215
  Under the green woode tree.

5 Next day did many widowes come,
  Their husbands to bewayle;
[They 245] They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
  But all wold not prevayle. 220

Their bodyes, bath'd in purple gore,
10 They bare with them away;
They kist them dead a thousand times,
  When they were cladd in clay.

This newes was brought to Edenborrow, 225
  Where Scotlands king did rayne,
15 That brave Earl Douglas suddenlye
  Was with an arrow slaine:

O heavy newes, King James did say,
  Scotland can witnesse bee, 230
I have not any captaine more
20 Of such account as hee.

Like tydings to King Henry came,
  Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland 235
  Was slaine in Chevy-Chase:

25 Now God be with him, said our king,
  Sith it will no better bee;
I trust I have, within my realme,
  Five hundred as good as hee: 240

Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say,
30 But I will vengeance take, B 3
[I'll 246] I'll be revenged on them all,
  For brave Earl Percy's sake.

This vow full well the king perform'd 245
  After, on Humbledowne;
35 In one day, fifty knights were slayne,
  With lords of great renowne:

And of the rest, of small account,
250 Did many thousands dye:
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless this land 5
In plentye, joy, and peace;
255 And grant henceforth, that foule debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

II.

DEATH's FINAL CONQUEST. 10

These fine moral stanzas were originally intended for a solemn funeral song in a play of James Shirley's, intitled "The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses:" no date, 8vo. — Shirley flourished as a Dramatic writer early in the reign of Charles I: but he outlived the Restoration. His death hap- 15 *pened Oct.* 29. 1666. *Æt.* 72.

[*This* 247] *This little poem was written long after many of those that follow, but is inserted here as a kind of Dirge to the foregoing piece.*

THE glories of our blood and state 20
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
5 Scepter and crown
Must tumble down, 25
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
10 And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield 30
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
15 And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they pale captives creep to death. 35

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds,

Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds: 20
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
5 Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust. B 4

[III. THE 248] III.

THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

The subject of this ballad is the great Northern In-
10 *surrection in the* 12*th year of Elizabeth,* 1569; *which proved so fatal to Thomas Percy the seventh earl of Northumberland.*

There had not long before been a secret negotiation entered into between some of the Scottish and English nobility, to bring about a marriage between Mary Q. of Scots, at that
15 *time a prisoner in England, and the Duke of Norfolk, a nobleman of excellent character, and firmly attached to the protestant religion. This match was proposed to all the most considerable of the English nobility, and among the rest to the Earls of Northumberland and Westmorland, two noblemen*
20 *very powerful in the North. As it seemed to promise a speedy and safe conclusion of the troubles in Scotland, with many advantages to the crown of England, they all readily consented to it, provided it should prove agreeable to Q. Elizabeth. The Earl of Leicester (Elizabeth's favourite)*
25 *undertook to break the matter to her, but before he could find an opportunity, the affair had come to her ears by other hands, and she was thrown into a violent flame. The Duke of Norfolk, with several of his friends, was committed to the tower, and summons were sent to the Northern Earls in-*
30 *stantly to make their appearance at court. It is said that the Earl of Northumberland, who was a man of a mild and gentle nature, was deliberating with himself whether he should not obey the message, and rely upon the queen's candour and clemency, when he was forced into desperate measures by a*
35 *sudden report at midnight, Nov.* 14, *that a party of his enemies were come to seize on his person* †. *The Earl was* [*then* 249] *then at his house at Topcliffe in Yorkshire. When rising hastily out of bed, he withdrew to the Earl of West-*

† *This circumstance is over-looked in the ballad.*

morcland, at Brancepeth, where the country came in to them and pressed them to take arms in their own defence. They accordingly set up their standards, declaring their intent was to restore the ancient religion, to remove evil counsellers from the queen, and cause justice to be done to the D. of Norfolk, 5 *and other lords in prison. Their common banner* ‡ *(on which was displayed the cross, together with the five wounds of Christ) was borne by an ancient gentleman, Richard Norton, Esq. of Norton-conyers: who with his sons (among whom, Christopher, Marmaduke and Thomas, are expressly named* 10 *by Camden) distinguished himself on this occasion. Having entered Durham and caused mass to be said there, they marched on to Clifford-moor near Wetherbye, where they mustered their men. Their intention was to have marched to York, but altering their minds they fell upon Barnards castle, which* 15 *Sir George Bowes held out against them for eleven days. The two earls, who spent their large estates in hospitality, and were extremely beloved on that account, were masters of little ready money; the E. of Northumberland bringing with him only* 8000 *crowns, and the E. of Westmoreland nothing* 20 *at all for the subsistence of their forces, they were not able to march to London, as they had at first intended. In these circumstances, Westmoreland began so visibly to despond that many of his men slunk away, tho' Northumberland still kept up his resolution, and was master of the field till December* 13. 25 *when the Earl of Sussex, accompanied with Lord Hunsden and others, having marched out of York at the head of a large body of forces, and being followed by a still larger army under the command of Ambrose Dudley Earl of Warwick, the insurgents retreated northwards, towards the borders,* 30 *and there dismissing their followers, made their escape into Scotland. Tho' this in-* [*surrection* **250**] *surrection had been suppressed with so little bloodshed, the Earl of Sussex and Sir George Bowes, marshall of the army, put vast numbers to death by martial law, without any regular tryal. The* 35 *former of these caused at Durham sixty three constables to be hanged at once. And the latter made his boast that for sixty miles in length and forty in breadth, betwixt Newcastle and*

‡ *Besides this, the ballad mentions the separate banners of the two noblemen.* 40

Wetherby, there was hardly a town or village wherein he had not executed some of the inhabitants. This exceeds the cruelties practised in the West after Monmouth's rebellion: but that was not the age of tenderness and humanity.

5 *Such is the account collected from Stow, Speed, Camden, Carte and Rapin; it agrees in most particulars with the following ballad, which was apparently the production of some northern minstrel, who was well affected to the two noblemen. It is here printed from two MS copies, one of them in the*
10 *editor's folio collection. They contained considerable variations, out of which such readings were chosen as seemed most poetical and consonant to history.*

LISTEN, lively lordings all,
Lithe and listen unto mee,
15 And I will sing of a noble earle,
The noblest earle in the north countrìe.

Earle Percy is into his garden gone, 5
And after him walkes his faire ladìe:‡
I heare a bird sing in mine eare,
20 That I must either fight, or flee.

[Now **251**] Now heaven forefend, my dearest lord,
That e'er such harm should hap to thee: 10
But goe to London to the court,
And fair fall truth and honestìe.

25 Now nay, now nay, my ladye gay,
Alas! thy counsell suits not mee;
Mine enemies prevail so fast, 15
That at the court I may not bee.

O goe to the court yet, good my lord,
30 And take thy gallant men with thee:
If any dare to doe you wrong,
Then your warrant they may bee. 20

Now nay, now nay, thou lady faire,
The court is full of subtiltìe;

35 ‡ *This lady was Anne daughter of Henry Somerset E. of Worcester.*

And if I goe to the court, lady,
Never more I may thee see.

25 Yet goe to the court, my lord, she sayes,
And I myselfe will goe wi' thee:
At court then for my dearest lord, 5
His faithfull borrowe I will bee.

Now nay, now nay, my lady deare;
30 Far lever had I lose my life,
Than leave among my cruell foes
4 My love in jeopardy and strife. 10

[But 252] But come thou hither, my little foot-pàge,
Come thou hither unto mee,
35 To maister Norton thou must goe
In all the haste that ever may bee.

Commend me to that gentlemàn, 15
And beare this letter here fro mee;
And say that earnestly I praye,
40 He will ryde in my companìe.

One while the little footpage went,
And another while he ran; 20
Untill he came to his journeys end,
The little footpage never blan.

45 When to that gentleman he came,
Down he knelt upon his knee;
Quoth he, My lord commendeth him, 25
And sends this letter unto thee.

And when the letter it was redd
50 Affore that goodlye companye,
I wis, if you the truthe wold know,
There was many a weeping eye. 30

He sayd, Come thither, Christopher Norton,
A gallant youth thou seemst to bee;
55 What doest thou counsell me, my sonne,
Now that good earle's in jeopardy?

[Father, 253] Father, my counselle's fair and free; 35
That earle he is a noble lord,

And whatsoever to him you hight,
  I wold not have you breake your word. 60

Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne,
  Thy counsell well it liketh mee,
5 And if we speed and scape with life,
  Well advanced thou shalt bee.

Come you hither, my nine good sonnes, 65
  Gallant men I trowe you bee:
How many of you, my children deare,
10 Will stand by that good earle and mee?

Eight of them did answer make,
  Eight of them spake hastilie, 70
O father, till the daye we dye
  We'll stand by that good earle and thee.

15 Gramercy now, my children deare,
  You showe yourselves right bold and brave;
And whethersoe'er I live or dye, 75
  A fathers blessing you shal have.

But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton,
20 Thou art mine eldest sonn and heire:
Somewhat lyes brooding in thy breast,
  Whatever it bee, to me declare. 80

[Father, **254**] Father, you are an aged man,
  Your head is white, your bearde is gray,
25 It were a shame at these your yeares
  For you to ryse in such a fray.

Now fye upon thee, coward Francis, 85
  Thou never learnedst this of mee:
When thou wert yong and tender of age,
30 Why did I make soe much of thee?

But, father, I will wend with you,
  Unarm'd and naked will I bee, 90
And he that strikes against the crowne,
  Ever an ill death may he dee.

35 Then rose that reverend gentleman,
  And with him came a goodlye band

95 To join with the brave Earl Percy,
And all the flower o' Northumberland.

With them the noble Nevill came,
The earle of Westmorland was hee:
At Wetherbye they mustred their host, 5
100 Thirteen thousand faire to see.

Lord Westmorland his ancyent raisde,
The dun bull he rays'd on hye,
And dogs with golden collars brave
Were there sett out most royallye. 10

105 [Earle 255] Earl Percy there his ancyent spred,
The halfe moone shining all soe faire:
The Nortons ancyent had the crosse,
And the five wounds our Lord did beare.

Then Sir George Bowes he straitwaye rose, 15
110 After them some spoyle to make:
Those noble earles turn'd backe againe,
And aye they vowed that knight to take.

That baron he to his castle fled,
To Barnard castle then fled hee. 20
115 The uttermost walles were eathe to win,
The earles have wonne them presentlie.

The uttermost walles were lime and bricke;
But thoughe they won them soon anone,
Long e'er they wan the innermost walles, 25
120 For they were cut in rocke of stone.

Then newes unto leeve London came
In all the speede that ever may bee,
And word is brought to our royall queene
Of the rysing in the North countrie. 30

125 Her grace she turned her round about,
And like a royall queene she swore,‡
I will ordayne them such a breakfast,
As never was in the North before.

‡ *This is quite in character: her majesty would sometimes* 35
swear at her nobles, as well as box their ears.

[256] She caus'd thirty thousand men be rays'd,
With horse and harneis faire to see, 130
She caused thirty thousand men be raised,
To take the earles i' th' North countrie.

5 Wi' them the false Earle Warwick went,
Th' earle Sussex and the lord Hunsdèn;
Untill they to Yorke castle came 135
I wiss, they never stint ne blan.

Now spread thy ancyent, Westmorland,
10 Thy dun bull faine would we spye:
And thou, the Earl o' Northumberland,
Now rayse thy half moone up on hye. 140

But the dun bulle is fled and gone,
And th[e] halfe moone vanished away:
15 The Earles though they were brave and bold,
Against soe many could not stay.

Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sonnes, 145
They doom'd to dye, alas! for ruth!
Thy reverend lockes thee could not save,
20 Nor them their faire and blooming youthe.

Wi' them full many a gallant wight
They cruellye bereav'd of life: 150
And many a childe made fatherlesse,
And widowed many a tender wife.

25 [IV. NOR- 257] IV.

NORTHUMBERLAND BETRAYED BY DOUGLAS.

This ballad may be considered as the sequel of the preceding. After the unfortunate Earl of Northumberland had
30 *seen himself forsaken of his followers, he endeavoured to withdraw into Scotland, but falling into the hands of the thievish borderers, was stript and otherwise ill-treated by them. At length he reached the house of Hector of Harlaw, an Armstrong, with whom he hoped to lie concealed: for*
35 *Hector had engaged his honour to be true to him, and was*

under great obligations to this unhappy nobleman. But this faithless wretch betrayed his guest for a sum of money to Murray the Regent of Scotland, who sent him to the castle of Lough-leven, then belonging to William Douglas. — All the writers of that time assure us that Hector, who was rich 5 *before, fell shortly after into poverty, and became so infamous, that* TO TAKE HECTOR'S CLOAK, *grew into a proverb to express a man, who betrays his friend. See Camden, Carleton, Holingshed, &c.*

Lord Northumberland continued in the castle of Lough- 10 *leven, till the year* 1572; *when James Douglas Earl of Morton, being elected Regent, he was given up to the Lord Hunsden, at Berwick, and being carried to York, suffered death. As Morton's party depended on Elizabeth for protection, an elegant Historian thinks, "it was scarce possible* 15 *for them to refuse putting into her hands, a person who had taken up arms against her. But as a sum of money was paid* VOL. III. S *on that account, and shared between Morton and his kinsman Douglas, the former of whom during his exile in England [had* 258] *had been much indebted to Northumberland's* 20 *friendship, the abandoning this unhappy nobleman to inevitable destruction, was deemed an ungrateful and mercenary act." Robertson's Hist.*

So far history coincides with this ballad, which was apparently written by some northern bard, soon after the event. 25 *The interposal of the* WITCH-LADY (*v.* 53) *is probably his own invention: yet even this hath some countenance from history; for about* 25 *years before, the Lady Jane Douglas, Lady Glamis, sister of the earl of Angus and nearly related to Douglas of Lough-leven, had suffered death for the* 30 *pretended crime of witchcraft; who, it is presumed, is the lady alluded to, in verse* 133.

The following is printed (like the former) from two copies: one of them in the Editor's folio MS: Which also contains another ballad on the escape of the E. of Westmoreland, who 35 *got safe into Flanders, and is feigned in the ballad to have undergone a great variety of adventures.*

HOW long shall fortune faile me nowe,
 And harrowe me with fear and dread?
How long shall I in bale abide, 40
 In misery my life to lead?

To fall from my bliss, alas the while! 5
It was my sore and heavye lott:
And I must leave my native land,
And I must live a man forgot.

5 One gentle Armstrong I doe ken,
A Scot he is much bound to mee: 10
He dwelleth on the border side,
To him I'll goe right privilìe.

[Thus 259] Thus did the noble Percy 'plaine,
10 With a heavy heart and wel-away,
When he with all his gallant men 15
On Bramham moor had lost the day.

But when he to the Armstrongs came,
They dealt with him all treacherouslye,
15 For they did strip that noble earle:
And ever an ill death may they dye. 20

False Hector to Earl Murray sent,
To shew him where his guest did hide:
Who sent him to the Lough-levèn,
20 With William Douglas to abide.

And when he to the Douglas came, 25
He halched him right curteouslìe:
Say'd, Welcome, welcome, noble earle,
Here thou shalt safelye bide with mee.

25 When he had in Lough-leven been
Many a month and many a day; 30
To the regent|| the lord warden† sent,
That bannisht earle for to betray. S 2

[He 260] He offered him great store of gold,
30 And wrote a letter fair to see:
Saying, Good my lord, grant me my boon, 35
And yield that banisht man to mee.

Earle Percy at the supper sate
With many a goodly gentleman:

|| *James Douglas Earl of Morton, elected regent of Scotland, Nov.* 24. 1572.

† *Of one of the English marches. Lord Hunsden.*

The wylie Douglas then bespake,
40 And thus to flyte with him began:

What makes you be so sad, my lord,
And in your mind so sorrowfullyè?
To-morrow a shootinge will bee held 5
Among the lords of the North countryè.

45 The butts are sett, the shooting's made,
And there will be great royaltìe:
And I am sworne into my bille,
Thither to bring my lord Percìe. 10

I'll give thee my hand, thou gentle Douglas,
50 And here by my true faith, quoth hee,
If thou wilt ride to the worldes end,
I will ride in thy companìe.

And then bespake a lady faire, 15
Mary à Douglas was her name:
55 You shall bide here, good English lord,
3 My brother is a traiterous man.

[He **261**] He is a traitor stout and strong,
As I tell you in privitìe: 20
For he has tane liverance of the earle ‡,
60 Into England nowe to 'liver thee.

Now nay, now nay, thou goodly lady,
The regent is a noble lord:
Ne for the gold in all Englànd, 25
The Douglas wold not break his word.

65 When the regent was a banisht man,
With me he did faire welcome find;
And whether weal or woe betide,
I still shall find him true and kind. 30

Tween England and Scotland 't wold break truce,
70 And friends again they wold never bee,
If they shold 'liver a banisht earle
Was driven out of his own countrìe.

‡ *Of the earl of Morton, the Regent.*

Alas! alas! my lord, she sayes,
  Nowe mickle is their traitorie;
Then let my brother ride his ways, 75
  And tell those English lords from thee,

5 How that you cannot with him ride,
  Because you are in an isle of the sea†, S 3
[Then 262] Then ere my brother come againe
  To Edinbrow castle|| Ile carry thee. 80

To the Lord Hume I will thee bring,
10 He is well knowne a true Scots lord,
And he will lose both land and life,
  Ere he with thee will break his word.

Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd, 85
  When I thinke on my own countrie,
15 When I thinke on the heavye happe
  My friends have suffered there for mee.

Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd,
  And sore those wars my minde distresse; 90
Where many a widow lost her mate,
20 And many a child was fatherlesse.

And now that I a banisht man,
  Shold bring such evil happe with mee,
To cause my faire and noble friends 95
  To be suspect of treacherie.

25 This rives my heart with double woe;
  And lever had I dye this day,
Then thinke a Douglas can be false,
  Or ever will his guest betray. 100

[If 263] If you'll give me no trust, my lord,
30 Nor unto mee no credence yield;
Yet step one moment here aside,
  Ile showe you all your foes in field.

Lady, I never loved witchcraft, 105
  Never dealt in privy wyle;

† *i. e. Lake of Leven, which hath communication with the sea.*
|| *At that time in the hands of the opposite faction.*

But evermore held the high-waye
  Of truth and honoure, free from guile.

If you'll not come yourselfe, my lorde,
110 Yet send your chamberlaine with mee;
Let me but speak three words with him, 5
  And he shall come again to thee.

James Swynard with that lady went,
  She showed him through the weme of her ring
115 How many English lords there were
  Waiting for his master and him. 10

And who walkes yonder, my good lady,
  So royallyè on yonder greene?
O yonder is the lord Hunsdèn †:
120 Alas! he'll doe you drie and teene.

And who beth yonder, thou gay ladye, 15
S4 That walkes so proudly him beside?
[That 264] That is Sir William Drury ||, she sayd,
  A keen captàine he is and tryed.

125 How many miles is it, madàme,
  Betwixt yond English lords and mee? 20
Marry it is thrice fifty miles,
  To sayl to them upon the sea.

I never was on English ground,
130 Ne never sawe it with mine eye,
But as my book it sheweth mee, 25
  And through my ring I may descrye.

My mother she was a witch ladye,
  And of her skille she learned mee,
135 She wold let me see out of Lough-leven
  What they did in London citìe. 30

But who is yond, thou lady faire,
  That looketh with sic an austerne face?
Yonder is Sir John Foster †, quoth shee,
140 Alas! he'll do ye sore disgrace.

[†] *The Lord Warden of the East marches.*
|| *Governor of Berwick.*
† *Warden of the Middle march.*

He pulled his hatt down over his browe,
And in his heart he was full woe;
And he is gone to his noble lord,
Those sorrowfull tidings him to show.

5 [Now 265] Now nay, now nay, good James 145
I may not believe that witch ladìe: [Swynàrd,
The Douglasses were ever true,
And they can ne'er prove false to mee.

I have now in Lough-leven been
10 The most part of these years three, 150
And I have never had noe outrake,
Ne no good games that I cold see.

Therefore I'll to yond shooting wend,
As to the Douglas I have hight:
15 Betide me weale, betide me woe, 155
He ne'er shall find my promise light.

He writhe a gold ring from his finger,
And gave it to that faire ladìe:
Sayes, It was all that I cold save,
20 In Harley woods where I cold bee*. 160

And wilt thou goe, thou noble lord,
Then farewell truth and honestìe;
And farewell heart and farewell hand;
For never more I shall thee see.

25 The wind was faire, the boatmen call'd, 165
And all the saylors were on borde;
Then William Douglas took to his boat,
And with him went that noble lord.

[Then 266] Then he cast up a silver wand,
30 Says, Gentle lady, fare thee well! 170
The lady fett a sigh soe deepe,
And in a dead swoone down shee fell.

Now let us goe back, Douglas, he sayd,
A sickness hath taken yond faire ladìe;

* *i. e. Where I was. An ancient Idiom.*

175 If ought befall yond lady but good,
  Then blamed for ever I shall bee.

Come on, come on, my lord, he sayes;
  Come on, come on, and let her bee:
There's ladyes enow in Lough-leven 5
180 For to chear that gay ladìe.

If you'll not turne yourself, my lord,
  Let me goe with my chamberlaine;
We will but comfort that faire lady,
  And wee will return to you againe. 10

185 Come on, come on, my lord, he sayes,
  Come on, come on, and let her bee:
My sister is crafty, and wold beguile
  A thousand such as you and mee.

When they had sayled‡ fifty mile, 15
190 Fifty mile upon the sea;
[He 267] He sent his man to ask the Douglas,
  When they shold that shooting see.

Faire words, quoth he, they make fools faine,
  And that by thee and thy lord is seen: 20
195 You may hap to think it soon enough,
  Ere you that shooting reach, I ween.

Jamey his hatt pulled over his browe,
  He thought his lord then was betray'd;
And he is to Earle Percy againe, 25
200 To tell him what the Douglas sayd.

Hold up thy head, man, quoth his lord;
  Nor therfore let thy courage fail:
He did it but to prove thy heart,
  To see if he cold make it quail. 30

205 When they had other fifty sayld,
  Other fifty mile upon the sea,
Lord Percy call'd to the Douglas himselfe,
  Sayd, What wilt thou nowe doe with mee?

‡ *There is no navigable stream between Lough-leven and the* 35
sea: but a ballad-maker is not obliged to understand Geography.

Looke that your bridle be wight, my lord,
And your horse goe swift as ship at sea: 210
Looke that your spurres be bright and sharp,
That you may prick her while she'll away.

5 What needeth this, Douglas, he sayd?
What needest thou to flyte with mee?
[For 268] For I was counted a horseman good 215
Before that ever I met with thee.

A false Hector he hath my horse,
10 Who dealt with mee so treacherouslìe:
A false Armstrong he hath my spurres,
And all the geere that belongs to mee. 220

When they had sayled other fifty mile,
Other fifty mile upon the sea:
15 They landed him at Berwick towne,
The Douglas landed Lord Percìe.

Then he at Yorke was doomde to dye, 225
It was, alas! a sorrowful sight:
Thus they betrayed that noble earle,
20 Who ever was a gallant wight.

V.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

This excellent philosophical song appears to have been famous in the sixteenth century. It is quoted by Ben Jonson in his play of "Every man out of his humour," first acted 25 *in* 1599. *A.* I. *sc.* 1. *where an impatient person says*

"I am no such pil'd cynique to beleeve
"That beggery is the onely happinesse,
"Or, with a number of these patient fooles,
["*To* 269] *"To sing, "My minde to me a kingdome is,"*
30 *"When the lanke hungrie belly barkes for foode."*

It is printed from two ancient copies; one of them in black letter in the Pepys Collection, thus inscribed "A sweet and "pleasant sonet, entituled," My Minde to me a Kingdom is. "To the tune of, In Crete, &c."

MY minde to me a kingdome is,
  Such perfect joye therein I find,
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse
  That world affords, or growes by kind*:
5 Though much I want that most men have, 5
Yet doth my mind forbid me crave.

Content I live, this is my stay,
  I seek no more than may suffice,
I press to bear no haughty sway,
10 Looke what I lacke my mind supplies: 10
Loe, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
  And hasty climbers oft do fall;
15 I see how those that sit aloft, 15
  Mishap doth threaten most of all;
They get, they toyle, they spend with care,
Such cares my mind could never beare.

I laugh not at anothers losse,
20 I grudge not at anothers gaine; 20
[No **270**] No worldly wave my mind can tosse,
  I brooke that is anothers paine†:
I feare no foe, I scorne no friend,
I dread no death, I feare no end.

25 Some have too much, yet still they crave, 25
  I little have, yet seek no more;
They are but poor, though much they have,
  And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
30 They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live. 30

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
  My conscience clear my chiefe defence,
I never seek by bribes to please,
  Nor by desert to give offence:
35 Loe thus I live, thus will I die, 35
Would all did so as well as I.

* *i. e. is bestowed by nature.*
† *i. e. I endure what gives another pain.*

No princely pompe, no wealthy store,
  No force to get the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
  No shape to win a lovers eye: 40
5 To none of these I yeeld as thrall,
For why my mind despiseth all.

[I joy 271] I joy not at an earthly blisse,
  I weigh not Cresus' wealth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is, 45
10 I fear not fortunes fatall law:
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright or force of love.

I wish not what I have at will,
  I wander not to seek for more, 50
15 I like the plaine, I clime no hill,
  In greatest storme I sit on shore,
And laugh at those that toile in vaine
To get that must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill, 55
20 I faine no love where most I hate,
I breake no sleep to winne my will,
  I waite not at the mighties gate,
I scorne no poor, I fear no rich,
I feele no want, nor have too much. 60

25 The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath;
  Extreames are counted worst of all,
The golden meane betwixt them both,
  Doth surest sit, and fears no fall:
This is my choyce, for why I finde, 65
30 No wealth is like a quiet minde.

[VI. THE 272] VI.

THE PATIENT COUNTESS.

The following tale is found in an ancient poem intitled ALBION'S ENGLAND, *written by* W. WARNER, *a celebrated Poet*
35 *in the reign of Q. Elizabeth, tho' his name and works are now equally forgotten. The reader will find some account of him in Vol.* 2. *p.* 231, 232.

Altho' the following stanzas are printed from an edition in 1602, *yet* "*The first and second Parts of Albion's* "*England, &c.*" *made their appearance in* 1589, 4*to; and were reprinted in* 1597, *under the title of* "*Albion's England; a* "*continued historie of the same kingdom,*" *&c.* 4*to. See Ames's* 5
Typograph. where is preserved the memory of another publication of this writer's, intitled, "WARNER'S POETRY" *printed in* 1586, 12*mo. and reprinted in* 1602.

It is proper to premise, that the following lines were not written by the Author in stanzas, but in long Alexandrines 10
of 14 *syllables; which the narrowness of our page made it here necessary to subdivide.*

IMpatience chaungeth smoke to flame,
But jelousie is hell;
Some wives by patience have reduc'd 15
Ill husbands to live well:
5 As did the lady of an earle,
Of whom I now shall tell.

[An **273**] An earle 'there was' had wedded, lov'd;
Was lov'd, and ,lived long 20
Full true to his fayre countesse; yet
10 At last he did her wrong.

Once hunted he untill the chace,
Long fasting, and the heat
Did house him in a peakish graunge 25
Within a forest great.

15 Where knowne and welcom'd (as the place
And persons might afforde)
Browne bread, whig, bacon, curds and milke
Were set him on the borde. 30

A cushion made of lists, a stoole
20 Halfe backed with a hoope,
Were brought him, and he sitteth down
Besides a sorry coupe.

The poore old couple wisht their bread 35
Were wheat, their whig were perry,
25 Their bacon beefe, their milke and curds
Were creame, to make him merry.

Meane while (in russet neatly clad,
  With linen white as swanne,
Herselfe more white, save rosie where
  The ruddy colour ranne: 30 Vol. III.
5 [Whom 274] Whome naked nature, not the aydes
  Of arte made to excell)
The good man's daughter sturres to see
  That all were feat and well;
The earle did marke her, and admire 35
10 Such beautie there to dwell.

Yet fals he to their homely fare,
  And held him at a feast:
But as his hunger slacked, so
  An amorous heat increast. 40

15 When this repast was past, and thanks,
  And welcome too; he sayd
Unto his host and hostesse, in
  The hearing of the mayd:

Yee know, quoth he, that I am lord 45
20 Of this, and many townes;
I also know that you be poore,
  And I can spare you powndes.

Soe will I, so yee will consent,
  That yonder lasse and I 50
25 May bargaine for her love; at least,
  Doe give me leave to trye.
Who needs to know it? nay who dares
  Into my doings pry? 4

[First 275] First they mislike, yet at the length 55
30 For lucre were misled;
And then the gamesome earle did wowe
  The damsell for his bed.

He tooke her in his armes, as yet
  So coyish to be kist, 60
35 As mayds that know themselves belov'd,
  And yieldingly resist.

In few, his offers were so large
  She lastly did consent;

65 With whom he lodged all that night,
And early home he went.

He tooke occasion oftentimes
In such a sort to hunt.
Whom when his lady often mist, 5
70 Contràry to his wont,

And lastly was informed of
His amorous haunt elsewhere;
It greev'd her not a little, though
She seem'd it well to beare. 10

75 And thus she reasons with herselfe,
Some fault perhaps in me;
Somewhat is done, that so he doth:
T 2 Alas! what may it be?

[How 276] How may I winne him to myselfe? 15
80 He is a man, and men
Have imperfections; it behooves
Me pardon nature then.

To checke him were to make him checke, †
Although hee now were chaste; 20
85 A man controuled of his wife,
To her makes lesser haste.

If dutie then, or daliance may
Prevayle to alter him;
I will be dutifull, and make 25
90 My selfe for daliance trim.

So was she, and so lovingly
Did entertaine her lord,
As fairer, or more faultles none
Could be for bed or bord. 30

95 Yet still he loves his leiman, and
Did still pursue that game,
Suspecting nothing less, than that
His lady knew the same:

† *To* CHECK *is a term in falconry, applied when a hawk stops* 35
and turns away from his proper pursuit: To CHECK *also signifies*
to reprove or chide. It is in this verse used in both senses.

Wherefore to make him know she knew,
She this devise did frame: 100

[When 277] When long she had been wrong'd, and
The foresaid meanes in vaine, [sought
5 She rideth to the simple graunge
But with a slender traine.

She lighteth, entreth, greets them well, 105
And then did looke about her:
The guiltie houshold knowing her,
10 Did wish themselves without her;
Yet, for she looked merily,
The lesse they did misdoubt her. 110

When she had seen the beauteous wench
(Than blushing fairnes fairer)
15 Such beauty made the countesse hold
Them both excus'd the rather.

Who would not bite at such a bait? 115
Thought she: and who (though loth)
So poore a wench, but gold might tempt;
20 Sweet errors lead them both.

Scarse one in twenty that had brag'd
Of proffer'd gold denied, 120
Or of such yeelding beautie baulkt,
But, tenne to one, had lied.

25 Thus thought she: and she thus declares
Her cause of coming thither,
[My 278] My lord, of hunting in these partes, 125
Through travel, night or wether,

Hath often lodged in your house;
30 I thanke you for the same;
For why? it doth him jolly ease
To lie so neare his game. 130

But, for you have not furniture
Beseeming such a guest,
35 I bring his owne, and come myselfe
To see his lodging drest.

135 With that two sumpters were discharg'd,
In which were hangings brave,
Silke coverings, curtens, carpets, plate,
And al such turn should have.

When all was handsomly dispos'd, 5
140 She prayes them to have care
That nothing hap in their default,
That might his health impair:

And, Damsell, quoth shee, for it seemes
This houshold is but three, 10
145 And for thy parents age, that this
Shall chiefely rest on thee;

Do me that good, else would to God
He hither come no more.
[So 279] So tooke she horse, and ere she went 15
150 Bestowed gould good store.

Full little thought the countie that
His countesse had done so,
Who now return'd from far affaires
Did to his sweet-heart go. 20

155 No sooner sat he foote within
The late deformed cote,
But that the formall change of things
His wondring eies did note.

But when he knew those goods to be 25
160 His proper goods; though late,
Scarce taking leave, he home returnes
The matter to debate.

The countesse was a-bed, and he
With her his lodging tooke; 30
165 Sir, welcome home (quoth shee); this night
For you I did not looke.

Then did he question her of such
His stuffe bestowed soe.
Forsooth, quoth she, because I did 35
170 Your love and lodging knowe:

Your love to be a proper wench,
Your lodging nothing lesse;
[I held 280] I held it for your health, the house
More decently to dresse.

Well wot I, notwithstanding her, 175
Your lordship loveth me;
And greater hope to hold you such
By quiet, then brawles, 'you' see.

Then for my dutie, your delight,
And to retaine your favour, 180
All done I did, and patiently
Expect your wonted 'haviour.

Her patience, witte and answer wrought
His gentle teares to fall:
When (kissing her a score of times) 185
Amend, sweet wife, I shall:
He said, and did it; 'so each wife
'Her husband may' recall.

VII.

YOU MEANER BEAUTYES.

The author and date of this little sonnet are unknown. ['*Tis* 281] '*Tis printed from a written copy, which had all the marks of great antiquity.*

YOU meaner beuties of the night,
Which poorely satissfy our eyes,
More by your number then your light,
Like common people of the skyes;
What are yee, when the moon doth rise? 5

Yee violets, that first appeare,
By your purple mantles known,
Like proud virgins of the yeare,
As if the spring were all your owne;
What are yee when the rose is blown? 10

Yee wandring chaunters of the wood,
That fill the ayre with natures layes,

Thinking your passions understood
By weak accènts: What is your praise
15 When Philomel her voyce shall raise?

So when my mistris shall be seen
In sweetnesse of her looks, and minde; 5
By vertue first, then choyce a queen;
Tell mee if shee was not designde
20 The ecclipse and glory of her kinde?

[VIII. DOW- 282] VIII.

DOWSABELL. 10

The following stanzas were written by MICHAEL DRAYTON, *a poet of some eminence in the reigns of Q. Elizabeth, James I. and Charles* ‡. *They are inserted in one of his Pastorals, the first edition of which bears this whimsical Title. "Idea. The Shepheards Garland, fashioned in nine* 15 *„Eglogs. Rowlands sacrifice to the nine muses. Lond.* 1593." *4to. They are inscribed with the Author's name at length "To the noble and valerous gentleman master Robert Dudley, &c." It is very remarkable that when Drayton reprinted them in the first folio Edit. of his works,* 1619, *he had given* 20 *those Eclogues so thorough a revisal that there is hardly a line to be found the same as in the old Edition. This poem had received the fewest corrections, and therefore is chiefly given from the ancient copy, where it is thus introduced by one of his Shepherds,* 25

Listen to mee, my lovely shepheards joye,
And thou shalt heare, with mirth and mickle glee,
A pretie tale, which when I was a boy,
My toothles grandame oft hath tolde to me.

The Author has professedly imitated the style and metre 30 *of some of the old metrical Romances; particularly that of* SIR ISENBRAS†, *(alluded to in v.* 3.) *as the reader may judge from the following specimen:*

‡ *He was born in* 1563, *and died in* 1631. *Biog. Brit.*
† *As also Chaucer's Rhyme of Sir Topas. v.* 6.

[*Lordynges*, **283**] *Lordynges, lysten, and you shal here, &c.*

* * * * *

Ye shall well heare of a knight,
That was in warre full wyght,
5 *And doughtye of his dede:*
His name was Syr Isenbras, 10
Man nobler then he was
Lyved none with breade.

He was lyvely, large, and longe,
10 *With shoulders broade, and armes stronge,*
That myghtie was to se: 15
He was a hardye man, and hye,
All men hym loved that hym se,
For a gentyll knyght was he:
15 *Harpers loved him in hall,*
With other minstrells all, 20
For he gave them golde and fee, &c.

This ancient Legend was printed in black letter, 4to, by Wyllyam Copland; *no date. — In the Cotton Library (Calig.* 20 *A. 2.) is a MS copy of the same Romance containing the greatest variations. They are probably two different translations of some French Original.*

FARRE in the countrey of Arden,
There won'd a knight, hight Cassement (*l.* Casse-
25 As bolde as Isenbras: [men *corr.*)
Fell was he, and eger bent,
In battell and in tournament. 5
As was the good Sir Topas.

He had, as antique stories tell,
30 A daughter cleaped Dowsabel,
A mayden fayre and free:
[And **284**] And for she was her fathers heire, 10
Full well she was y-cond the leyre
Of mickle curtesie.

35 The silke well couth she twist and twine,
And make the fine march-pine,
And with the needle werke: 15
And she couth helpe the priest to say
His mattins on a holy-day,
And sing a psalme in kirke.

She ware a frock of frolicke greene,
20 Might well beseeme a mayden queene,
Which seemly was to see;
A hood to that so neat and fine,
In colour like the colombine, 5
Y-wrought full featously.

25 Her features all as fresh above,
As is the grasse that growes by Dove;
And lyth as lasse of Kent.
Her skin as soft as Lemster wooll, 10
As white as snow on Peakish Hull,
30 Or swanne that swims in Trent.

This mayden in a morne betime,
Went forth, when May was in her prime,
To get sweete cetywall, 15
The honey-suckle, the harlocke,
35 [The **285**] The lilly and the lady-smocke,
To deck her summer hall.

Thus, as she wandred here and there,
Y-picking of the bloomed breere, 20
She chanced to espie
40 A shepheard sitting on a bancke,
Like chanteclere he crowed crancke,
And pip'd full merrilie.

He leard his sheepe as he him list, 25
When he would whistle in his fist,
45 To feede about him round;
Whilst he full many a carroll sung,
Untill the fields and medowes rung,
And all the woods did sound. 30

In favour this same shepheards swayne
50 Was like the bedlam Tamburlayne*,
Which helde prowd kings in awe:
But meeke he was as lamb mought be;
And innocent of ill as he 35
Whom his lewd brother slaw.

* *Alluding to "Tamburlaine the great, or the Scythian Shepheard".* 1590. 8o. *an old ranting play ascribed to Marlowe.*

The shepheard ware a sheepe-gray cloke, 55
Which was of the finest loke,
  That could be cut with sheere:
[His 286] His mittens were of bauzens skinne,
His cockers were of cordiwin,
  His hood of meniveere. 60

His aule and lingell in a thong,
His tar-boxe on his broad belt hong,
  His breech of coyntrie blewe:
Full crispe and curled were his lockes,
His browes as white as Albion rocks: 65
  So like a lover true,

And pyping still he spent the day,
So merry as the popingay;
  Which liked Dowsabel:
That would she ought, or would she nought, 70
This lad would never from her thought;
  She in love-longing fell.

At length she tucked up her frocke,
White as a lilly was her smocke,
  She drew the shepheard nye: 75
But then the shepheard pyp'd a good,
That all his sheepe forsooke their foode,
  To heare his melodye.

Thy sheepe, quoth she, cannot be leane,
That have a jolly shepheards swayne, 80
  The which can pipe so well:
[Yea 287] Yea but, sayth he, their shepheard may,
If pyping thus he pine away,
  In love of Dowsabel.

Of love, fond boy, take thou no keep, 85
Quoth she; looke thou unto thy sheepe,
  Lest they should hap to stray.
Quoth he, so had I done full well,
Had I not seene fayre Dowsabell
  Come forth to gather maye. 90

With that she gan to vaile her head,
Her cheeks were like the roses red,
But not a word she sayd:
With that the shepheard gan to frowne,
95 He threw his pretie pypes adowne, 5
And on the ground him layd.

Sayth she, I may not stay till night,
And leave my summer-hall undight,
And all for long of thee.
100 My coate, sayth he, nor yet my foulde 10
Shall neither sheepe, nor shepheard hould,
Except thou favour mee.

Sayth she, yet lever were I dead,
Then I should lose my mayden-head,
105 And all for love of men. 15
[Sayth 288] Sayth he, yet are you too unkind,
If in your heart you cannot finde
To love us now and then.

And I to thee will be as kinde,
110 As Colin was to Rosalinde, 20
Of curtesie the flower.
Then will I be as true, quoth she,
As ever mayden yet might be
Unto her paramour.

115 With that she bent her snow-white knee, 25
Downe by the shepheard kneeled shee,
And him she sweetely kist:
With that the shepheard whoop'd for joy,
Quoth he, ther's never shepheards boy
120 That ever was so blist. 30

IX.

THE FAREWELL TO LOVE,

from Beaumont and Fletcher's play, intitled The Lover's Progress. A. 3. sc. 1.

ADIEU, fond love, farewell you wanton powers; 35
I am free again.

Thou dull disease of bloud and idle hours,
Bewitching pain,
[Fly 289] Fly to fools, that sigh away their time: 5
My nobler love to heaven doth climb,
5 And there behold beauty still young,
That time can ne'er corrupt nor death destroy,
Immortal sweetness by fair angels sung,
And honoured by eternity and joy: 10
There lies my love, thither my hopes aspire,
10 Fond love declines, this heavenly love grows higher.

X.

ULYSSES AND THE SYREN,

— affords a pretty poetical contest between Pleasure and Honour. It is found at the end of "Hymen's triumph: a 15 *"pastoral tragicomedie" written by Daniel, and printed among his works, 4to.* 1623. *— Daniel, who was a contemporary of Drayton's, and is said to have been poet laureat to Queen Elizabeth, was born in* 1562, *and died in* 1619.

This little poem is the rather selected for a specimen of 20 *Daniel's poetic powers, as it is omitted in the later edition of his works,* 2 *vol.* 12*mo.* 1718.

Syren.

COME, worthy Greeke, Ulysses come,
Possesse these shores with me,
25 The windes and seas are troublesome,
And here we may be free.
[Here 290] Here may we sit and view their toyle, 5
That travaile in the deepe,
Enjoy the day in mirth the while,
30 And spend the night in sleepe.

Vol. III. U

Ulysses.

Faire nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attain'd with ease, 10
Then would I come and rest with thee,
35 And leave such toiles as these:

But here it dwels, and here must I
  With danger seek it forth;
15 To spend the time luxuriously
  Becomes not men of worth.

SYREN. 5

Ulysses, O be not deceiv'd
  With that unreall name:
This honour is a thing conceiv'd,
20 And rests on others' fame.
Begotten only to molest 10
  Our peace, and to beguile
(The best thing of our life) our rest,
  And give us up to toyle!

[ULYSSES. 291] ULYSSES.

25 Delicious nymph, suppose there were 15
  No honour, or report,
Yet manlinesse would scorne to weare
  The time in idle sport:
For toyle doth give a better touch
30 To make us feele our joy; 20
And ease findes tediousnes, as much
  As labour yeelds annoy.

SYREN.

Then pleasure likewise seemes the shore,
  Whereto tendes all your toyle; 25
35 Which you forego to make it more,
  And perish oft the while.
Who may disport them diversly,
  Find never tedious day;
And ease may have variety, 30
40 As well as action may.

ULYSSES.

But natures of the noblest frame
  These toyles and dangers please;
And they take comfort in the same, 35
U 2 As much as you in ease:
45 [And 292] And with the thought of actions past
  Are recreated still:

When pleasure leaves a touch at last
  To shew that it was ill.

SYREN.

That doth opinion only cause,
  That's out of custom bred; 50
Which makes us many other laws,
  Than ever nature did.
No widdowes waile for our delights,
  Our sports are without blood;
The world we see by warlike wights 55
  Receives more hurt than good.

ULYSSES.

But yet the state of things require
  These motions of unrest,
And these great spirits of high desire
  Seeme borne to turn them best: 60
To purge the mischiefes, that increase
  And all good order marr:
For oft we see a wicked peace,
  To be well chang'd for war.

[SYREN. 293] SYREN.

Well, well, Ulysses, then I see 65
  I shall not have thee here;
And therefore I will come to thee,
  And take my fortune there.
I must be wonne that cannot win,
  Yet lost were I not wonne: 70
For beauty hath created bin
  T' undoo or be undone.

XI.

CUPID's PASTIME.

This beautiful poem, which possesses a classical elegance hardly to be expected in the age of James I, is printed from the 4th edition of Davison's poems, &c.* 1621. *It is also*

* *See the full title in vol.* 2. *p.* 289.

found in a later miscellany, intitled, "Le Prince d'amour." 1660. 8*vo.* — *Francis Davison, editor of the poems above referred to, was son of that unfortunate secretary of state, who suffered so much from the affair of Mary Q. of Scots. These poems, he tells us in his preface, were written by him-* 5
self, by this brother [Walter], who was a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries, and by some dear friends "anonymoi." Among them are found pieces by Sir J. Davis, the countess of Pembroke, Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, and other wits of
U 3 *those times.* 10

[*In* **294**] *In the fourth vol. of Dryden's Miscellanies, this poem is attributed to Sydney Godolphin, Esq; but erroneously, being probably written before he was born. One edit. of Davison's book was published in* 1608. *Godolphin was born in* 1610, *and died in* 1642-3. *Ath. Ox.* II. 23. 15

IT chanc'd of late a shepherd swain,
  That went to seek his straying sheep,
Within a thicket on a plain
  Espied a dainty nymph asleep.

5 Her golden hair o'erspred her face; 20
  Her careless arms abroad were cast;
Her quiver had her pillows place;
  Her breast lay bare to every blast.

The shepherd stood and gaz'd his fill;
10 Nought durst he do; nought durst he say; 25
Whilst chance, or else perhaps his will,
  Did guide the god of love that way.

The crafty boy thus sees her sleep,
  Whom if she wak'd he durst not see;
15 Behind her closely seeks to creep, 30
  Before her nap should ended bee.

There come, he steals her shafts away,
  And puts his own into their place;
Nor dares he any longer stay,
3 20 But, ere she wakes, hies thence apaee. 35

[Scarce **295**] Scarce was he gone, but she awakes,
  And spies the shepherd standing by:

Her bended bow in haste she takes,
And at the simple swain lets flye.

Forth flew the shaft, and pierc't his heart, 25
That to the ground he fell with pain:
5 Yet up again forthwith he start,
And to the nymph he ran amain.

Amazed to see so strange a sight,
She shot, and shot, but all in vain; 30
The more his wounds, the more his might,
10 Love yielded strength amidst his pain.

Her angry eyes were great with tears,
She blames her hand, she blames her skill;
The bluntness of her shafts she fears, 35
And try them on herself she will.

15 Take heed, sweet nymph, trye not thy shaft,
Each little touch will pierce thy heart:
Alas! thou know'st not Cupids craft;
Revenge is joy; the end is smart. 40

Yet try she will, and pierce some bare;
20 Her hands were glov'd, but next to hand
Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,
That made the shepherd senseless stand.

[That **296**] That breast she pierc't; and through that [breast 45
Love found an entry to her heart;
25 At feeling of this new-come guest,
Lord! how this gentle nymph did start? (*l.* !)

She runs not now; she shoots no more;
Away she throws both shaft and bow: 50
She seeks for what she shun'd before,
30 She thinks the shepherds haste too slow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may;
What other lovers do, did they:
The god of love sate on a tree, 55
And laught that pleasant sight to see.

XII.
THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

This little moral poem is printed at the end of Sir Thomas Overbury's "Wife, &c. Lond. 1638." *It is also found in the volume, intitled, "Le prince d'amour.* 1660." *and in a* 5
small collection of MS poems, 4to. in the editor's possession. It is said to be written "by Sir H. W." probably Sir HENRY WOTTON, *who died provost of Eaton, in* 1639. *Æt.* 72.

[HOW 297] HOW happy is he borne or taught,
That serveth not anothers will; 10
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill:

5 Whose passions not his master are;
Whose soule is still prepar'd for death;
Not ty'd unto the world with care 15
Of princes ear, or vulgar breath:

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
10 Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make accusers great: 20

Who envies none, whom chance doth raise,
Or vice: Who never understood
15 How deepest wounds are given with praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who God doth late and early pray 25
His graces more then (*l.* More of his grace than **corr.**)
And entertaines the harmlesse day [gifts to lend;
20 With a well-chosen booke or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or feare to fall; 30
Lord of himselfe, though not of lands;
And having nothing yet hath all.

[XIII. UN- 298]

XIII.
UNFADING BEAUTY.

This little beautiful sonnet is reprinted from a small 35
volume of "Poems by THOMAS CAREW, *Esq*; *one of the gentle-*

"*men of the privie-chamber, and sewer in ordinary to his "majesty. (Charles I). Lond.* 1640." *This elegant, and almost-forgotten writer, whose poems deserve to be revived, died in the prime of his age, in* 1639.

5 *In the original follows a third stanza, which not being of general application, nor of equal merit, I have ventured to omit.*

HEE that loves a rosie cheeke,
Or a corall lip admires,
10 Or from star-like eyes doth seeke
Fuell to maintaine his fires;
As old time makes these decay, 5
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
15 Gentle thoughts, and calme desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd
Kindle never-dying fires: 10
Where these are not I despise
Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.
* * * * *

20 [299]

XIV.

GILDEROY,

— *was a famous robber, who lived about the middle of the last century, if we may credit the histories and story-books of highwaymen, which relate many improbable feats of him,* 25 *as his robbing Cardinal Richlieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c. But these stories have probably no other authority, than the records of Grub-street: At least the* GILDEROY, *who is the hero of Scottish Songsters, seems to have lived in an earlier age; for in Thompson's Orpheus Calidonius (l. Caled.), vol.* 2. 30 1733. *8vo. is a copy of this ballad, which tho' corrupt and interpolated, contains some lines that appear to be of genuine antiquity: in these he is represented as contemporary with Mary Q. of Scots: ex. gr.*

"*The Queen of Scots possessed nought,*
35 "*That my love let me want:*
"*For cow and ew he brought to me,*
"*And ein whan they were scant.*"

Those lines perhaps might safely have been inserted among the following stanzas, which are given from a written copy, that seems to have received some modern corrections. Indeed the common popular ballad contained some indecent luxuriances that required the pruninghook. 5

[GIL- **300**]
GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,
Had roses tull his shoone,
His stockings were of silken soy,
Wi' garters hanging doune: 10
5 It was, I weene, a comelie sight,
To see sae trim a boy;
He was my jo and hearts delight,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! sike two charming een he had, 15
10 A breath as sweet as rose,
He never ware a Highland plaid,
But costly silken clothes;
He gain'd the luve of ladies gay,
Nane eir tull him was coy, 20
15 Ah! wae is mee! I mourn the day,
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born,
Baith in one toun together,
We scant were seven years beforn, 25
20 We gan to luve each other;
Our dadies and our mammies thay,
Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,
To think upon the bridal day,
Twixt me and Gilderoy. 30

25 [For **301**] For Gilderoy that luve of mine,
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding sark of holland fine,
Wi' silken flowers wrought:
And he gied me a wedding ring, 35
30 Which I receiv'd wi' joy,
Nae lad nor lassie eir could sing,
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,
Till we were baith sixteen,
And aft we past the langsome time, 35
Among the leaves sae green;
Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,
And sweetly kiss and toy,
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair
My handsome Gilderoy. 40

Oh! that he still had been content,
Wi' me to lead his life,
But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent,
To stir in feates of strife:
And he in many a venturous deed, 45
His courage bauld wad try,
And now this gars mine heart to bleed,
For my dear Gilderoy.

[And 302] And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wat mine ee, 50
I gave tull him a parting luik,
"My benison gang wi' thee!
God speed the weil, mine ain dear heart,
For gane is all my joy;
My heart is rent sith we maun part, 55
My handsome Gilderoy."

My Gilderoy baith far and near,
Was fear'd in every toun,
And bauldly bare away the gear,
Of many a lawland loun; 60
Nane eir durst meet him man to man,
He was sae brave a boy,
At length wi' numbers he was tane,
My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loon that made the laws, 65
To hang a man for gear,
To 'reave of life for ox or ass,
For sheep, or horse, or mare:
Had not their laws been made sae strick,
I neir had lost my joy, 70

Wi' sorrow neir had wat my cheek,
  For my dear Gilderoy.

[Giff 303] Giff Gilderoy had done amisse,
  He mought hae banisht been,
75 Ah! what sair cruelty is this, 5
  To hang sike handsome men:
To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
  Sae sweet and fair a boy;
Nae lady had sae white a hand,
80 As thee, my Gilderoy. 10

Of Gilderoy sae fraid they were,
  They bound him mickle strong,
Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
  And on a gallows hung:
85 They hung him high aboon the rest, 15
  He was sae trim a boy,
Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best,
  My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
90 I bare his corpse away, 20
Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,
  I washt his comelye clay;
And siker in a grave sae deep,
  I laid the dear-lued boy,
95 And now for evir maun I weep, 25
  My winsome Gilderoy.

***

[XV. WINI- 304] XV.

WINIFREDA.

This beautiful address to conjugal love, a subject too much neglected by the libertine muses, is printed in some modern 30 *collections as a translation "from the ancient British language;" how truly I know not. See the Musical Miscellany; vol.* 6. 1731. *8vo.*

AWAY; let nought to love displeasing,
  My Winifreda, move your care; 35
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
  Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors 5
With pompous titles grace our blood?
We'll shine in more substantial honors,
And to be noble we'll be good.

5 Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis spoke: 10
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

[What 305] What though from fortune's lavish bounty
10 No mighty treasures we possess,
We'll find within our pittance plenty, 15
And be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
15 For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live. 20

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
20 And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures, 25
While round my knees they fondly clung;
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

25 And, when with envy time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys, 30
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go a wooing with my boys.

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[XVI. JEMMY 306] XVI.

30 JEMMY DAWSON.

This ballad is founded on a remarkable fact that happened (l. that was said to have happened **corr.**) *among the executions after the last rebellion in* 1745: *it was written by the late* William Shenstone, *Esq; soon after the event, and* 35 *has been printed among his posthumous works,* 2 *vols.* 8*vo.*

It is here given from a MS copy, which contained some small variations from that lately printed.

COME listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh, 5
Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

5 And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint, but mine. 10

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
10 A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
3 And dearly was he lov'd again.

[One 307] One tender maid she lov'd him dear, 15
Of gentle blood the damsel came,
15 And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the faithful youth astray, 20
The day the rebel clans appear'd:
20 O had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure, 25
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

25 How pale was then his true love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear?
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale, nor yet so chill appear. 30

With faltering voice she weeping said,
30 Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place, 35
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,

O GEORGE, without a prayer for thee 35
My orisons should never close. X 2

[The 308] The gracious prince that gives him life
Would crown a never-dying flame,
5 And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to lisp the giver's name. 40

But though, dear youth, thou shouldst be dragg'd
To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
10 To share thy bitter fate with thee.

O then her mourning coach was call'd, 45
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Tho' borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her favourite more.

15 She followed him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of law; 50
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
20 Which she had fondly lov'd so long:
And stifled was that tuneful breath, 55
Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
25 And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head repos'd; 60

[And 309] And ravish'd was that constant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For tho' it could his king forget,
30 'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames 65
She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
Yet, yet, she cried, I'll follow thee.

35 My death, my death alone can show
The pure and lasting love I bore: 70

Accept, O heaven, of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
75 The maid drew back her languid head, 5
And sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale,
xs 80 So sad, so tender, and so true. 10

[XVII. THE 310] XVII.

THE WITCH OF WOKEY,

— was published in a small collection of poems intitled, EUTHEMIA, OR THE POWER OF HARMONY, *&c.* 1756. *written by an ingenious Physician near Bath, who chose to con-* 15 *ceal his name. The following contains some variations from the original copy, which it is hoped the author will pardon, when he is informed they came from the elegant pen of the late Mr. Shenstone.*

WOKEY-HOLE *is a noted cavern in Somersetshire, which* 20 *has given birth to as many wild fanciful stories as the Sybils Cave in Italy. Thro' a very narrow entrance, it opens into a large vault, the roof whereof, either on account of its height, or the thickness of the gloom, cannot be discovered by the light of torches. It goes winding a great way under* 25 *ground, is crost by a stream of very cold water, and is all horrid with broken pieces of rock: many of these are evident petrifactions, which on account of their singular forms, have given rise to the fables alluded to in this poem.*

IN aunciente days tradition showes 30
A base and wicked elfe arose,
The Witch of Wokey hight:
Oft have I heard the fearfull tale
5 From Sue, and Roger of the vale,
On some long winter's night.

[Deep 311] Deep in the dreary dismall cell,
Which seem'd and was ycleped hell,
This blear-eyed hag did hide:
Nine wicked elves, as legends sayne, 10
5 She chose to form her guardian trayne,
And kennel near her side.

Here screeching owls oft made their nest,
While wolves its craggy sides possest,
Night-howling thro' the rock: 15
10 No wholesome herb could here be found;
She blasted every plant around,
And blister'd every flock.

Her haggard face was foull to see;
Her mouth unmeet a mouth to bee; 20
15 Her eyne of deadly leer,
She nought devis'd, but neighbour's ill;
She wreak'd on all her wayward will,
And marr'd all goodly chear.

All in her prime, have poets sung, 25
20 No gaudy youth, gallant and young,
E'er blest her longing armes:
And hence arose her spight to vex,
And blast the youth of either sex,
By dint of hellish charms. 30 x 4

25 [From 312] From Glaston came a lerned wight,
Full bent to marr her fell despight,
And well he did, I ween:
Sich mischief never had been known,
And, since his mickle lerninge shown, 35
30 Sich mischief ne'er has been.

He chauntede out his godlie booke,
He crost the water, blest the brooke,
Then — pater noster done;
The ghastly hag he sprinkled o'er; 40
35 When lo! where stood a hag before,
Now stood a ghastly stone.

Full well 'tis known adown the dale:
Tho' passing strange indeed the tale,
45 And doubtfull may appear,
I'm bold to say, there's never a one,
That has not seen the witch in stone, 5
With all her household gear.

But tho' this lernede clerke did well;
50 With grieved heart, alas! I tell,
She left this curse behind:
That Wokey-nymphs forsaken quite, 10
Tho' sense and beauty both unite,
Should find no leman kind.

55 [For 313] For lo! even, as the fiend did say,
The sex have found it to this day,
That men are wondrous scant: 15
Here's beauty, wit, and sense combin'd,
With all that's good and virtuous join'd,
60 Yet hardly one gallant.

Shall then sich maids unpitied moane?
They might as well, like her, be stone, 20
And thus forsaken dwell.
Since Glaston now can boast no clerks;
65 Come down from Oxenford, ye sparks,
And, oh! revoke the spell.

Yet stay — nor thus despond, ye fair; 25
Virtue's the gods' peculiar care;
I hear the gracious voice:
70 Your sex shall soon be blest agen,
We only wait to find sich men,
As best deserve your choice. 30

XVIII.

BRYAN AND PEREENE,

A West-Indian Ballad,

— *is founded on a real fact, that happened in the island of* St. *Christophers about two years ago. The editor owes the* 35

[*following* 314] *following stanzas to the friendship of Dr.* JAMES GRAINGER*, *who was in the island when this tragical incident happened, and is now an eminent physician there. To this ingenious gentleman the public is indebted for the*
5 *fine* ODE ON SOLITUDE *printed in the IVth Vol. of Dodsley's Miscel. p.* 229. *in which are assembled some of the sublimest images in nature. The reader will pardon the insertion of the first stanza here, for the sake of rectifying the two last lines, which ought to be corrected thus*

10 *O Solitude, romantic maid,*
Whether by nodding towers you tread.
Or haunt the desart's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
15 *Or by the Nile's coy source abide,*
Or starting from your half-year's sleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or at the purple dawn of day
Tadmor's marble wastes survey, &c.

20 *alluding to the account of Palmyra published by some late ingenious travellers, and the manner in which they were struck at the first sight of those magnificent ruins by break of day* †.

THE north-east wind did briskly blow,
25 The ship was safely moor'd,
Young Bryan thought the boat's-crew slow,
And so leapt over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames, 5
His heart long held in thrall,
30 And whoso his impatience blames,
I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

[A long 315] A long long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on English land, 10
Nor once in thought or deed would stray,
35 Tho' ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
Right blythsome roll'd his een,

* *Author of a poem on the Culture of the* SUGAR-CANE *lately published.* † *So in pag.* 335. [read] Turn'd her magic ray.

15 Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,
He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
That grac'd his mistress true;
Such charms the old world seldom saw, 5
20 Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy rose buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds shine. 10

25 Soon as his well-known ship she spied,
She cast her weeds away,
And to the palmy shore she hied,
All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad, 15
30 She there impatient stood;
The crew with wonder saw the lad
Repell the foaming flood.

[Her **316**] Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
Which he at parting gave; 20
35 Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all,
Rejoicing crowd the strand;
For now her lover swam in call, 25
40 And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
To clasp her lovely swain;
When, ah! a shark bit through his waste:
His heart's blood dy'd the main! 30

45 He shriek'd! his half sprang from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And soon it found a living grave,
And ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray, 35
50 Fetch water from the spring:

She falls, she swoons, she dyes away,
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb
Ye fair, fresh flow'rets strew,
5 So may your lovers scape his doom, 55
Her hapless fate scape you.

[XIX. RIO 317] XIX.

GENTLE RIVER, GENTLE RIVER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

10 *Although the English are remarkable for the number and variety of their ancient Ballads, and retain perhaps a greater fondness for these old simple rhapsodies of their ancestors, than most other nations; they are not the only people who have distinguished themselves by compositions of this* 15 *kind. The Spaniards have great multitudes of them, many of which are of the highest merit. They call them in their language* Romances, *and have collected them into volumes under the titles of* El Romancero, El Cancionero†, &c. *Most of them relate to their conflicts with the Moors, and* 20 *display a spirit of gallantry peculiar to that romantic people. But of all the Spanish ballads, none exceed in poetical merit those inserted in a little Spanish "History of the civil wars of Granada," describing the dissentions which raged in that last seat of Moorish empire before it was conquered in the* 25 *reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, in* 1491. *In this History (or perhaps, Romance) a great number of heroic songs are inserted and appealed to as authentic vouchers for the truth of facts. In reality, the prose narrative seems to be drawn up for no other end, but to introduce and illustrate these* 30 *beautiful pieces.*

The Spanish editor pretends (how truly I know not) that they are translations from the Arabic or Morisco language. Indeed the plain unadorned nature of the verse, and the native simplicity of language and sentiment, which 35 *runs through these poems, prove that they are ancient; or,*

† *i. e. The ballad-singer.*

at least, that they were written before the Castillians began to form themselves on the model of the Tuscan poets, and had imported from Italy that fondness for conceit and refinement, which has for these [two 318] two centuries past so miserably infected the Spanish poetry, and rendered it so 5 *unnatural, affected, and obscure.*

As a specimen of the ancient Spanish manner, which very much resembles that of our old English Bards and Minstrels, the Reader is desired candidly to accept the two following poems. They are given from a small Collection 10 *of pieces of this kind, which the Editor some years ago translated for his amusement when he was studying the Spanish language. As the first is a pretty close translation, to gratify the curious it is accompanied with the original. The Metre is the same in all these old Spanish songs: and its* 15 *plain unpolished nature strongly argues its great antiquity. It runs in short stanzas of four lines, of which the second and fourth alone correspond in their terminations; and in these it is only required that the vowels should be alike, the consonants may be altogether different, as* 20

pone	casa	meten	arcos
noble	cañas	muere	gamo

[Yet **319**] *Yet has this kind of verse a sort of simple harmonious flow, which atones for the imperfect nature of the rhyme, and renders it not unpleasing to the ear. The same* 25 *flow of numbers has been studied in the following versions. The first of them is given from two different originals, both of which are printed in the* Hist. de las civiles guerras de Granada. Mad. 1694. *One of them hath the rhimes ending in* AA, *the other in* IA. *It is the former of these that is* 30 *here reprinted. They both of them begin with the same line,*

Rio verde, rio verde ‡,

which could not be translated faithfully;

Verdant river, verdant river,

would have given an affected stiffness to the verse; the great 35 *merit of which is its easy simplicity; and therefore a more simple epithet was adopted, though less poetical or expressive.*

‡ *Literally,* Green river, green river.

'RIO verde, rio verde,
'Quanto cuerpo en ti se baña
'De Christianos y de Moros
'Muertos por la dura espada!

5 'Y tus ondas cristalinas 5
'De roxa sangre se esmaltan:
'Entre Moros y Christianos
'Muy gran batalla se trava.

'Murieron Duques y Condes,
10 'Grandes señores de salva: 10
'Murio gente de valia
'De la nobleza de España.

['En 320] 'En ti murio don Alonso,
'Que de Aguilar se llamaba;
15 'El valeroso Urdiales, 15
'Con don Alonso acababa.

'Por un ladera arriba
'El buen Sayavedra marcha;
'Naturel es de Sevilla,
20 'De la gente mas granada. 20

'Tras el iba un Renegado,
'Desta manera le habla;
'Date, date, Sayavedra,
'No huyas de la Batalla.

25 'Yo te conozco muy bien, 25
'Gran tiempo estuve en tu casa:
'Y en la Plaça de Sevilla
'Bien te vide jugar cañas.

'Conozco a tu padre y madre,
30 'Y a tu muger doña Clara; 30
'Siete años fui tu cautivo,
'Malamente me tratabas.

'Y aora lo seras mio,
'Si Mahoma me ayudara;
35 'Y tambien te tratare, 35
'Como a mi me tratabas.

GENTLE river, gentle river,
  Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore,
Many a brave and noble captain
  Floats along thy willow'd shore.

5 All beside thy limpid waters, 5
  All beside thy sands so bright,
Moorish Chiefs and Christian Warriors
  Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords, and dukes, and noble princes
10 On thy fatal banks were slain: 10
Fatal banks that gave to slaughter
  All the pride and flower of Spain.

[There **321**] There the hero, brave Alonzo
  Full of wounds and glory died:
15 There the fearless Urdiales 15
  Fell a victim by his side.

Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra
  Thro' the squadrons slow retires;
Proud Seville, his native city,
20 Proud Seville his worth admires. 20

Close behind a renegado
  Loudly shouts with taunting cry;
Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra,
  Doest thou from the battle fly?

25 Well I know thee, haughty Christian, 25
  Long I liv'd beneath thy roof;
Oft I've in the lists of glory
  Seen thee win the prize of proof.

Well I know thy aged parents,
30 Well thy blooming bride I know, 30
Seven years I was thy captive,
  Seven years of pain and woe.

May our prophet grant my wishes,
  Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine:
35 Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow, 35
  Which I drank when I was thine.

['Say- **322**] 'Sayavedra que lo oyera,
'Al Moro bolvio la cara;
'Tirole el Mora una flecha,
'Pero nunca le acertaba. 40

5 'Hiriole Sayavedra
'De una herida muy mala:
'Muerto cayo el Renegado
'Sin poder hablar palabra.

'Sayavedra fue cercado 45
10 'De mucha Mora canalla,
'Y al cabo cayo alli muerto
'De una muy mala lançada.

'Don Alonso en este tiempo
'Bravamente peleava, 50
15 'Y el cavallo le avian muerto,
'Y le tiene por muralla.

'Mas cargaron tantos Moros
'Que mal le hieren y tratan:
'De la sangre, que perdia, 55
20 'Don Alonso se desmaya.

'Al fin, al fin cayo muerto
'Al pie de un pena alta. —
'— Muerto queda don Alonso,
'Eterna fama ganara.' 60

25 * * * * * *

[*** *In* **324**] *** *In the Spanish original of the foregoing ballad, follow a few more stanzas, but being of inferior merit were not translated.*

Renegado *properly signifies an apostate; but it is some-*
30 *times used to express an infidel in general; as it seems to do above in ver.* 21. *&c.*

The image of the Lion, *&c. in ver.* 37. *is taken from the other Spanish copy, the rhimes of which end in* IA, *viz.*

'Sayavedra, que lo oyera,
35 'Como un leon rebolbia.'

[Like 323] Like a lion turns the warrior,
Back he sends an angry glare:
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
40 Vainly whizzing thro' the air.

Back the hero full of fury 5
Sent a deep and mortal wound:
Instant sunk the Renegado,
Mute and lifeless on the ground.

45 With a thousand Moors surrounded,
Brave Saavedra stands at bay: 10
Wearied out but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting great Alonzo
50 Stout resists the Paynim bands;
From his slaughter'd steed dismounted, 15
Firm intrench'd behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadron,
Furious he repels their rage;
55 Loss of blood at length infeebles:
Who can war with thousands wage! 20

Where yon rock the plain o'ershadows,
Close beneath its foot retir'd,
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,
I 2 60 And without a groan expir'd.
* * * * * * 25

XX.

ALCANZOR AND ZAYDA,

A Moorish Tale,

Imitated from the Spanish. 30

The foregoing version was rendered as literal as the nature of the two languages would admit. In the following a wider compass hath been taken. The Spanish poem that was chiefly had in view, is preserved in the same history of the Civil wars of Granada, f. 22. *and begins with these lines,* 35

'Por la calle de su dama
'Passeando se anda, &c.'

[SOFTLY 325] SOFTLY blow the evening breezes,
Softly fall the dews of night;
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
Shunning every glare of light.

5 In yon palace lives fair Zaida, 5
Whom he loves with flame so pure:
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies,
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for the appointed minute,
10 Oft he paces to and fro; 10
Stopping now, now moving forwards,
Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate teize him,
Oft he sighs with heart-felt care. —
15 See, fond youth, to yonder window 15
Softly steps the timorous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre
To the lost benighted swain,
When all silvery bright she rises,
20 Gilding mountain, grove, and plain. 20

Lovely seems the sun's full glory
To the fainting seaman's eyes,
When some horrid storm dispersing,
O'er the wave his radiance flies.

25 [But 326] But a thousand times more lovely 25
To her longing lover's sight,
Steals half-seen the beauteous maiden
Thro' the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
30 Whispering forth a gentle sigh: 30
Alla* keep thee, lovely lady;
Tell me, am I doom'd to dye?

Is it true the dreadful story,
Which thy damsell tells my page,

* Alla *is the Mahometan name of God.*

35 That seduc'd by sordid riches
Thou wilt sell thy youth to age?

An old lord from Antiquera
Thy stern father brings along;
But canst thou, inconstant Zaida, 5
40 E'er consent my love to wrong?

If it's true now plainly tell me,
Nor thus trifle with my woes;
Hide not then from me the secret,
Which the world so clearly knows. 10

45 Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,
While the pearly tears descend:
[Ah! **327**] Ah! my lord, too true the story;
Here our tender loves must end.

Our fond friendship is discover'd, 15
50 Well are known our mutual vows;
All my friends are full of fury;
Storms of passion shake the house.

Threats, reproaches, fears surround me;
My stern father breaks my heart; 20
55 Alla knows how dear it costs me,
Generous youth, from thee to part.

Ancient wounds of hostile fury
Long have rent our house and thine,
Why then did thy shining merit 25
60 Win this tender heart of mine?

Well thou knowst how dear I lov'd thee
Spite of all their hateful pride,
Tho' I fear'd my haughty father
Ne'er would let me be thy bride. 30

65 Well thou knowst what cruell chidings
Oft I've from my mother borne,
What I've suffered here to meet thee
Still at eve and early morn.

I no longer may resist them, 35
Y 4 70 All, to force my hand combine;

[To- **328**] And to-morrow to thy rival
  This weak frame I must resign.

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
  Can survive so great a wrong,
5 Well my breaking heart assures me 75
  That my woes will not be long.

Farewel then, my dear Alcanzor!
  Farewel too my life with thee!
Take this scarf a parting token,
10 When thou wear'st it think on me. 80

Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden
  Shall reward thy generous truth,
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
  Died for thee in prime of youth.

15 — To him all amaz'd, confounded, 85
  Thus she did her woes impart:
Deep he sigh'd, then cry'd, O Zaida,
  Do not: do not break my heart.

Canst thou think I thus will lose thee?
20 Canst thou hold my love so small? 90
No! a thousand times I'll perish! —
  My curst rival too shall fall.

Canst thou, wilt thou yield thus to them?
  O break forth, and fly to me!
25 [This **329**] This fond heart shall bleed to save thee, 95
  These fond arms shall shelter thee.

'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,
  Spies surround me, bars secure,
Scarce I steal this last dear moment,
30 While my damsell keeps the door. 100

Hark, I hear my father storming!
  Hark, I hear my mother chide!
I must go: farewell for ever!
  Gracious Alla be thy guide!

THE END OF BOOK THE THIRD.

A GLOSSARY

OF THE OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS IN VOLUME THE FIRST.

The Scottish words are denoted by s. *French by* f. *Latin by* l. *Anglo-Saxon by* A. S. *Icelandic by* Isl. *&c. For the etymology of the words in this and the following Volumes, the Reader is referred to* JUNIJ ETYMOLOGICON ANGLICANUM. EDIDIT EDW. LYE, OXON. 1743. *fol.*

If any words should not occur here, they will be found in the Glossaries to the other Volumes.

A.

A', au. s. *all.*
A Twyde, *p.* 6. *of Tweed.*
Abacke. *back.*
Abone, ahoon, aboone s. *above.*
Abraide. *abroad.*
Acton. *p.* 47. *a kind of armour made of taffaty, or leather quilted, &c. worn under the habergeon to save the body from bruises.* f. Hocqueton.
Aft. s. *oft.*
Agayne. *against.*
Agoe. *gone.*
Ain, awin. s. *own.*
Al gife. *although.*
Alate. *p.* 88. *of late.*
An. *p.* 75. *and.*
Ane. s. *one, an.*
Ancyent. *standard.*
Aras. *p.* 5. arros. *p.* 9. *arrows.*
Arcir. *p.* 75. *archer.*
Assinde. *assigned.*
Assoyl'd, assoyled. *absolved.*
Astate. *estate.*
Astound. *p.* 184. astonyed *stuned, astonished, confounded.*
Ath. *p.* 6. athe. *p.* 9. *o' th', of the.*
Avoyd. *p.* 184. *void, vacate.*
Aureat. *golden.*
Austerne. *p.* 264. *stern, austere.*

B.

Ba. s. *ball.*
Bacheleere, batchilere. *p.* 38, &c. *knight.*
Bairne. s. *child.*
Baith, s. bathe. *p.* 11. *both.*
[Baile 331] Baile, bale. *p.* 38, 79 *evil, hurt, mischief, misery.*
Balys bete. *p.* 17. *better our bales, i. e. remedy our evils.*
Band, *p.* 45, *bond, convenant.*
Bane. *p.* 11. *bone.*
Bar. *bare.*
Bar-hed. *bare-head, or perhaps bared.*
Barne. *p.* 7. berne. *p.* 22. *man, person.*

[* ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS *zu den Glossaren aus Vol. III.*

Base court. *p*. 89. *the lower court of a castle.*
Basnete, basnite, basnyte, bassonet, bassonette. *helmet.*
Bauzens skinne. *p*. 286. *tan-ed sheep's skin.*
Be that. *p*. 6. *by that time.*
Bearyng arowe. *p*. 157. *an arrow that carries well.*
Bedight. *p*. 90. *bedecked.*
Bedyls. *beadles.*
Beheard. *heard.*
Beete. *did beat.*
Beforn. *before.*
Begylde. *beguiled, deceived.*
Behests. *p*. 308. *commands, injunctions.*
Behove. *p*. 161. *behoof.*
Belyfe. *p*. 152. belive. *immediately.*
Bende-bow, *a bent-bow. qu.*
Ben, bene. *been.*
Benison. *blessing.*
Bent. *p*. 5. bents. *p*. 39. (*where rushes grow*) *the field*; *fields.*
Benynge. *p*. 114. benigne. *benign, kind.*
Beste. *beest, art.*
Bestis. *beasts.*
Bestrawghted. *p*. 165. *distracted.*
Beth. *be, are.*
Bickarte. *p*. 5. bicker'd. *skirmished.*
Bill, &c. *p*. 260. *I have delivered a promise in writing, confirmed by an oath.*
Blane. *p*. 12. blanne. *p*. 42. *did* blin. *i. e. stop.*
Blaw. s. *blow.*
Blaze. *to emblazon, display.*
Blee. *colour, complexion.*
Bleid. s. blede. *bleed.*
Blist. *blessed.*
Blive. *p*. 85. belive. *immediately.*
Bloomed. *p*. 285. *beset with bloom.*
Blude. *blood.* blude reid. s. *blood red.*
Bluid, bluidy. s. *blood, bloody.*
Blyve. *p*. 156. belive. *instantly.*
Boare. *bare.*
Bode. *p*. 110. *abode.*
Boltes. *shafts, arrows.*
Bomen. *p*. 5. *bow-men.*
Bonny, bonnie, bonnye. s. *comely.*
Boone. *p*. 91. *a gift, present.*
Boot, boote. *p*. 79. *advantage, help, assistance.*
Borrowe, borowe. *pledge, surety.*
Borowe. *p*. 139. *to redeem by a pledge.*
Borrowed. *p*. 31. *warranted, pledged, was exchanged for.*
Bot and. s. *p*. 102. *and also.*
Bot. but.
Bote. *boot, advantage.*
Bougill. s. *bugle-horn, hunting-horn.*
Bounde, bowned, *prepared.*
Bowndes. *bounds.*
Bowne ye, *prepare ye.*
[Bowne. 332] Bowne. *ready.* bowned. *prepared.*
Bowre, *p*. 50. bower. *habitation: chamber, parlour. perhaps from Isl.* bouan *to dwell.*
Bowre-window. *chamber-window.*
Bowys. *bows.*
Braid. s. *broad, large.*
Brandes. swords.
Breere. *p*. 81. brere. *briar.*
Bred bannor. *broad banner.*
Breech. *p*. 286. *breeches.*

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p. 332: Alate. *late.* Bauzen's skinne. *sheep's leather dressed, and coloured red.* f. bazane. — *Or, perhaps, badger's skin, for* Bauson *is a badger in Old English.* Bearing arrow. — *Or, perhaps,* bering *or* birring, *i. e. a whirring, or whizzing* arrow: *from* Isl. Bir, *Ventus, or,* A. S. Bepe. *fremitus.* Bode. *p*. 110. *abode, stayed.*

Breeden bale. *breed mischief.*
Breng, bryng. *bring.*
Broad arrow. *an arrow with an edge.*
Brodinge. *pricking.*
Brooke. *p.* 16. *enjoy.*
Brooke, *p.* 270. *bear, endure.*
Browd. *p.* 5. *broad.*
Bryttlynge, *p.* 6. brytlyng. *p.* 7. *cutting up, quartering, carving.*
Bugle. *bugle-horn, hunting-horn.*
Bushment. *p.* 111. *ambush,* (*l. ambushment, ambush corr.*) *a snare to bring them into trouble.*
Buske ye. *dress ye.*
Busket, buskt. *dressed.*
Buskt them. *p.* 111. *prepared themselves, made themselves ready.*
But if. *unless.*
Buttes. *buts to shoot at.*
By thre. *p.* 130. *of three.*
Bye. *p.* 139. *buy, pay for. also.* abye. *suffer for.*
Byears, beeres. *biers.*
Bydys. *bides, abides.*
Byll. *p.* 6. bill. *an ancient kind of halbert, or battle ax.*
Byn, bine, bin. *been, be, are.*
Byrche. *birch-tree, birch-wood.*

C.

Calde, callyd. *p.* 8. *called.*
Can, cane. *p.* 27, 29. *'gan. p.* 26. *began to cry.*
Capull-hyde. *horse-hide.*
Carebed. *bed of care.*
Carpe of care. *p.* 15. *complain thro' care.*
Cast. *p.* 7. *mean, intend.*
Caytiffe. *p.* 41. caitif. *slave, despicable wretch.*
Cetywall. *p.* 284. setwall. *the herb valerian: also mountain spikenard. See Gerard's herbal.*
Chantecleere. *the cock.*
Chays. *p.* 7. *chace.*
Check. *to rate at.*
Check. *to stop.*
Child. *p.* 90. *knight.* children. *p.* 40. *knights. See Vol.* 3.*p.*58.
Christentye. *p.* 64. christiantè. *christendome.*
Chyf, chyfe. *chief.*
Clawed. *tore, scratched. p.* 162. *figuratively, beat.*
Cleaped, cleped. *called, named.*
Clerke. *scholar.*
Coate. *cot, cottage.*
Cockers. *p.* 286. *probably the same as* startopes *in vol.* 2. *a kind of buskins.*
Collayne. *Cologn-steel.*
Comen, commen, commyn. *come.*
Confetered. *confederated, entered into a confederacy.*
Cordiwin. *p.* 286. cordwayne. *properly Spanish, or Cordovan* [*leather:* 333] *leather: here it signifies a more vulgar sort.*
Corsiare. *p.* 12. *courser.*
Cote. *cot, cottage. Item. coat.*
Coulde. *cold. Item. could.*
Cold be *p.* 265. *was.* could dye. *p.* 29. *died. a phrase.*
Countie. *p.* 279. *count, earl.*
Coupe. *p.* 273. *a little pen for poultry.*
Couth. *could.*
Coyntrie. *p.* 286. *Coventry.*
Crage. *p.* 22. *cragg.*
Crancke. *sprightly, exulting.*
Credence. *belief.*
Crevis. *crevice, chink.*
Cricke. *p.* 172.
Cristes cors. *p.* 8. *Christ's curse.*
Crowch. *crutch* (in *p.* 162. *it ought perhaps to be* clowch. *clutch, grasp.*)
Cryance. *belief.* f. creance. *But in p.* 39, &c. *it seems to signify "fear".* f. crainte.
Cum. s. *come. p.* 10. *came.*

D.

Dampned. *condemned.*
De, dey, dy. *p.* 7. 15. 10. *die.*
Deepe-fette. *deep-fetched.*
Deid. s. dede. *deed. Item. dead.*
Deip. s. depe. *deep.*
Deir. s. deere, dere. *dear.*
Dell. *p.* 88. *deal.* every dell.
Denay. *deny. rhithmi gratia.*
Depured. *p.* 89. *pure, run clear.*
Descreeve. *describe.*
Dight. *decked, put on.*
Dill. *p.* 38. *dole, grief, pain.* — dill I drye. *p.* 38. *pain I suffer.* dill was dight. *p.* 36. *grief was upon him.*
Dint. *stroke, blow.*
Dis. *p.* 75. *this.*
Discust. *discussed.*
Dites. *dities.*
Dochter. s. *daughter.*
Dole. *p.* 37. *grief.*
Doleful dumps. *p.* 165. 244. *sorrowful gloom.*
Dolours, *dolorous, mournful.*
Doth, dothe, doeth. *do.*
Doughte, doughete, doughetie, *doughty, formidable.*
Doughetie. *i. e. doughty man.*
Downae. s. *p.* 34. *cannot.*
Doute. *doubt. Item. fear.*
Doutted. *doubted, feared.*
Dois. s. doys. *does.*
Drap. s. *drop.*
Dre. *p.* 13. drie. *p.* 101. drye. *p.* 29. *suffer.*
Dreid. s. dreede, drede. *dread.*
Dreips. s. *drips, drops.*
Drovyers, drovers. *p.* 237. *probably the same as*
Dryvars. *p.* 5. *drivers.*
Drye. *p.* 29. *suffer.*
Dryghnes. *dryness.*
Duble dyse. *double dice i. e. false dice.*
Dughtie. *doughty.*
Dule. s. dole. *grief.*
Dyd, dydc. *did.*
Dyght. *p.* 12. dight. *p.* 50. *dressed, put on, put.*
Dynte. *p.* 12. *dint, blow, stroke.*
Dysgysynge. *disguising, masking.*

E.

Eame, eme. *p.* 26. *uncle.*
Eathe. *easy.*
Ee. s. eie. *eye.*
[Een, 334] Een, eyne. *eyes.*
Ech, eche, eiche. *each.*
Ein. s. *even.*
Eir, evir. s. *e'er, ever.*
Eke. *also.*
Eldern. s. *elder.*
Elke. *p.* 29. *each.*
Ellumynynge. *p.* 113. *embellishing*: to illumine *a book, was to ornament it with paintings in miniature.*
Ellyconys. *Helicon's.*
Endyed. *dyed.*
Enharpit, &c. *p.* 113. *hooked, or edged with mortal dread.*
Enkankered. *cankered.*
Envie. *p.* 23. envye. *p.* 26. *malice, ill-will, injury.*
Erst. s. *heretofore.*
Eterminable. *p.* 116. *interminable, unlimited.*
Everychone. *every-one.*
Exed. *p.* 88. *asked.*

F.

Fa. s. *fall.*
Fach, feche. *fetch.*

Dell. *part.* every dell. *every part.* Depured. *purified, run clear.* Downae. s. *am not able. Properly, cannot take the trouble.* Drovyers, drovers. *such as drive herds of cattle; and probably, deer,* &c. Dryvars. *idem.*

Fain, fayne. *glad, fond.*
Faine of fighte. *p.* 65. *fond of fighting.*
Faine, fayne. *feign.*
Fals. *false. Item. falleth.*
Fare. *p.* 55. *pass.*
Farden. *p.* 47. *fared, flashed.*
Farley. *wonder.*
Faulkone. *faulcon.*
Fay. *faith.*
Fayere. *p.* 25. *fair.*
Faytors. *p.* 115. *deceivers, dissemblers, cheats.*
Fe. *fee, bribe. also, land.*
Feat. *p.* 274. *nice, neat.*
Featously. *neatly, dexterously.*
Feere, fere. *mate.*
Feir. s. fere. *fear.*
Fendys pray, &c. *p.* 115. *from being the prey of the fiends.*
Fersly. *fiercely.*
Fesante. *pheasant.*
Fette. *fetched.*
Fetteled, fettled. *prepared, addressed, made ready.*
Filde. *field.*
Finaunce. *p.* 115. *fine, forfeiture.*
Fit. *p.* 9. fyt. *p.* 139. fytte. *p.* 76. *Part or Division of a song. hence p.* 68. fitt *is a strain of music. See vol.* 2. *p.* 161, 383.
Flyte. *p.* 172, 260. *flout, mock.*
Foo. *p.* 31. *foes.*
For. *on account of.*
Forbode. *p.* 159. *prohibition, q. d. God forbid.*
Forefend. *prevent, defend.*
Formare. *former.*
Forthynketh. *p.* 154. *repenteth, vexeth, troubleth.*
Forsed. *p.* 111. *regarded, heeded.*
Forst. *p.* 70. *forced, compelled.*
Fosters of the fe. *p.* 155. *forresters of the king's demesnes.*
Fou, fow. s. *full.*
Fowarde, vawarde. *the van.*
Fre-bore. *p.* 75. *free-born.*
Freake, freke, freyke. *man, person, human creature.*
Freckys. *p.* 10. *persons.*
Frie. s. fre. *free.*
Freits. s. *ill omens, ill luck.*
Fuyson, foison. *plenty.*
Fyll. *p.* 110. *fell.*
Fyr. fire.

[Gair. 335] G.

Gair. s. *geer, dress.*
Gamon. *p.* 41. *Game. hence* backgamon.
Gane, gan. *began.*
Gane, gan. *gone.*
Ganyde. *p.* 10. *gained.*
Garde. *p.* 10. *made.*
Gare, gar. *make.*
Gargeyld. *p.* 88. *perhaps from* Gargouille. f. *the spout of a gutter. The tower was adorned with spouts cut in the figures of gray-hounds, lions &c.*
Garland. *p.* 82. *the ring, within which the prick or mark was set.*
Gear. s. geer. *p.* 302. *goods.*
Getinge. *p.* 24. *what he had got, his plunder, booty.*
Geve, gevend. *give, given.*
Gi, gie. s. *give.*
Gife, giff. *if.*
Gin. s. *an, if.*
Give owre. s. *surrender.*
Glede. *p.* 7. *a red hot coal.*
Glent. *p.* 5. *glanced.*
Glose. *p.* 110. *set a false gloss, or colour.*

Flyte. *to contend with words, scold.* Forbode. *commandment. p.* 159. Over God's forbode. [*præter dei præceptum sit.*] *q. d. God forbid.* Gamon. *p.* 41. *to make game, to sport.* A. S. Gamenian. *jocari.*

Gode. *good.*
Goggling eyen. *goggle eyes.*
Gone. *p.* 47. *go.*
Gowd. s. gould. *gold.*
Graine. *p.* 173. *scarlet.*
Gramercye. *God-a-mercy: or perhaps, Grant mercy.*
Graunge. *p.* 273. *granary.*
Grea-hondes. *grey-hounds.*
Grece. *p.* 88. *a flight of steps.*
Greece. *p.* 149. *a fat hart; from* f. graisse.
Grennyng. *grinning.* [*from Bale. pt.* 2. *Ed.* 1550. *fol.* 83.]
Gret, grat. *great.*
Greves. *groves, bushes.*
Grisly groned. *p.* 30. *dreadfully groaned.*
Groundwa. *p.* 103. *ground-wall.*
Gude. guid. geud. s. *good.*

H.

Ha, [hae.] s. *have. Item. hall.*
Habergeon. f. *a lesser coat of mail.*
Halched, halsed. *saluted, embraced, fell on his neck, from*
Halse. *neck.*
Halesome. *wholesome, healthy.*
Handbow. *p.* 160. *in opposition to a* Cross-bow.
Harlocke. *p.* 284.
Haried, harried, harowed. *p.*141. 22. *harrowed, harrassed.*
Hastarddis. *p.* 109. *probably, rabble raised in Haste.*
Haviour. *behaviour.*
Hauld. s. *to hold. Item. hold, strong hold.*
Hawberk. *a coat of mail.*
Hayll. *advantage, profit. p.* 25. *for the profit of all England.* A. S. Hæl. *salus.*
He. *p.* 5. hee. *p.* 24. hye. *high.*
He. *p.* 150. hye. *to hie.*
Heal. *p.* 10. *hail.*
Hear. *p.* 11. *here.*
Heare, heares. *hair, hairs.*
Hed, hede. *head.*
Heere. *p.* 86. *hear.*
Heighte. *p.* 27. *on high, aloud.*
Heir. s. here. *p.* 9. *hear.*
Hend. *kind, gentle.*
Hest. *p.* 197. *hast.*
Hest. *p.* 42. *command, injunction*
[Hether **336**] Hether. *p.* 151. *hither.*
Heawyng, hewinge. *hewing, hacking.*
Hewyne in to. *hewn in two.*
Hi, hie. *p.* 75. *he.*
Hie, hye, he, hee. *high.*
Hight. *p.* 43. *p.* 11. *engage, engaged, promised.* (*p.* 131. *called*).
Hillys. *hills.*
Hinde, hend. *gentle.*
Hir. s. *her.*
Hirsel. s. *herself.*
Hit. *p.* 11. *it.*
Hoo, ho. *p.* 20. *an interjection of stopping or desisting: hence stoppage.*
Hode. *p.* 141. *hood, cap.*
Hole. *p.* 111. holl. *p.* 114. *whole.*
Holtes. *p.* 24. *hills.*
Holy. *p.* 114. *perhaps* hole, *whole.*
Hom, hem. *them.*
Hondrith, hondred. *hundred.*
Honge. *hang, hung.*
Hontyng. *hunting.*
Hoved. *p.* 88. *perhaps, hovered, hung moving.*
Hount. *p.* 7. *hunt.*

Harried, &c. *robbed, pillaged.* Harlocke. *p.* 284. *perhaps,* Charlocke. *or, wild rape, which bears a yellow flower, and grows among corn,* &c. Holtes. *woods, groves.* Hoved. *heaved. or, perhaps, hovered, hung moving. Gl. Ch.*

I.

I' feth. *in faith.*
I ween. (*I think*:) *verily.*
I wys, I wis. (*I know*:) *verily.*
I wot. (*I know*:) *verily.*
Iclipped. *p.* 88. *called.*
Iff. *if.*
Jimp. s. *slender.*
Ild. *I'd, I would.*
Ile, *I'll, I will.*
Ilka. s. *every.*
Im. *p.* 75. *him.*
In fere. I fere. *together.*
Into. s. *in.*
Intres. *p.* 88. *entrance, admittance.*
Jo. *p.* 300. *sweet-heart, friend.*
Jogelers. *juglers.*
I-tuned. *p.* 88. *tuned.*
Iye. *eye.*
Iz. *p.* 75. *is, his.*

K.

Karls. *carls, churls.* karls of kind. *churls by nature.*
Kauld. *p.* 75. *called.*
Kawte and keene. *p.* 26. *cautions and active.* l. cautus.
Kempe. kempes. *soldier, soldiers.*
Kemperye man. *p.* 67. *soldier, warrior, fighting-man.*
Kems. s. *combs.*
Ken, kenst. *know, knowest.*
Kepers, &c. *p.* 163. *those that watch by the corpse shall tye up my winding sheet.*
Kind. *nature.*
Kit. *p.* 113. *cut.*
Kithe nor kin. *acquaintance, nor kindred.*
Knave. *p.* 85. *servant.*
Knicht. s. *knight.*
Knights fee. *p.* 85. *such a portion of land as qualified a man for knighthood.*
Knowles. *knolls.*
Knyled. *knelt.*
Kyrtill, kirtle. *petticoat, gown.*

L.

Laith. s. *loth.*
[Laitl. 337] Langsome. s. *p.* 301. *long, tedious.* Lang. s. *long.*
Lauch, lauched. s. *laugh, laughed.*
Launde. *p.* 149. *lawn.*
Lay-land. *p.* 41. *land that is not plowed: green-swerd.*
Lay-lands. *p.* 49. *lands in general.*
Layden. *laid.*
Laye. *p.* 41. *law.*
Leane. *p.* 27. *conceal, hide. Item. lye. query.*
Leanyde. *leaned.*
Leard. *learned, taught.*
Lease. *p.* 149. *lying, falshood.* Withouten lease. *verily.*
Leasynge. *lying, falshood.*
Lee. *p.* 105. *the field.*
Leeche. *physician.*
Leechinge. *p.* 37. *doctoring, medicinal care.*
Leeve London. *p.* 255. *dear London, an old phrase.*
Leeveth. *believeth.*
Lefe. *p.* 153. leeve. *dear.*
Lefe. *leaf.* leves. *leaves.*
Leive. s. *leave.*
Leman, leaman, leiman. *lover, mistress, A. S.* leifman.
Lenger. *longer.*
Lere. *p.* 47. *face, complexion. A. S.* hleape, *facies, vultus.*
Lerned. *learned, taught.*

Knight's fee. *such a portion of land, as required a man to serve with horse and arms.*]

Lesynge. *p.* 154. leasing. *lying, falshood.*
Let. 5. *hinder.* 66. *hindred.*
Lettest. *hinderest, detainest.*
Lettyng. *p.* 151. *hindrance.*
Lever. *rather.*
Leyre, lere. *p.* 284. *learning, lore.*
Lig. s. *lie.*
Lightsome. *p.* 39. *chearful, sprightly.*
Liked. *p.* 286. *pleased.*
Linde. *p.* 148. *the lime tree; or collectively lime trees; or Trees in general.*
Lingell. *p.* 286. *a thread of hemp rubbed with rosin, &c. used by rustics for mending their shoes.*
Lith, lithe, lythe. *p.* 131, *attend, hearken, listen.*
Lither. *p.* 67. *idle, worthless, naughty, froward.*
Liver. *deliver.*
Liverance. *p.* 261. *deliverance (money, or a pledge for delivering you up).*
Loke. *p.* 285. *lock of wooll.*
Longes. *belongs.*
Looset, losed. *loosed.*
Lope. *leaped.*
Loveth. *love. plur. number.*
Lough. *p.* 147. *laugh.*
Louked. *looked.*
Loun. s. *p.* 302. lown. *p.* 174. *loon, rascal. from the Irish* liun. *slothful, sluggish.*
Louted. *p.* 48. *bowed, did obeysance.*
Lowe. *p.* 84. *a little hill.*
Lurden. *p.* 141. *sluggard, drone.*
Lynde, *p.* 147. lyne. *p.* 82. *See* Linde.
Lyth. *p.* 284. *lithsome, pliant, flexible, easy, gentle.*
Lythe. *idem.* (*p.* 76. *See* Lith.)

M.

Mahound, Mahowne. *Mahomet.*
Maieste, maist, mayeste. *may'st.*
Mair, s. mare. *more.*
Makys, maks. *mates.*
Make, *p.* 10. *coat of mail.*
Mane. *p.* 7. *man. Item, moan.*
[March- 338] March-perti. 15. *march-parts.*
Marche-man. *a scowrer of the marches.*
March-pine. *p.* 284. march-pane. *a kind of biscuit.*
Masterye. *p.* 81. maystry. *p.* 157. *a trial of skill, high proof of skill.*
Mauger. *p.* 4. *spite of.*
Maun. s. mun. *must.*
May'. *maid. rhythmi gratia.*
Mayd, mayde. *made.*
Mayne. *p.* 51. *force, strength. p.* 77. *horse's mane.*
Meany. *p.* 5. *retinue, train, company.*
Meed. meede. *reward.*
Men of armes. *p.* 28. *gens d' armes.*
Meniveere. *p.* 286. *white fur.*
Merches. *marches.*
Met. *p.* 6. meit. s. mete. *meet, fit, proper.*
Meynè. *p.* 147. *see* Meany.
Minged. *p.* 40. *mentioned.*
Misdoubt. 277. *suspect, doubt.*
Misken. *mistake.*
Mode. *p.* 147. *mood.*
Monynday. *monday.*
Mores. *p.* 40. *hills, wild downs.*
Morne. s. *p.* 73. *on the morrow.*
Mort. *p.* 6. *the death of the deer.*
Most. *p.* 111. *must.*
Mought, mot, mote. *might.*
Mun, maun. s. *must.*
Mure, mures. s. *wild downs, flats, &c.*
Musis. *muses.*
Myghttè. *mighty.*

VOL. III.

Myllan. *Milan steel.*
Myne-ye-ple.*p.*10.*perhaps Many-plies, or, folds.*
Myrry. *merry.*
Mysuryd. *p.* 113. *misused, applied to a bad purpose.*

N.

Na, nae. s. *no, none.*
Nams. *names.*
Nar. *p.* 6. nare. *nor.*
Nat. *not.*
Nee, ne. *nigh.*
Neigh him neare. *approach him near.*
Neir. s. nere. *ne'er, never.*
Neir. s. nere. *near.*
Nicked him of naye. *p.* 60. *i. e. nicked him with a refusal.*
Nipt. *pinched.*
Nobles. *nobless, nobleness.*
None. *noon.*
Nourice. s. *nurse.*
Nye, ny. *nigh.*

O.

O gin. s. *O if! a phrase.*
On. *one;* on man. *p.* 8. *one man.* One. *p.* 25. *on.*
Or, ere. *p.* 20. 24. *before.*
Or, eir. s. *before ever.*
Orisons. *prayers.*
Ost, oste. *host.*
Out ower. s. *quite over: over.*
Outrake. *p.* 265. *an out-ride; or expedition. to* raik. s. *is to go fast.* (*Or perhaps,* Outreik, *a fitting out. Mr. Davidson.*)
Oware of none. *hour of noon.*
Owre, owr. s. *o'er.*
Owt. *out.*

P.

Pa. s. *the river Po.*
[Pall. 339] Pall. *p.* 47. *a robe of state.* Purple and pall. *i. e. a purple robe, or cloak. a phrase.*
Paramour. *p.* 288. *lover. Item. a mistress.*
Paregall. *p.* 113. *equal.*
Parti, party. *p.* 8. *a part.*
Paves. *p.* 110. *a large kind of shield.* (*Gloss. G. Doug.*)
Pavilliane. *pavillion, tent.*
Pay. *p.* 153. *liking, satisfaction.*
Peakish. *p.* 273. *small, mean, petty.*
Peere, pere. *peer, equal.*
Penon. *a banner, or streamer borne on the top of a launce.*
Perelous, parlous. *perilous, dangerous.*
Perfight. *perfect.*
Perlese. *p.* 115. *peerless.*
Pertyd. *p.* 9. *parted.*
Play-feres. *play-fellows.*
Playning. *complaining.*
Pleasance. *pleasure.*
Pight. *p.* 24. *pitched.*
Pil'd. *p.* 268. *peeled, bald.*
Pine. *p.* 173. *famish, starve.*
Pite, pitte, pyte. *pity.*
Pompal. *p.* 214. *pompous.*
Portress. *p.* 88. *porteress.*
Popingay. *p.* 286. *a parrot.*
Pow, pou: pow'd. s. *pull: pulled.*
Prece, prese. *press.*
Preced, presed. *pressed.*
Prest. *p.* 182. *ready.*
Prestly. *p.* 150. prestlye. *p.* 47. *quickly.*
Prickes. *p.* 81. *the marks to shoot at.*
Pricke-wand. *p.* 82. *a wand set up for a mark.*
Pricked. *p.* 25. *spurred on, hasted.*
Prowes. *p.* 112. *prowess.*
Prycke. *p.* 156. *the mark: commonly a hazel-wand.*
Pryme. *p.* 132. *day break.*
Pulde. *p.* 10. *pulled.*

Q.

Quail. *p.* 49. 267. *shrink.*
Quadrant. *p.* 88. *four-square.*
Quarry. *p.* 237. *slaughtered game, deer, &c. See pag.* 6.
Quere, quire. *choir.*
Quest. *p.* 142. *inquest.*
Quha. s. *who.*
Quhan. s. *when.*
Quhar. s. *where.*
Quhat. s. *what.*
Quhatten. s. *what.*
Quhen. s. *when.*
Quhy. s. *why.*
Quyrry, *p.* 6. *See* quarry *above.*
Quyte. *p.* 16. *requited.*

R.

Raine. *reign.*
Rayne, reane. *rain.*
Reachles. *p.* 83. *careless.*
Reas. *p.* 5. *raise.*
Reave. *bereave.*
Reckt. *regarded.*
Reade. *p.* 22. rede. *advise. p.* 28. *hit off.*
Reek. s. *smoak.*
Reid, s. rede, reed. *red.*
Reid-roan. s. *red-roan.*
Rekeles, recklesse. *regardless, void of care, rash.*
Renish. *p.* 59. renisht. *p.* 65.
Renisht. *p.* 59, 65.
Renne. *run.*
Z 2 Renyed. *refused.*
[Rewth, 340] Rewth. *ruth.* rewe. *pity.*
Riall. *p.* 89. *royal.*
Richt. s. *right.*
Ride. *p.* 260. *make an inroad.*
Roche. *rock.*
Ronne. *ran.* Roone. *p.* 25. *run.*
Roode. *cross, crucifix.*
Roufe. *roof.*
Row, rowd. s. *roll, rolled.*
Rues. *p.* 176. ruethe. *p.* 23. *pitieth.*
Ryde. *p.* 252. *i. e. make an inroad.* Ryde in *p.* 64. (*v.* 135.) *should be* rise. *Counsel must arise from me.*
Rydere. *p.* 159. *ranger.*
Ryse. *p.* 130. *raise.*

S.

Sa, sae. s. *so.*
Saif. s. *safe.*
Sall. s. *shall.*
Sar. *sore.*
Sark. *shirt, shift.*
Sat, sete. *p.* 3. *set.*
Savyde. *saved.*
Say. *p.* 13. *saw. See V.* 2. *p.* 267.
Say us no harme. *p.* 66. *say no ill of us.*
Sayne. *say. plur. num.*
Scathe. *hurt, injury.*
Schip. s. *ship.*
Scho. s. *she.*
Schrill. s. *shrill.*
See. s. see. *sea. p.* 6. *see.*
Seik. s. seke. *seek.*
Sene. *p.* 9. *seen.*
Sertayne, sertenlye. *certain, certainly.*
Setywall. *See* cetiwall.
Shales. *p.* 77. *upon re-inspecting the MS. appears to be* shaws. *little woods.*
Shear. *p.* 5. *clear off.*
Sheele. *she'll, she will.*
Sheene. shene. *shining.*
Sheits. s. shetes. *sheets.*
Shent. *disgraced.*
Shimmering. *shining by glances.*
Shoke. *p.* 113. *shookest.*
Shold, sholde. *should.*
Shoen. s. shoone. *p.* 226. *shoes.*
Shote. *p.* 9. *shot.*
Shraddes. *p.* 77.
Shrift. *confession.*
Shroggs. *p.* 81. *shrubs, thorns, briars. G. Doug.* scroggis.
Shulde. *should.*

Shyars. *shires.*
Sib. *kin.*
Side. *long.*
Sic, sich, sick. *p.* 75. s. *such.*
Sik. *p.* 102. sike. *such.*
Sied. s. *saw.*
Siker. *p.* 303. *surely, certainly.*
Sigh-clout. *p.* 173. (sythe-clout) *a clout to strain milk trough: a straining clout.*
Sith. *p.* 7. *since.*
Slade. *p.* 79. *a slip of greensword between plow-lands, or woods, &c.*
Slaw. *p.* 285. *slew.*
Slean. slone. *slain.*
Sle, slee. *slay.* sleest. *slayest.*
Sleip. s. slepe. *sleep.*
Slo, sloe. *slay.*
Slode. *p.* 40. *slit, split.*
Slone. *p.* 42. *slain.*
Sloughe. *p.* 9. *slew.*
Smithers. s. *smothers.*
Soldain, soldan, sowden. *sultan.*
Soll, soulle, sowle. *soul.*
Sort. *p.* 116. *company.*
Soth-Ynglonde. *South England.*
[Soth **341**] Soth, sothe, south, southe. *sooth, truth.*
Sould. s. *should.*
Sowden, soudain. *sultan.*
Sowre. *sour.*
Sowre, soare. *sore.*
Soy. f. *silk.*
Spak, spaik. s. *spake.*
Sped. *p.* 61. *speeded.*
Speik. s. *speak.*
Spendyde. *p.* 12. *perhaps* Hended. *held. or,* Spanned. *grasped.*
Spere, speere. *spear.*
Spill. *p.* 172. spille. *p.* 52. *spoil, come to harm.*
Sprente. 10. *spurted, sprung out.*
Spurn, spurne. *a kick. p.* 16. *See* Tear.
Spyde. *spied.*
Spylt. *p.* 112. *lost, destroyed.*
Spyt. *p.* 7. spyte. *spite.*
Stable. *p.* 115. perhaps, *stablish.*
Stalworthlye, *p.* 22. *stoutly.*
Stane. s. stean. *p.* 75. *stone.*
Steedye. *steady.*
Steid. s. stede. *steed.*
Stele. *p.* 13. *steel.*
Stark. *p.* 47. *stiff.*
Sterne. *stern:* or perhaps, *stars.*
Sterris. *stars.*
Sterte. *start.*
Sterte, sterted. *started.*
Sterte, start. *p.* 295. *started.*
Steven. *p.* 85. *voice.*
Steven. *p.* 81. *time.*
Still. *p.* 22. *quiet, silent.*
Stint. *stop, stopped.*
Stirande stage. *p.* 22. *many a stirring, travelling journey.*
Stonderes. *standers by.*
Stound, stownde. *p.* 142. 29. *time, while.*
Stour. *p.* 13. 70. stower. *p.* 40. stowre. *p.* 29. 50. *fight.*
Streght. *p.* 10. *straight.*
Strekene. *stricken, struck.*
Stret. *street.*
Strick. *strict.*
Stroke. *p.* 10. *struck.*
Stude. s. *stood.*
Styntyde, stinted. *stayed, stopped.*
Suar. *sure.*
Sum. s. *some.*
Sumpters. *p.* 278. *horses that carry cloaths, furniture, &c.*
Swapte. *p.* 10. swapped. *p.* 28. swopede. *p.* 28. *struck violently.*
Swat, swatte. *p.* 28. swotte. *p.* 28. *did sweat.*
Swear. *p.* 6. *sware.*
Sweard. *sword.*
Sweavens. *dreams.*
Sweit. s. swete. *sweet.*
Swith. *p.* 70. *quickly, instantly.*
Syd. *side.*
Syne. *p.* 23. 25. *then, afterwards.*
Syth. *since.*

T.

Take. *taken.*
Talents. *p.* 61.
Taine. s. tane. *taken.*
Tear. *p.* 16. *this seems to be a proverb, That tearing or pulling occasioned this spurn or kick.*
Teenefu. s. *p.* 106. *full of indignation, wrathful, furious.*
Teir. s. tere. *tear.*
Teene. *p.* 139. tene. *p.* 109. *sorrow, indignation, wrath. Properly, injury, affront.*
[Thair. 342] Thair. s. *their.*
Thame. s. *them.*
Than. *then.*
Thair. s. thare. *there.*
The. *thee.* Thend. *the end.*
The. *they.* the wear. *p.* 5. *they were.* the blewe. *p.* 6. *they blew.*
Thear, theare. *p.* 23. ther. *p.* 6. *there.*
Thee. *thrive.* mote he thee. *may he thrive.*
Ther. *p.* 5. *their.*
Therfor. *p.* 7. *therefore.*
Ther-to. *thereto.*
Thes. *these.*
Theyther-ward. *p.* 134. *thitherward, towards that place.*
Thie. *thy.*
Thouse. s. *p.* 174. *thou art.*
Thowe. *thou.*
Thrae. *p.* 55. *should be* Throw. s. *trough.*
Thrall. *p.* 95. *captive. p.* 270. *captivity.*
Thrang. s. *throng.*
Thre. thrie. s. *three.*
Threape. *p.* 175. *rebuke, chide, scold. Also, positive assertion.*
Thritte. *thirty.*
Throng. *p.* 140. *hastened.*
Thrue. *threw.*
Till. *p.* 16. *unto.*
Till. *p.* 68. *entice.*
Tine. *lose.* tint. *lost.*
To. *too. Item. two.*
Ton. *p.* 7. tone. *the one.*
Tow. s. *p.* 104. *to let down with a rope, &c.*
Tow, towe. *two.*
Traitorie, traitory. *treachery.*
Tre. *tree. wood.*
Treytory, traitory. *treachery.*
Tride. *tryed.*
Trow. *p.* 173. *think, conceive, know.*
Trowthe, trothe. *troth.*
Tru, trewe. *true.*
Tuik. s. *took.*
Tul. s. *till, to.*
Turn. *p.* 278. such turn. *such an occasion.*
Twa. s. *two.*
Twin'd. s. *p.* 33. *twisted, turned.*
Tym, tyme. *time.*

V. U.

Vices. *p.* 88. *screws; or perhaps turning pins, swivels.*
Vilane. *p.* 109. *raskally.*
Undernead. *underneath.*
Undight. *undecked, undressed.*
Unmacklye. *mishapen.*
Unsett steven. *p.* 81. *unappointed time, unexpectedly.*
Untyll. *unto. p.* 139. *against.*
Voyded. *p.* 144. *quitted, left the place.*
Upe. *up.* Upone, *upon.*
Utlawz. *p.* 75. *outlaws.*

W.

Wad. s. wold, wolde. *would.*
Wae worth. s. *woe betide.*
Waltering. *weltering.*
Wane. *p.* 11. *perhaps (rythmi gratiâ) for* whang, *the noise made by a bow in emitting the arrow. see* Sowne *Gl. V.* 2.

War. *p.* 6. *aware.*
Warldis. s. *worlds.*
Wat. *p.* 8. wot. *know, am aware.*
Wat. s. *wet.*
Wavde. *p.* 96. *waved.*
Wayward. *p.* 311. *froward, peevish.*
Weale. *p.* 92. *happiness, prosperity.*
[Weal. 343] Weal. *p.* 15. *wail.*
Wedous. *widows.*
Weedes. *clothes.*
Weel. *we'll, we will.*
Weene; ween'd. *p.* 40. *think; thought.*
Weet. s. *wet.*
Weil. s. wele. *weep.*
Wel-away. *p.* 259. *an interjection of grief.*
Wel of pitè. *source of pity.*
Weme. *womb, belly, hollow.*
Wende. *p.* 148. *weened, thought.*
Wend, wends. *go, goes.*
Westlin. s. *western.*
While. *p.* 267. *untill.*
Whoard. *hoard.*
Whose. *p.* 112. *whoso.*
Whyllys. *whilst.*
Wight. *p.* 167. *person. p.* 267. *strong, lusty.*
Wighty. *p.* 77. *strong, lusty, active, nimble.*
Wightly. *p.* 37. *vigorously.*
Will. s. *p.* 72. *shall.*
Wilfulle. *p.* 81. *wandering, erring.*
Windling. s. *winding.*
Winnae. s. *will not.*
Winsome. s. *p.* 302. *handsome.*
Wiss. *p.* 256. *know.* wist. *knew.*
Wo, woo. *p.* 9. *woe.*
Woe begone. *p.* 47. *lost in woe, overwhelmed with grief.*
Won'd. *p.* 283. *dwelled.*
Wone. *p.* 13. *one.*
Wondersly. *wonderously.*
Wode, wood. *mad.*
Wonne. *dwell.*
Woodwete. *p.* 77. *should be.* woodweele *or* wodewale; *the golden ouzle, a bird of the thrush-kind. Gloss. Chauc.*
Worthè. *worthy.*
Wot. *know.* wotes. *knows.*
Wouch. *p.* 9. *mischief, evil. A. S.* Yohȝ. *i. e.* Wohg. *malum.*
Wrang. s. *wrung.*
Wreke, wreak. *revenge.*
Writhe. *p.* 265. *writhed, twisted.*
Wroken. *revenged.*
Wronge. *wrung.*
Wul. s. *will.*
Wyght. *p.* 283. *strong, lusty.*
Wyghtye. *p.* 156. *the same.*
Wyld. *p.* 5. *wild deer.*
Wynne. *p.* 25. *joy.*
Wyste. *p.* 6. *knew.*

Y.

Y-cleped. *called.*
Y-con'd. *taught, instructed.*
Y-fere. *together.*
Y-founde. *found.*
Y-picking. *p.* 285. *picking, culling, gathering.*
Y-slaw. *slain.*
Y-were. *were.*
Y-wis. *p.* 90. *verily.*
Y-wrought. *wrought.*
Yate. *gate.*
Yche. *each.*
Ychyseled. *carved with the chizzel.*
Ydle. *idle.*
Ye bent, y-bent. *bent.*
Ye feth, y-feth. *in faith.*
Yenoughe, ynoughe. *enough.*
Yeldyde. *yielded.*
Yerarchy. *hierarchy.*
Yere, yeere. *year, years.*
Yerle. *p.* 8. *earl.*
Yerly. *p.* 5. *early.*
Yestreen. s. *yester-evening.*
[Yf 344] Yf. *if.*
Ygnoraunce. *ignorance.*
Ynglishe. *English.*
Ynglonde. *England.*

Yode, *went.*
Youe. *p.* 7. *you.*
Yt. *it.*
Yth. *p.* 6. *in the.*

Z.

Ze, zea. s. *ye.*
Zeir. s. *year.*
Zellow. s. *yellow.*
Zonder. s. *yonder.*
Zong. s. *young.*
Zour. s. *your.*

⁎ The printers have usually substituted the letter z to express the character ʒ, which occurs in old MSS: but we are not to suppose that this ʒ was ever pronounced as our modern z; it had rather the force of y (and perhaps of gh) being no other than the Saxon letter ʒ, which both the Scots and English have in many instances changed into y, as ʒeaꞃd *yard,* ʒeaꞃ *year,* ʒeonʒ *young,* &c.

THE END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

Kupferstich: Illustration zu der Ballade THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY: ein männlicher Eremit, der seine Kutte abgestreift hat, ihm gegenüber in freudiger Ueberraschung eine jugendliche Pilgerin. Darunter: See Page 230.

RELIQUES

OF

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

VOL. II.

RELIQUES

OF

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY:

CONSISTING OF

Old Heroic BALLADS, SONGS, and other PIECES of our earlier POETS,

(Chiefly of the LYRIC kind.)

Together with some few of later Date.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

Kupferstich: unter Trümmern einer Burg eine Harfe an einen Baum gelehnt, davor Bücher und Pergamente, darunter die Devise:
DURAT OPUS VATUM.

LONDON:

Printed for J. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall.

MDCCLXV.

[I]

CONTENTS OF VOLUME THE SECOND.

BOOK THE FIRST.

BOOK THE SECOND.

BOOK THE THIRD.

Though

Though some make slight of LIBELS, yet you may see by them how the wind sits: As take a straw and throw it up into the air, you may see by that, which way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a stone. More solid things do not shew the complexion of the times so well as BALLADS and Libels.

SELDEN'S TABLE-TALK.

ANCIENT

Kupferstich, beschrieben im letzten Absatz der Einleitung zu Richard of Almaigne.

ANCIENT

SONGS AND BALLADS,

etc.

SERIES THE SECOND.

BOOK I. 5

I.

RICHARD OF ALMAIGNE,

"A ballad made by one of the adherents to Simon de "Montfort, earl of Leicester, soon after the battle of Lewes, "which was fought May 14, 1264," 10
VOL. IIB *— affords a curious specimen of ancient Satire, and shews that the liberty, assumed by the good people of this realm, of* [*abusing* 2] *abusing their kings and princes at pleasure, is a privilege of very long standing.*

To render this antique libel intelligible, the Reader is to 15 *understand that just before the battle of Lewes which proved so fatal to the interests of Henry III, the barons had offered his brother Richard King of the Romans* 30,000*l*, *to procure a peace upon such terms, as would have divested Henry of all his regal power, and therefore the treaty proved abor-* 20 *tive. — The consequences of that battle are well known: the king, prince Edward his son, his brother Richard, and many of his friends fell into the hands of their enemies: while two great barons of the king's party John earl of Warren, and Hugh Bigot the king's Justiciary had been glad to escape* 25 *into France.*

In the 1st stanza the aforesaid sum of THIRTY THOUSAND *pounds is alluded to, but with the usual misrepresentation of party malevolence, is asserted to have been the exorbitant demand of the king's brother.*

5 *With regard to the 2d st. the Reader is to note that Richard, along with the earldom of Cornwall, had the honours of* WALINGFORD *and Eyre confirmed to him on his marriage with Sanchia daughter of the Count of Provence, in* 1243. — WINDSOR *castle was the chief fortress belonging to the king,* 10 *and had been garrisoned by foreigners: a circumstance, which furnishes out the burthen of each stanza.*

The 3d st. very humorously alludes to some little fact, which history hath not condescended to record. Earl Richard possessed some large WATER-MILLS *near Istleworth, which* 15 *had been plundered and burnt by the Londoners: in these perhaps by way of defence he had lodged a party of soldiers.*

The 4th t. is of obvious interpretation: Richard, who had been elected king of the Romans in 1256, *and had afterwards gone over to take possession of his dignity, was in the year* 20 1259 *about to return into England, when the barons raised a popular clamour, that he was bringing with him foreigners to over-run the kingdom: upon which he was [forced* 3] *forced to dismiss almost all his followers, otherwise the barons would have opposed his landing.*

25 *In the 5th st. the writer regrets the escape of the Earl of Warren, and in the 6th, and 7th sts. insinuates that if he and Sir Hugh Bigod (l. Bigot) once fell into the hands of their adversaries, they should never more return home. A circumstance, which fixes the date of this ballad; for in the* 30 *year* 1625 *both these noblemen landed in South Wales, and the royal party soon after gained the ascendant. See Holingshed, Rapin, &c.*

The following is copied from a very ancient MS. in the British Museum. [Harl. MSS. 2253. *s.* 23.] *This MS. is* 35 *judged, from the peculiarities of the writing, to be not later than the time of Richard II.;* th *being every where expressed by the character* þ; *the* ẏ *is pointed after the Saxon manner; and the* í *hath an oblique stroke over it.*

Prefixed to this ancient libel on government is a small 40 *design, which the engraver intended should correspond with the subject. On the one side a Satyr, (emblem of Pe-*

tulance and Ridicule) is trampling on the ensigns of Royalty; on the other Faction under the masque of Liberty is exciting Ignorance and Popular Rage to deface the Royal Image; which stands on a pedestal inscribed MAGNA CHARTA, *to denote that the rights of the king, as well as those of the* 5
people, are founded on the laws; and that to attack one, is in effect to demolish both.

SITTETH alle stille, and herkneth to me;
The kyng of Alemaigne, bi mi leaute,
Thritti thousent pound askede he 10
For te make the pees in the countre,
5 Ant so he dude more.
Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,
B 2 Tricthen shalt thou never more.

[Richard 4] Richard of Alemaigne, whil that he wes kying, 15
He spende al is tresour opon swyvyng,
10 Haveth he nout of Walingford oferlyng,
Let him habbe, ase he brew, bale to dryng,
Maugre Wyndesore.
Richard, thah thou be ever &c. 20

The kyng of Alemaigne wende do ful wel,
15 He saisede the mulne for a castel,
With hare sharpe swerdes he grounde the stel,
He wende that the sayles were mangonel
To helpe Wyndesore. 25
Richard, thah thou be ever &c.

20 The kyng of Alemaigne gederede ys host,
Makede him a castel of a mulne post,
Wende with is prude, ant is muchele bost,
Brohte from Alemayne mony sori gost 30
To store Wyndesore.
25 Richard, thah thou be ever &c.

By God, that is aboven ous, he dude muche synne,
That lette passen over see the erl of Warynne:
He hath robbed Engelond, the mores, and th fenne, 35
The gold, ant the selver, and y-boren henne,
30 For love of Wyndesore,
B 2 Richard, thah thou be ever &c.

Ver. 2. kyn. *MS.*

[Sire 5] Sire Simond de Mountfort hath suore bi ys chẏn,
Hevede he nou here the erl of Warẏn,
Shuld he never more come to is ẏn,
Ne with sheld, ne with spere, ne with other gẏn, 35
5 To help of Wyndesore[.]
Richard, thah thou be ever &c.

Sire Simond de Montfort hath suore bi ys 'fot,'
Hevede he nou here Sire Hue de Bigot:
Al he shulde grante here twelfmoneth scot, 40
10 Shulde he never more with his sot pot
To helpe Wyndesore.
Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,
Tricthen shalt thou never more.

Ver. 38. top. *or* cop. *Ver.* 40. g'te here. *MS. i. e. grant*
15 *their. Vid. Gloss.*

*** *The* SERIES OF POEMS *given in this volume will shew the gradual changes of the* ENGLISH *Language thro' a succession of* FIVE HUNDRED *years. This and the foregoing (l. following* **corr.**) *article may be considered as*
20 *specimens of it in its most early state, almost as soon as it ceased to be* SAXON. *Indeed the annals of this kingdom are written in the Saxon language almost down to the end of K. Stephen's reign: for so far reaches the* SAXON CHRONICLE: *within little more than a century of the date*
25 *of this poem.* B1

[II. ON 6] II.

ON THE DEATH OF K. EDWARD THE FIRST.

We have here an early attempt at Elegy. EDWARD I.
30 *died July* 7, 1307, *in the* 35*th year of his reign, and* 69*th of his age. This poem appears to have been composed soon after his death. According to the modes of thinking peculiar to those times, the writer dwells more upon his devotion, than his skill in government, and pays less attention to the*
35 *martial and political abilities of this great monarch, in which he had no equal, than to some little weaknesses of superstition,*

which he had in common with all his cotemporaries. The king had in the decline of life vowed an expedition to the holy land, but finding his end approach, he dedicated the sum of 32,000*l. to the maintenance of a large body of knights* (140 *say historians,* 80 *says our poet,*) *who were to* 5 *carry his heart with them into Palestine. This dying command of the king was never performed. Our poet, with the honest prejudices of an Englishman, attributes this failure to the advice of the king of France, whose daughter Isabel our young monarch immediately married. But the truth is,* 10 *Edward and his destructive favourite Piers Gaveston spent the money upon their pleasures. — To do the greater honour to the memory of his heroe, our poet puts his eloge in the mouth of the* Pope*; with the same poetic licence, as a more modern bard would have introduced Britannia, or the Genius* 15 *of Europe pouring forth his praises.*

This antique Elegy is extracted from the same MS volume, as the preceding article; is found with the same peculiarities of writing and orthography; and tho' written at near the distance of half a century contains little or no [*varia-* 7] 20 *variation of idiom: whereas the next following poem by Chaucer, which was probably written not more than* 50 *or* 60 *years after this, exhibits almost a new language. This seems to countenance the opinion of some antiquaries that this great poet made considerable innovations in his mother tongue, and* 25 *introduced many terms, and new modes of speech from other languages.*

ALLE, thath beoth of huerte trewe,
A stounde herkneth to my song
Of duel, that Deth hath diht us newe, 30
That maketh me syke, ant sorewe among;
5 Of a knyht, that wes so strong,
Of wham God hath don ys wille;
Me-thuncheth that deth hath don us wrong,
That he so sone shall ligge stille. 35

Al Englond ahte for te knowe
10 Of wham that song is, that y synge;
Of Edward kyng, that lith so lowe,
Zent al this world is nome con springe:

Trewest mon of alle thinge,
Ant in werre war ant wys,
For him we ahte oure honden wrynge, 15
Of Christendome he ber the prys.

5 Byfore that oure kyng was ded,
He spek ase mon that wes in care,
"Clerkes, knyhtes, barons, he sayde,
"Y charge ou by oure sware, 20 B 4
["That 8] "That ye to Engelonde be trewe.
10 "Y deze, y ne may lyven na more;
"Helpeth mi sone, ant crouneth him newe,
"For he is nest to buen y-core.

"Ich biqueth myn herte aryht, 25
"That hit be write at mi devys,
15 "Over the see that Hue* be diht,
"With fourscore knyhtes al of prys,
"In werre that buen war ant wys,
"Azein the hethene for te fyhte, 30
"To wynne the croiz that lowe lys,
20 "Myself ycholde zef that y myhte."

Kyng of Fraunce, thou hevedest 'sinne,'
That thou the counsail woldest fonde,
To latte the wille of 'Edward kyng' 35
To wende to the holy londe:
25 That oure kyng hede take on honde
All Engelond to zeme ant wysse,
To wenden in to the holy londe
To wynnen us heveriche blisse. 40

The messager to the pope com,
30 And seyde that oure kyng wes ded:
Ys oune hond the lettre he nom,
Ywis his herte wes ful gret:
[The 9] The Pope him self the lettre redde, 45
And spec a word of gret honour.

* *This is probably the name of some person, who was to preside over this business. Ver.* 33. sunne. *MS. Ver.* 35. kyng Edward. *MS. Ver.* 43. ys *is probably a contraction of* in hys, *or* yn his.

"Alas! he seid, is Edward ded?
"Of Christendome he ber the flour."

The Pope to is chaumbre wende,
50 For dol ne mihte he speke na more;
And after cardinals he sende, 5
That muche couthen of Cristes lore,
Bothe the lasse, ant eke the more,
Bed hem bothe rede ant synge:
55 Gret deol me myhte se thore,
Mony mon is honde wrynge. 10

The Pope of Peyters stod at is masse
With ful gret solempnetè,
Ther me con the soule blesse:
60 "Kyng Edward honoured thou be:
"God love thi sone come after the, 15
"Bringe to ende that thou hast bygonne,
"The holy crois y-mad of tre,
"So fain thou woldest hit hav y-wonne.

65 "Jerusalem, thou hast i-lore
"The flour of al chivalrie 20
"Now kyng Edward liveth na more:
2 "Alas! that he zet shulde deye!
["He 10] "He wolde ha rered up ful heyze
70 "Oure banners, that bueth broht to grounde;
"Wel! longe we mowe clepe and crie 25
"Er we a such kyng han y-founde."

Nou is Edward of Carnarvan
King of Engelond al aplyht,
75 God lete him ner be worse man
Then his fader, ne lasse of myht, 30
To holden is pore men to ryht,
And understonde good counsail,
Al Engelong for to wysse ant dyht;
80 Of gode knyhtes darh him nout fail.

Thah mi tonge were mad of stel, 35
Ant min herte yzote of bras,

Ver. 55. Me, *i. e. Men. so in Robert of Gloucester passim.*

The godness myht y never telle,
That with kyng Edward was:
Kyng, as thou art cleped conquerour, 85
In uch bataille thou hadest prys;
5 God bringe thi soule to the honour,
That ever wes, ant ever ys*.

* *Here follow in the original three lines more, which, as evidently spurious, we chuse to throw to the bottom of the Page, viz.*

That lasteth ay withouten ende,
10 Bidde we God, ant oure Ledy to thilke blisse
Jesus us sende. Amen.

[III. AN 11] III.

AN ORIGINAL BALLAD BY CHAUCER.

This little sonnet, which hath escaped all the editors of
15 *Chaucer's works, is now printed for the first time from an ancient MS in the Pepysian library, that contains many other poems of its venerable author. The versification is of that species, which the French call* Rondeau, *very naturally englished by our honest countrymen* Round O. *Tho'*
20 *so early adopted by them, our ancestors had not the honour of inventing it: Chaucer picked it up, along with other better things, among the neighbouring nations. A fondness for laborious trifles hath always prevailed in the dawn of literature. The ancient Greek poets had their* wings *and*
25 axes*: the great father of English poesy may therefore be pardoned one poor solitary* rondeau. — *Dan Geofrey Chaucer died Oct.* 25. 1400. *aged* 72.

I. 1.

YOURE two eyn will sle me sodenly,
30 I may the beaute of them not sustene,
So wendeth it thorowout my herte kene.

2.

And but your words will helen hastely
My hertis wound, while that it is grene,
35 Youre two eyn will sle me sodenly.

3.

Upon my trouth I sey yow feithfully,
That ye ben of my liffe and deth the quene;
For with my deth the trouth shal be sene.
Youre two eyn &c. 5

[II. 1. So 12]

II. 1.

So hath youre beaute fro your herte chased
Pitee, that me n' availeth not to pleyn;
For daunger halt your mercy in his cheyne.

2. 10

Giltless my deth thus have ye purchased;
I sey yow soth, me nedeth not to fayn:
So hath your beaute fro your herte chased.

3.

Alas, that nature hath in yow compassed 15
So grete beaute, that no man may atteyn
To mercy, though he sterve for the peyn.
So hath youre beaute &c.

III. 1.

Syn I fro love escaped am so fat, 20
I nere thinke to ben in his prison lene;
Syn I am fre, I counte hym not a bene.

2.

He may answere, and sey this and that,
I do not (*l.* no *corr.*) fors, I speak ryght as I mene; 25
Syn I fro love escaped am so fat.

3.

Love hath my name i-strike out of his sclat,
And he is strike out of my bokes clene:
For ever mo* this is non other mene. 30
Syn I fro love escaped &c.

* Ther.

[IV. THE 13] IV.

THE TURNAMENT OF TOTTENHAM:

"OR, THE WOOEING, WINNING, AND WEDDING
"OF TIBBE, THE REEV'S DAUGHTER THERE."

5 *It does honour to the good sense of this nation, that while all Europe was captivated with the bewitching charms of Chivalry and Romance, two of our writers in the rudest times could see thro' the false glare that surrounded them, and discover whatever was absurd in them both. Chaucer*
10 *wrote his Rhyme of sir Tropas* (*l. Sir Thopas* **corr.**) *in ridicule of the latter, and in the following poem we have a humorous burlesque of the former. Without pretending to decide, whether the institution of chivalry was upon the whole useful or pernicious in the rude ages, a question that has*
15 *lately employed many fine pens*, it evidently encouraged a vindictive spirit, and gave such force to the custom of duelling, that it will probably never be worn out. This, together with the fatal consequences which often attended the diversion of the Turnament, was sufficient to render it obnoxious to the*
20 *graver part of mankind. Accordingly the Church early denounced its censures against it, and the State was often prevailed on to attempt its suppression. But fashion and opinion are superior to authority; and the proclamations against Tilting were as little regarded in those times, as the*
25 *laws against Duelling are in these. This did not escape the discernment of our poet, who easily perceived that inveterate opinions must be attacked by other weapons, than proclamations and censures; he accordingly made use of the keen one of* RIDICULE. *With this view he has here introduced, with*
30 *admirable humour, a parcel of clowns, imitating all the solemnities of the Tournay. Here we have the* [*regular* 14] *regular challenge — the appointed day — the lady for the prize — the formal preparations — the display of armour — the scutcheons and devices — the oaths taken on entering*
35 *the lists — the various accidents of the encounter — the*

* See [Mr. Hurd's] Letters on Chivalry, 8vo. 1762. Memoires de la Chevalerie par M. de la Curne de s. (*l.* des) Palais, 1759. 2 tom. 12mo. &c.

victor leading off the prize, — and, the magnificent feasting, — with all the other solemn fopperies, that usually attended the exercise of the barriers. And how acutely the sharpness of the author's humour must have been felt in those days, we may learn, from what we can perceive of the keenness now, when time has so much blunted the edge of his ridicule. 5

THE TURNAMENT OF TOTTENHAM *was publish'd from an ancient MS. in* 1631 *4to, by the rev. Wilhelm Bedwell, rector of Tottenham, and one of the translators of the Bible: he tells us it was written by one Gilbert Pilkington, thought to have been some time parson of the same parish, and author of another treatise intitled* Passio Domini Jesu Christi. *Bedwell, who was eminently skilled in the oriental languages, appears to have been but little conversant with the ancient writers in his own: and he so little entered into the spirit of the poem he was publishing that he contends for its being a serious narrative of a real event, and thinks it must have been written before the time of Edward III, because Turnaments were prohibited in that reign. "I do "verily beleeve, says he, that this Turnament was acted be-"fore this proclamation of K. Edward. For how durst any "to attempt to do that, although in sport, which was so "straightly forbidden, both by the civill and ecclesiasticall "power? For although they fought not with lances, yet as "our authour sayth, "It was no childrens game." And what "would have become of him, thinke you, which should have "slayne another in this manner of jeasting? Would he not, "trow you, have been* HANG'D FOR IT IN EARNEST? YEA, "AND HAVE BENE BURIED LIKE A DOGGE?" *It is however well known that Turnaments were in use down to the reign of Elizabeth.* 10 15 20 25 30

Without pretending to ascertain the date of this Poem, the obsoleteness of the style shews it to be very ancient: It will appear from the sameness of orthography in the above extract [*that* 15] *that Bedwell has generally reduced that of the poem to the standard of his own times; yet, notwithstanding this innovation, the phraseology and idiom shew it to be of an early date. The poem had in other respects suffered by the ignorance of transcribers, and therefore a few attempts are here made to restore the text, by amending some corrup-* 35 40

tions, and removing some redundancies; but lest this freedom should incur censure, the former readings are retained in the margin. A farther liberty is also taken, what is here given for the concluding line of each stanza, stood in the former edition divided as two: e. g.

"Of them that were doughty,
"And hardy indeed:"

but they seemed most naturally to run into one, and the frequent neglect of rhime in the former of them seemed to prove that the author intended no such division.

OF all 'the' kene conquerours to carpe is our kinde;
Of fell fighting folke 'a' ferly we finde;
The Turnament of Tottenham have I in minde;
It were harme such hardinesse were holden behinde.
In story as we reade, 5
Of Hawkin, of Harry,
Of Timkin, of Terry,
Of them that were doughty, and hardy in deed.

It befell in Tottenham on a deare day,
There was made a shurting by the highway: 10
Thither come all the men of that countray
Of Hisselton, of High-gate, and of Hakenay.
[And 16] And all the sweete swinkers:
There hopped Hawkin,
There daunced Dawkin, 15
There trumped Timkin, and were true drinkers.

'When' the day was gone, and eve-song past,
That they should reck'n their skot, and their counts cast,
Perkin the potter into the presse past,
And sayd, Randill the reve, a daughter thou hast, 20
Tibbe thy deare,
Therefore faine weet would I,
Whether these fellowes or I,
Or wich of all this batchelery
Were the best worthy to wed her his fere. 25

Ver. 1. these. *P. C.* *Ver.* 2. 'a' *not in P. C.* *Ver.* 8. indeed. *P. C.* *Ver.* 17. Till. *P. C.* *Ver.* 25. in his fere. *P. C.*

Upstart the gadlings with their lang staves,
And sayd, Randill the reve, lo! the ladde raves,
How proudly among us thy daughter he craves,
And we are richer men then he, and more good haves,
30 Of cattel, and of corne. 5
*Then sayd Perkin, I have hight
'To Tibbe in my right
'To be ready to fight, and thoughe it were to morne.

[Then 17] Then sayd Randill the refe, 'Ever' be he waryd
35 That about this carping lenger would be taryd; 10
I would not my daughter that she were miskaryd,
But at her most worship I would she were maryd,
For the turnament shall beginne
This day seav'n-night,
40 With a flayle for to fight. 15
And he, that is most of might, shall brok her with winne.

He that bear'th him best in the turnament,
Shall be graunted the gree, by the common assent,
For to winne my daughter with doughtinesse of dent,
45 And Copple my brood-hen, that was brought out of Kent, 20
And my dunned cow:
For no spence will I spare;
For no cattell will I care;
He shall have my gray mare, and my spotted sow.

50 There was many a bold lad their bodyes to bede; 25
Then they take their leave, and hamward they hede,
And all the weeke after they gayed her wede,
Till it come to the day, that they should do their dede:
They armed them in mattes;

* *The latter part of this stanza seemed embarassed and redundant, we have therefore ventured to contract it. It stood thus;*

Then sayd Perkin, to Tibbe I have hight
That I will bee alwaies ready in my right,
With a flayle for to fight
This day seaven-night, and thought it were to morne.

The two last lines seem in part to be borrowed from the following stanza, where they come in more properly.

Ver. 34. Every. *P. C.* *Ver.* 52. her, *i. e. their. So also V.* 182.

They set on their nowlls 55
Good blacke bowlls,
To keep their powlls from battering of battes.

[They 18] They sewed hem in sheepskinnes, for they should not [brest; VOL. II. C
5 And every ilke of hem a black hatte, instead of a crest,
A basket or panyer before on their brest, 60
And a flayle in their hande, for to fight prest,
Forthe con they fare.
There was kid mickle force,
10 Who should best fend his corse;
He, that had no good horse, borrowed him a mare. 65

Sich another clothing have I not seene oft,
When all the great company riding to the croft,
Tibbe on a gray-mare was sette up on-loft,
15 Upon a sacke-full of senvy, for she should sit soft,
And led till the gappe: 70
Forther would she not than,
For the love of no man,
Till Copple her brood-hen wer brought into her lappe.

20 A gay girdle Tibbe had borrowed for the nonce;
And a garland on her head full of ruell bones; 75
And a brouch on her brest full of sapphyre stones,
The holyroode tokening was written for the nonce;
For no spendings 'they had spar'd':
25 When jolly Jenkin wist her thare,
He gurd so fast his gray mare, 80
That she let a fowkin fare at the rere-ward.

[I make 19] I make a vowe, quoth 'he, my capul' is comen of kinde;
I shall fall five in the field, and I my flaile finde.
30 I make a vowe, quoth Hudde, I shall not leve behinde;
May I meet with lyard or bayard the blinde, 85

Ver. 59. ilken. *P. C.* *Ver.* 65. *Mares were never used in Chivalry: It was beneath the dignity of a knight to ride any thing but a stallion. V. Memoires de la Chevalerie.*

Ver. 67. *perhaps*, rid into. *Ver.* 78. would they spare. *P. C.*
Ver. 82. *Originally it stood thus,*
I make a vowe, quoth Tibbe, copple is comen of kinde;
but as this evidently has no connection with the lines that(,) *follow*[,] *the Editor proposes the above emendations.*

I wote I shall them grieve.
I make a vowe, quoth Hawkin,
May I meete with Dawkin,
For all his rich kin, his flaile I shall him reve.

90 I make a vow, quoth Gregge, Tibbe thou shall see 5
Which of all the bachelery graunted is the gree:
I shall skomfit hem all, for the love of thee,
In what place that I come, they shall have doubt of mee;
For I am armd at the full:
95 In my armes I beare wele 10
A dough-trough, and a pele,
A saddle without a pannele, with a fleece of wooll.

Now go downe, quoth Dudman, and beare me bet about,
I make a vow, they shall abye that I finde out,
100 Have I twice or thrice ridden thorough the rout, 15
In what place that I come, of me they shall ha doubt,
Mine armes bene so clere;
I beare a riddle and a rake,
Powder'd with the brenning drake,
105 And three cantles of a cake, in ilka cornere. 20

C 2 [I make 20] I make a vowe, quoth Tirry, and sweare by my crede,
Saw thou never young boy forther his body bede;
For when they fight fastest, and most are in drede,
I shall take Tib by the hand, and away her lede:
110 Then bin mine armes best; 25
I beare a pilch of ermin,
Powderd with a cats skinne,
The cheefe is of perchmine, that stond'th on the crest.

I make a vow, quoth Dudman, and sweare by the stra,
115 While I am most merry, thou gettst her not swa; 30
For she is well shapen, as light as a rae,
There is no capull in this mile before her will ga:
Shee will me not beguile;
I dare soothly say,
120 Shee will be a monday 35
Fro Hisselton to Hacknay, nought other halfe mile.

Ver. 98. *Perhaps* 'I shall' go downe. *Ver.* 113. pechmine *P.C.*

I make a vow, quoth Perkin, thou carpst of cold rost;
I will wirke wislier without any boast;
Five of the best capulls, that are in this host,
I will hem lead away by another cost; 125
5 And then laugh Tibbe,
Wi' loo, boyes, here is hee,
That will fight and not flee,
For I am in my jollity; Ioo foorth, Tibbe.

[When 21] When they had their oathes made, forth can they 'he' 130
10 With flailes, and harnisse, and trumps made of tre:
There were all the bachelers of that countre;
They were dight in aray, as themselves would bee:
Their banner was full bright,
Of an old rotten fell, 135
15 The cheefe was a plowmell,
And the shadow of a bell, quartered with the moone-light.

I wot it was no childrens game, when they togither mette,
When ilka freke in the field on his fellow bette,
And layd on stifly, for nothing would they lette, 140
20 And fought ferly fast, till 'theire' horses swette;
And few wordes were spoken:
There were flailes all to slatterd
There were shields all to clatterd,
Bowles and dishes all to batterd, and many heads broken.

25 There was clenking of cart-saddles, and clattering of cannes, 146
Of fell frekes in the field, broken were their fannes;
Of some were the heads broken, of some the braine-pannes,
And evill were they besene, ere they went thance,
With swipping of swippels: 150
30 The ladds were so weary for fought,
That they might fight no more on-loft,
But creeped about in the croft, as they were crooked cripples. C 3

[Perkin 22] Perkin was so weary, that he beganne to lowte,
Help, Hudde, I am dead in this ilk rowte: 155
35 An horse for forty pennys, a good and a stowte;
That I may lightly come of mine owne owte;

Ver. 127. We loo. *P. C.* *Ver.* 130. te. *P. C.* *Ver.* 141. there. *P. C.* *Ver.* 145. heads there were.

For no cost will I spare.
He starte up as a snaile,
160 And hent a capull by the taile,
And raught of Daukin his flayle, and wanne him a mare.

Perkin wan five, and Hudde wan twa: 5
Glad and blithe they were, that they 'had' done sa:
They would have them to Tibbe, and present her with tha:
165 The capuls were so weary, that they might not ga,
But still can they 'stonde'.
Alas! quoth Hudde, my joy I leese 10
Mee had lever then a stone of cheese,
That deare Tibbe had all these, and wist it were my sonde.

170 Perkin turned him about in the ilk throng,
He fought freshly, for he had rest him long;
He was ware of Tirry take Tibbe by the hond, 15
And would have led her away with a love-song;
And Perkin after ran,
175 And off his capull he him drowe,
And gave him of his flayle inowe;
Then te, he! quoth Tibbe, and lowe, ye are a doughty man. 20

[Thus 23] Thus they tugged, and they rugged, till it was nigh night:
All the wives of Tottenham come to see that sight;
180 To fetch hom their husbands, that were them trough plight,
With wispes and kixes, that was a rich sight;
Her husbands home to fetch. 25
And some they had in armes,
That were feeble wretches,
185 And some on wheel-barrowes, and some on critches.

They gatherd Perkin about on every side,
And grant him there the gree, the more was his pride: 30
Tib and hee, with great mirth, hameward can ride,
And were all night togither, till the morrow tide;
190 And to church they went:
So well his needs he has sped,
That deare Tibbe he shall wed; 35
The cheefemen that her hither lead, were of the turnament.

Ver. 164. would not have. *P. C.* *Ver.* 166. stand. *P. C.*

To the rich feast come many for the nonce:
Some come hop-halte, and some tripping thither on the stones; 195
Some with a staffe in his hand, and some two at once;
Of some were the heads broken; of some the shoulderbones:
With sorrow come they thither:
Wo was Hawkin; wo was Harry:
Wo was Tymkin; wo was Tirry; 200
And so was all the company, but yet they come togither.

[At 24] At that feast were they served in rich aray;
Every five and five had a cokeney;
And so they sat in jollity all the long day:
Tibbe at night, I trowe, had a simple aray; 205
Mickle mirth was them among:
In every corner of the house
Was melody delicious,
For to hear precious of six mens song.

V.

FOR THE VICTORY AT AGINCOURT.

That our plain and martial ancestors could wield their swords much better than their pens will appear from the following homely Rhymes, which were drawn up by some poet laureat of those days to celebrate the immortal victory gained at Agincourt, Oct. 25, 1415. This song or hymn is given meerly as a curiosity, and is printed from a MS copy in the Pepys collection, vol. I. folio. It is there accompanied with the musical notes, which are copied in a small plate at the end of this volume.

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria!

OWRE kynge went forth to Normandy,
With grace and myzt of chivalry;
The God for him wrouzt marvelously,
Wherfore Englonde may calle, and cry 5
Deo gratias:
Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.

[He 25] He sette a sege, the sothe for to say,
To Harflu toune with ryal aray;

10 That toune he wan, and made a fray,
That Fraunce shall rywe tyl domes day.
Deo gratias, &c.

Then went owre kynge, with alle his oste,
Thorowe Fraunce for all the Frenshe boste; 5
15 He spared no drede (*l.* 'for' drede *corr.*) of leste,
Tyl he come to Agincourt coste. [ne most,
Deo gratias, &c.

Than for sothe that knyzt comely
In Agincourt feld he fauzt manly, 10
20 Thorow grace of God most myzty
He had bothe the felde, and the victory.
Deo gratias, &c.

Ther dukys, and erlys, lorde and barone,
Were take, and slayne, and that wel sone, 15
25 And some were ledde in to Lundone
With joye, and merthe, and grete renone.
Deo gratias, &c.

Now gracious God he save owre kynge,
His peple, and all his wel wyllynge, 20
30 Gef him gode lyfe, and gode endynge,
That we with merth mowe savely synge,
Deo gratias:
Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.

[26] VI. 25

THE NOT-BROWNE MAYD.

The sentimental beauties of this ancient ballad have always recommended it to Readers of taste, notwithstanding the rust of antiquity, which obscures the style and expression. Indeed if it had no other merit, than the having afforded 30 *the ground-work to Prior's* HENRY AND EMMA, *this ought to preserve it from oblivion. That we are able to give it in a more correct manner, than almost any other Poem in these volumes, is owing to the great care and exactness of the accurate Editor of the* PROLUSIONS *8vo.* 1760; *who has* 35 *formed the text from two copies found in two different editions of Arnolde's Chronicle, a book supposed to be first*

printed about 1521. *From the correct copy in the Prolusions the following is printed, with a few additional improvements gathered from another edition of Arnolde's book* preserved in the public Library at Cambridge. All the various reading[s]*
5 *of this Copy will be found here, either received into the text, or noted in the margin. The references to the* Prolusions *will shew where they occur. It does honour to the critical sagacity of that gentleman, that almost all his conjectural readings, are found to be the established ones of this edition.*
10 *In our ancient folio MS. described in the preface is a very corrupt and defective copy of this ballad, which yet afforded a great improvement in one line that will be found in its due place.*

It has been a much easier task to settle the text of this
15 *poem, than to ascertain its date. Mat. Prior published it in the folio edition of his poems,* 1718, *as then* "300 *years old.*" *In making this decision he was probably guided by the learned Wanley, whose judgment in matters of this nature was most consummate. For that whatever related to the*
20 *reprinting of this old piece was referred to Wanley, appears from two letters* [*of* 27] *of Prior's, preserved in the British Museum* [*Harl. MSS. No.* 3777.] *The Editor of the Prolusions thinks it cannot be older than the year* 1500, *because in Sir Thomas More's tale of* The Serjeant *&c. which was written*
25 *about that time, there appears a sameness of rhythmus and orthography, and a very near affinity of words and phrases with those of this ballad. But this reasoning is not conclusive; for if Sir Thomas More made this ballad his model, as is very likely, that will account for the sameness of measure,*
30 *and in some respect for that of words and phrases, even tho' this had been written long before: and as for the orthography it is well known that the old Printers reduced that of most books to the standard of their own times. Indeed it is hardly probable that an antiquarian like Arnolde would*
35 *have inserted it among his historical Collections, if it had been then a modern piece; at least he would have been apt to have named its author. But to shew how little can be inferred from a resemblance of rhythmus or style, the editor*

* This (which a learned friend supposes to be the first Edition)
40 is in folio: the folios are numbered at the bottom of the leaf: the Song begins at folio 75.

of these volumes has in his ancient folio MS. a poem on the Victory of Flodden-field, written in the same numbers, with the same alliterations, and in orthography, phraseology and style nearly resembling the Visions of Pierce Plowman, which are yet known to have been composed above 160 *years before* 5
that battle. As this poem is a great curiosity, we shall give a few of the introductory lines,

"Grant gracious God, grant me this time,
"That I may 'say, or I cease, thy selven to please;
"And Mary his mother, that maketh this world; 10
"And all the seemlie saints, that sitten in heaven;
"I will carpe of kings, that conquered full wide,
"That dwelled in this land, that was alyes noble;
"Henry the seventh, that soveraigne lord, &c.

With regard to the date of the following ballad we have 15
taken a middle course, neither placed it so high as Wanley and Prior, nor quite so low as the editor of the Prolusions: we should have followed the latter in dividing every other line into two, but that the whole would then have taken up more room, than could be allowed it in this volume. 20

[BE 28] BE it ryght, or wrong, these men among
On women do complayne;
Affyrmynge this, how that it is
A labour spent in vayne,
5 To love them wele; for never a dele 25
They love a man agayne:
For late a man do what he can,
Theyr favour to attayne
Yet, yf a newe do them persue,
10 Theyr fyrst true lover than 30
Laboureth for nought; for from her thought
He is a banyshed man.

I say nat, nay, but that all day
It is bothe writ and sayd
15 That womans fayth is, as who sayth, 35
All utterly decayd:
But, neverthelesse, ryght good wytnèsse
In this case myght be layd,

Ver. 2. Woman. *Prolusions.* *Ver.* 11. her, *i. e. their.*

That they love true, and continùe:
  Recorde the not-browne mayde; 20
Which, when her love came, her to prove,
  To her to make his mone,
5 Wolde nat depart; for in her hart
  She loved but hym alone.

[Than 29] Than betwayne us late us dyscus 25
  What was all the manere
Betwayne them two: we wyll also
10 Tell all the payne, and fere,
That she was in. Nowe I begyn,
  So that ye me answère; 30
Wherefore, all ye, that present be
  I pray you, gyve an ere.
15 "I am the knyght; I come by nyght,
  As secret as I can;
Sayinge, Alas! thus standeth the case, 35
  I am a banyshed man.

SHE.

And I your wyll for to fulfyll
20 In this wyll nat refuse;
Trustying to shewe, in wordès fewe,
  That men have an yll use 40
(To theyr own shame) women to blame,
  And causelesse them accuse:
25 Therfore to you I answere nowe,
  All women to excuse, —
Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere? 45
  I pray you, tell anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
30 I love but you alone.

[HE. 30] HE.

It standeth so; a dede is do
  Wherof grete harme shall growe: 50
My destiny is for to dy
35 A shamefull deth, I trowe;
Or elles to flee: the one must be;
  None other way I knowe,

55 But to whithdrawe as an outlawe,
And take me to my bowe.
Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true!
None other rede I can;
For I must to the grene wode go, 5
60 Alone, a banyshed man.

She.

O lorde, what is this worldys blysse,
That chaungeth as the mone!
My somers day in lusty may 10
Is derked before the none.
65 I here you say, farewell; Nay, nay,
We départ nat so sone:
Why say ye so? wheder wyll ye go?
Alas! what have ye done? 15
All my welfâre to sorowe and care
70 Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone;
Fȯr, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

[He. **31**] He. 20

I can beleve, it shall you greve,
And somwhat you dystrayne:
75 But, aftyrwarde, your paynes harde
Within a day or twayne
Shall sone aslake; and ye shall take 25
Comfort to you agayne.
Why sholde ye ought? for, to make thought,
80 Your labour were in vayne.
And thus I do; and pray you to,
As hartely, as I can; 30
For I must to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

She.

85 Now, syth that ye have shewed to me
The secret of your mynde, 35
I shall be playne to you agayne,
Lyke as ye shall me fynde:

Ver. 63. The somers. *Prol.*

Syth it is so, that ye wyll go,
  I wolle not leve behynde; 90
Shall never be sayd, the not-browne mayd
  Was to her love unkynde:
5 Make you redy̆, for so am I,
  Allthough it were anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde 95
  I love but you alone.

[He. 32] He.

10 Yet I you rede to take good hede
  What men wyll thynke, and say:
Of yonge, and olde it shall be tolde,
  That ye be gone away; *100*
Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,
15 In grene wode yon (*l.* you) to play;
And that ye myght from your delyght
  No lenger make delay:
Rather than ye sholde thus for me 105
  Be called an yll womàn,
20 Yet wolde I to the grene wode go,
  Alone, a banished man.

She.

Though it be songe of old and yonge,
  That I sholde be to blame, 110
25 Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large
  In hurtynge of my name:
For I wyll prove, that faythfulle love
  It is devoyd of shame;
In your dystresse, and hevynesse, 115
30 To part with you, the same;
And sure all tho, that do not so,
  True lovers are they none:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
  I love but you alone. 120

35 [He. 33] He.

I counceyle you, remember howe
  It is no maydens lawe,

Ver. 91. Shall it never. *Prol.* *Ver.* 94. Although. *Prol.*
Ver. 117. To shewe all. *Prol.*

Nothynge to dout, but to renne out
To wode with an outlàwe:
125 For ye must there in your hand bere
A bowe, redy to drawe;
And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve, 5
Ever in drede and awe;
Wherby to you grete harme myght growe:
130 Yet had I lever than,
That I had to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man. 10

She.

I thinke nat, nay, but as ye say,
It is no maydens lore:
135 But love may make me, for your sake,
As I have sayd before 15
To come on fote, to hunt, and shote
To gete us mete in store;
For so that I your company
140 May have, I aske no more:
From which to part, it maketh my hart 20
As colde as ony stone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

[He. 34] He.

145 For an outlawe this is the lawe, 25
That men hym take and bynde;
Without pytè, hanged to be,
And waver with the wynde.
If I had nede, (as God forbede!)
150 What rescous coude ye fynde? 30
Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
For fere wolde drawe behynde:
And no mervayle; for lytell avayle
Were in your counceyle than:
155 Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go, 35
Alone, a banyshed man.

Ver. 133. I say nat, *Prol.* *Ver.* 138. and store. *Camb. copy.*
Ver. 150. socours. *Prol.*

She.

Ryght wele knowe ye, that women be
  But feble for to fyght;
No womanhede it is, indede,
5 To be bolde as a knyght: 160
Yet, in such fere yf that ye were
  With enemyes day or nyght,
I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,
  To greve them as I myght,
10 And you to save; as woman have 165
  From deth 'men' many one:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
  I love but you alone.

[He. 35] He.

15 Yet take good hede; for ever I drede
  That ye coude nat sustayne 170
The thornie wayes, the depe valèies,
  The snowe, the frost, the rayne,
The colde, the hete: for dry, or wete,
20 We must lodge on the playne;
And, us above, none other rofe 175
  But a brake bush, or twayne:
Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve;
  And ye wolde gladly than
25 That I had to the grene wode go,
  Alone, a banyshed man. 180

She.

Syth I have here bene partynère
  With you of joy and blysse,
30 I must also parte of your wo
  Endure, as reson is:
Yet am I sure of one plesùre; 185
  And, shortely, it is this:
That, where ye be, me semeth, pardè,
35 I coude nat fare amysse.
Without more speche, I you beseche
  That we were sone agone; 190

Ver. 162. and night. *Camb. copy.* *Ver.* 164. to helpe ye with my myght. *Prol.* *Ver.* 174. Ye must. *Prol.* *Ver.* 190. shortley gone. *Prol.*

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
D 2 I love but you alone.

[He 36] He.

If ye go thyder, ye must consyder,
Whan ye have lust to dyne, 5
195 There shall no mete be for you gete,
Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne.
Ne shetés clene to lye betwene,
Maden of threde and twyne;
None other house, but leves and bowes, 10
200 To cover your hed and myne.
O myne harte swete, this evyll dyéte
Sholde make you pale and wan;
Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man. 15

She.

205 Amonge the wylde dere, such a archére,
As men say that ye be,
Ne may nat fayle of good vitayle,
Where is so grete plentè: 20
And water clere of the ryvére
210 Shall be full swete to me;
With which in hele I shall ryght wele
Endure, as ye shall see:
And, or we go, a bedde or two 25
I can provyde anone;
215 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

[He. 37] He.

Lo yet, before, ye must do more, 30
Yf ye wyll go with me:
As cut your here up by your ere,
220 Your kyrtel by the kne;
With bowe in hande, for to withstande
Your enemyes, yf nede be: 35

Ver. 196. Neyther bere. *Prol*. *Ver*. 207. May *ye* nat fayle. *Prol*. *Ver*. 219. above your ere. *Prol*. *Ver*. 220. above the kne. *Prol*.

And this same nyght before day-lyght,
To wode-warde wyll I fle.
Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill, 225
Do it shortely as ye can;
5 Els wyll I to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

I shall as nowe do more for you
Than longeth to womanhede; 230
10 To shorte my here, a bowe to bere,
To shote in tyme of nede.
O my swete mother, before all other
For you I have most drede:
But nowe, adue! I must ensue, 235
15 Where fortune doth me lede.
All this make ye: Now let us fle;
The day cometh fast upon;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone. 240 D s

20 [He 38]

HE.

Nay, nay, nat so; ye shall nat go,
And I shall tell ye why, —
Your appetyght is to be lyght
Of love, I wele espy:
25 For, lyke as ye have sayed to me, 245
In lyke wyse hardely
Ye wolde answére whosoever it were,
In way of company.
It is sayd of olde, Sone hote, sone colde;
30 And so is a womàn. 250
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede
35 Such wordes to say by me;

Ver. 223. the same. *Prol.* *Ver.* 251. For I must to the grene wode go. *Prol.* *Ver.* 253. yet is. *Camb. Copy.* *Perhaps for* yt is.

255 For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed,
Or I you loved, pardè:
And though that I of auncestry
A barons daughter be,
Yet have you proved howe I you loved, 5
260 A squyer of lowe degré;
And ever shall, whatso befall;
To dy therfore anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone. 10

[He 39] He.

265 A barons chylde to be begylde!
It were a cursed dede;
To be felàwe with an outlawe!
Almighty God forbede! 15
Yet beter were, the pore squyère
270 Alone to forest yede,
Than ye sholde say another day
That, by my cursed dede
Ye were betrayd: Wherfore, good mayd, 20
The best rede that I can,
275 Is, that I to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

She.

Whatever befall, I never shall 25
Of this thyng you upbrayd:
But yf ye go, and leve me so,
280 Than have ye me betrayd.
Remember you wele, howe that ye dele;
For, yf ye, as ye sayd, 30
Be so unkynde, to leve behynde,
Your love, the not-browne mayd. (*l.* ,)
285 Trust me truly, that I shall dy
Sone after ye be gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde 35
D 4 I love but you alone.

Ver. 262. dy with him. *Editor's MS.* *Ver.* 278. outbrayd. *Prol.* *Ver.* 282. ye be as. *Prol.* *Ver.* 283. Ye were unkynde to leve me behynde. *Prol.*

[He 40] He.

Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent;
For in the forest nowe 290
I have purvayed me of a mayd,
Whom I love more than you; 5
Another fayrère, than ever ye were,
I dare it wele avowe;
And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe 295
With other, as I trowe:
It were myne ese, to lyve in pese; 10
So wyll I, yf I can;
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go
Alone, a banyshed man. 300

She.

Though in the wode I undyrstode 15
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I wyll be your:
And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde, 305
And courteys every hour; 20
Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll
Commaunde me to my power:
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
'Of them I wolde be one;' 310
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde 25
I love but you alone.

[He 41] He.

Myne own dere love, I se the prove
That ye be kynde, and true;
Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe, 315 30
The best that ever I knewe.
Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
The case is chaunged newe;
For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,
Ye sholde have cause to rewe: 320 35

Ver. 310. *So the Editor's MS. All the printed copies read,*
Yet wold I be that one.
Ver. 315. of all. *Prol.*

Be nat dismayed; whatsoever I sayd
To you, whan I began;
I wyll nat to the grene wode go,
I am no banyshed man.

She. 5

325 These tydings be more gladd to me,
Than to be made a quene,
Yf I were sure they̆ sholde endure:
But it is often sene,
Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke 10
330 The wordés on the splene.
Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,
And stele from me, I wene:
Than, were the case worse than it was,
And I more wo-begone: 15
335 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

[He 42] He.

Ye shall nat nede further to drede;
I wyll nat dysparage 20
You, (God defend!) syth ye descend
340 Of so grete a lynàge.
Nowe undyrstande; to Westmarlande,
Which is myne herytage,
I wyll you brynge; and with a rynge, 25
By way of maryage
345 I wyll you take, and lady make,
As shortely as I can:
Thus have you won an erlys son,
And not a banyshed man." 30

Author.

"Here may ye se, that women be
350 In love, meke, kynde, and stable:
Late never man reprove them than,
Or call them variable; 35

Ver. 325. gladder. *Prol.* *Ver*. 340. grete lynyage. *Prol.* *Ver*. 347. Then have. *Prol.* *Ver*. 348. And no banyshed. *Prol.* *V*. 352. *This line wanting in Prol.*

But, rather, pray God, that we may
To them be comfortable;
Which sometyme proveth such, as he loveth, 355
Yf they be charytable.
5 For syth men wolde that women sholde
Be meke to them each one;
Moche more ought they to God obey,
And serve but hym alone." 360

V. 355. proved — loved. *Prol. Ib.* as loveth. *Camb.* *V.* 357.
10 Forsoth. *Prol.*

[VII. A 43] VII.

A BALET BY THE EARL RIVERS.

The amiable light, in which the character of Anthony Widville the gallant Earl Rivers has been placed by the lively
15 *Editor of the Catal. of Noble Authors, interests us in whatever fell from his pen. It is presumed therefore that the insertion of this little Sonnet will be pardoned, tho' it should not be found to have much poetical merit. It is the only original Poem known of that nobleman's; his more volumi-*
20 *nous works being only translations. And if we consider that it was written during his cruel confinement in Pomfret castle a short time before his execution in* 1483, *it gives us a fine picture of the composure and steadiness with which this stout earl beheld his approaching fate.*
25 *The verses are preserved by* Rouse *a contemporary historian, who seems to have copied them from the Earl's own hand*[-]*writing.* In tempore, *says this writer*, incarcerationis apud Pontem fractum edidit unum Balet in anglicis, ut mihi monstratum est, quod subsequitur sub his verbis: Sum what
30 musyng &c. "Rossi Hist. 8vo 2 Edit. p. 213." *The 2d Stanza is, notwithstanding, imperfect, and we have inserted asterisks, to denote the defect.*

This little piece, which perhaps ought rather to have been printed in stanzas of eight short lines, is written in
35 *imitation of a poem of Chaucer's, that will be found in Urry's Edit.* 1721. *p.* 555. *beginning thus,*

"*Alone walkyng, In thought plainyng,*
"*And sore sighying, All desolate.*

"Me remembrying Of my livyng
"My death wishyng Bothe erly and late.

"Infortunate Is so my fate
"That wote ye what, Out of mesure
"My life I hate; Thus desperate 5
"In such pore estate, Doe I endure, &c."

[SUM- 44] SUMWHAT musyng, and more mornyng,
In remembring the unstydfastnes;
This world being of such whelyng,
Me contrarieng, what may I gesse? 10

5 I fere dowtles, remediles,
Is now to sese my wofull chaunce.
Lo 'is' this traunce now in substaunce,
* * * * * such is my dawnce.

Wyllyng to dye, me thynkys truly 15
Bowndyn am I, and that gretly, to be content:
10 Seyng playnly, that fortune doth wry
All contrary from myn entent.

My lyff was lent me to on intent,
Hytt is ny spent. Welcome fortune! 20
But I ne went thus to be shent,
15 But sho hit ment, such is hur won.

Ver. 7. in this. *Rossi Hist.* *Ver.* 15. went, *i. e. weened.*

[VIII. CU- 45] VIII.

CUPID's ASSAULT: BY NICH. LORD VAUX. 25

The Reader will observe that infant Poetry grew apace between the times of RIVERS *and* VAUX, *tho' almost contemporaries. Sir Nicholas (afterwards lord) Vaux was a shining ornament in the court of Henry VII. and died in the year* 1523. *See the ballad,* I LOTHE THAT I DID LOVE, 30 *in the next (l. first* **corr.**) *volume.*

The following piece (printed from Surrey's poems, 1559. 4*to) is attributed to lord Vaux by Puttenham in his "Art of Eng. Poesie,* 1589. 4*to." Take the passage at large. "In "this figure [Counterfait Action] the lord Nicholas Vaux, a* 35

"*noble gentleman and much delighted in vulgar making, and*
"*a man otherwise of no great learning, but having herein a*
"*marvelous facilitie, made a dittie representing the Battayle*
"*and Assault of Cupide, so excellently well, as for the gallant*
5 "*and propre application of his fiction in every part, I cannot*
"*choose but set downe the greatest part of his ditty, for in*
"*truth it cannot be amended.* WHEN CUPID SCALED, *&c.*"
p. 200. — *For a farther account of this ancient peer and poet*
see Mr. Walpole's Noble Authors. vol. I.

10 WHEN Cupide scaled fyrst the fort,
Wherin my hart lay wounded sore;
The battery was of such a sort,
That I must yelde or dye therfore.

There saw I Love upon the wall, 5
15 How he is banner did display.
Alarme, alarme, he gan to cal,
And bade his souldiours kepe aray.

[The 46] The armes, the which that Cupyde bare,
Were pearced hartes with teares besprent, 10
20 In silver and sable to declare
The stedfast love, he alwaies ment.

There myght you see his band al drest
In colours lyke to white and blacke,
With powder and with pellets prest 15
25 To bring the fort to spoyle and sacke.

Good-wil, the maister of the shot,
Stode in the rampire brave and proude,
For spence of powder he spared not
Assault! assault! to crye aloude. 20

30 There might you heare the cannons rore;
Eche piece discharged a lovers loke;
Which had the power to rent, and tore
In any place whereas they toke.

And even with the trumpets sowne 25
35 The scaling ladders wer up set,
And Beauty walked up and downe,
With bow in hand, and arrowes whet.

Then first Desire began to scale,
30 And shrouded him under his targe;
As one the worthiest of them al,
And aptest for to geve the charge.

[Then 47] Then pushed souldiers with their pykes, 5
And halberders with handy strokes;
35 The argabushe in fleshe it lightes,
And duns the ayre with misty smokes.

And as it is 'now' souldiers use
When shot and powder gyns to want, 10
I hanged up my flagge of truce,
40 And pleaded for my livès grant.

When Fansy thus had made her breache,
And Beauty entred with her bande,
With bag and baggage, sely wretch, 15
I yelded into Beauties hand.

45 Then Beauty bad to blow retrete,
And every souldiour to retyre,
And Mercy 'milde' with spede to fet
Me captive bound as prisoner. 20

Madame, quoth I, sith that this day
50 Hath served you at all assayes,
I yelde to you without delay
Here of the fortresse all the kayes:

And sith that I have ben the marke, 25
At whom you shot at with your eye;
55 Nedes must you with your handy warke
Or salve my sore, or let me die.

[*Vgl. hiezu* ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS *in Vol. III. p.* 335 *ff.*]

[IX. Sir 48] IX. 30

SIR ALDINGAR.

This old fabulous legend is given from the Editor's folio MS, with a few conjectural emendations, and the insertion of 3 or 4 stanzas to supply defects in the original copy.

OUR kyng he kept a false stewàrde,
  Sir Aldingar they him call;
A falser steward than he was one,
  Servde not in bower nor hall.

He wolde have layne by our comelye queene, 5
  Her deere worshippe to betraye:
Our queene shee was a good womàn,
  And evermore sayd him naye.

Sir Aldingar was wrothe in his mind,
  With her hee was never content, 10
Till traiterous meanes he colde devyse,
  In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gate,
  A lazar both blinde and lame:
He tooke the lazar upon his backe, 15
  And on the queenes bed him layne.

[Lye 49] [“] Lye still, lazàr, wheras thou lyest,
  [“] Looke thou go not hence away;
[“] Ile make thee a whole man and a sound
  [“] In two howers of the day.” 20

Then went him forth sir Aldingar,
  And hyed him to our king:
“If I might have grace, as I have space,
  “Sad tydings I could bring.”

Saye on, saye on, sir Aldingar, 25
  Saye on the soothe to mee.
“Our queene hath chosen a new new love,
  “And shee will have none of thee.

“If shee had chosen a right good knight,
  “The lesse had beene her shame; 30
“But she hath chose her a lazar man,
  “A lazar both blinde and lame.”

If this be true, sir Aldingar,
  The tydings thou tellest to me,
Then I will make thee a riche riche knight, 35
  Riche both of golde and fee.

But if it be false, sir Aldingar,
  As God nowe grant it bee!
Thy bodye, I sweare by the holye rood,
Vol. II. E 40   Shall hang on the gallows tree.

[He 50] He brought our king to the queenes chambèr, 5
  And opend to him the dore.
A lodlye love, king Henrye sayd,
  For our queene dame Elinore!

45 If thou wert a man, as thou art none,
  Here on my sword thoust dye; 10
But a payre of new gallowes shall now be built,
  And there shalt thou hang on hye.

Forth then hyed our king, I wysse,
50   And an angry man was hee;
And soone he found queene Elinore, 15
  That bride so bright of blee.

Now God you save, our queene, madame,
  And Christ you save and see;
55 Heere you have chosen a newe newe love,
  And you will have none of mee. 20

If you had chosen a right good knight,
  The lesse had been your shame:
But you have chose you a lazar man,
60   A lazar both blinde and lame.

Therfore a fyer there shall be built 25
  And brent all shalt thou bee. —
["] Now out alacke! sayd our comlye queene,
  Sir Aldingar's false to mee.

65 [Now 51] Now out alacke! sayd our comlye queene,
  My heart with griefe will brast. 30
I had thought swevens had never beene true;
  I have proved them true at last.

I dreamt a sweven on thursday eve,
70   In my bed wheras I laye,
I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beast 35
  Had carried my crowne awaye;

My gorget and my kirtle of golde,
  And all my faire head-geere:
And he wolde worrye me with his tush 75
  And to his nest y-beare:

Saving there came a little 'grey' hawke,
  A merlin him they call,
Which untill the grounde did strike the grype,
  That dead he downe did fall. — 80

Giffe I were a man, as now I am none,
  A battell wolde I prove,
To fight with that traitor Aldingar;
  Att him I cast my glove.

But seeing Ime able noe battell to make, 85
  My liege, grant me a knight
To fight with that traitor Aldingar,
  To maintaine me in my right."

["Now 52] "Now forty dayes I will give thee
  To seeke thee a knight therin: 90
If thou find not a knight in forty dayes
  Thy bodye it must brenn."

Then shee sent east, and shee sent west,
  By north and south bedeene:
But never a champion colde she find, 95
  Wolde fight with that knight soe keene.

Now twenty dayes were spent and gone,
  Noe helpe there might be had;
Many a teare shed our comelye queene,
  And aye her hart was sad. 100

Then came one of the queenes damsèlles,
  And knelt upon her knee,
"Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame,
  I trust yet helpe may be:

And here I will make mine avowe, 105
  And with the same me binde;
That never will I return to thee,
  Till I some helpe may finde."

Then forth she rode on a faire palfràye
110 Oer hill and dale about:
But never a champion colde she finde,
Wolde fighte with that knight so stout.

[And 53] And nowe the daye drewe on a pace, 5
When our good queene must dye;
115 All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle,
When she found no helpe was nye.

All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle,
And the salt teares fell from her eye: 10
When lo! as she rode by a rivers side,
120 She met with a tinye boye.

A tinye boye she mette, God wot,
All clad in mantle of golde;
He seemed noe more in mans likenèsse, 15
Then a child of four yeere olde.

125 Why grieve you, damselle faire, he sayd,
And what doth cause you moane?
The damsell scant wolde deigne a looke
But fast she pricked on. 20

Yet turne againe, thou faïre damsèlle,
130 And greete thy queene from mee:
When bale is att hyest, boote is nyest,
Now helpe enoughe may bee.

Bid her remember what she dreamt 25
In her bedd, wheras shee laye;
135 How when the grype and the grimly beast
E 3 Wolde have carried her crowne awaye,

[Even 54] Even then there came the litle gray hawke,
And saved her from his clawes: 30
Then bidd the queene be merry at hart,
140 For heaven will fende her cause.

Back then rode that faire damsèlle,
And her hart it lept for glee:
And when she told her gracious dame 35
A gladd womàn was shee.

But when the appointed day was come, 145
No helpe appeared nye:
Then woeful, woeful was her hart,
And the teares stood in her eye.

5 And nowe a fyer was built of wood;
And a stake was made of tree; 150
And now queene Elinore forth was led,
A sorrowful sight to see.

Three times the herault he waved his hand,
10 And three times spake on hye:
Giff any good knight will fende this dame, 155
Come forth, or shee must dye.

No knight stood forth, no knight there came,
No helpe appeared nye:
15 And now the fyer was lighted up,
Queen Elinore she must dye. 160

[And 55] And now the fyer was lighted up,
As hot as hot might bee;
When riding upon a little white steed,
20 The tinye boye they see.

"Away with that stake, away with those brands, 165
And loose our comelye queene:
I am come to fight with sir Aldingar,
And prove him a traitor keene."

25 Forthe then stood sir Aldingar,
But when he saw the chylde, 170
He laughed, and scoffed, and turned his backe,
And weened he had been beguylde.

Now turne, now turne thee, Aldingar,
30 And eyther fighte or flee;
I trust that I shall avenge the wronge, 175
Thoughe I am so small to see.

The boye pulld forth a well good sworde
So gilt it dazzled the ee;
35 The first stroke stricken at Aldingar
Smote off his leggs by the knee. 180

Stand up, stand up, thou false traitòre,
  And fight upon thy feete,
For and thou thrivest, as thou beginnest,
E4 Of height wee shall be meete.

185 [A priest, 56] A priest, a priest, sayes Aldingàr, 5
  While I am a man alive.
A priest, a priest, sayes Aldingàr,
  Me for to houzle and shrive.

I wolde have layne by our comlye queene
190 But shee wolde never consent; 10
Then I thought to betraye her unto our kinge
  In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gates,
  A lazar both blinde and lame:
195 I tooke the lazar upon my backe, 15
  And on her bedd him layne.

Then ranne I to our comlye king,
  These tidings sore to tell.
But ever alacke! sayes Aldingar,
200 Falsing never doth well. 20

Forgive, forgive me, queene, madame,
  The short time I must live.
Nowe Christ forgive thee, Aldingar,
  As freely I forgive.

205 Here take thy queene, our king Harry'e, 25
  And love her as thy life,
For never had a king in Christentye,
  A truer and fairer wife.

[Then 57] King Henrye ran to claspe his queene,
210 And loosed her full sone: 30
Then turnd to look for the tinye boye;
  —— The boye was vanisht and gone.

But first he had touchd the lazar man,
  And stroakt him with his hand:
215 The lazar under the gallowes tree 35
  All whole and sounde did stand.

The lazar under the gallowes tree
Was comelye, straight and tall;
King Henrye made him his head stewàrde
To wayte withinn his hall. 220

5 ***

X.

ON THOMAS LORD CROMWELL.

It is ever the fate of a disgraced minister to be forsaken by his friends, and insulted by his enemies, always reckon- 10 *ing among the latter the giddy inconstant multitude. We have here a spurn at fallen greatness from some angry partisan of declining popery, who could never forgive the downfall of their Diana, and loss of their craft. The ballad seems to have been composed between the time of Cromwell's* 15 *commitment to the tower Jun.* 11. 1540, *and that of his being beheaded July* 28, *following. A short interval! but Henry's passion for Catharine Howard would* [*admit* 58] *admit no delay. Notwithstanding our libeller, Cromwell had excellent qualities; his great fault was too much obsequiousness* 20 *to the arbitrary* WILL *of his master; but let it be considered that this master had raised him from obscurity, and that the high-born nobility had shewn him the way in every kind of mean and servile compliance. — The original copy printed at London in* 1540, *is intitled "A newe ballade made of* 25 *"Thomas Crumwel, called* TROLLE ON AWAY." *To it is prefixed this distich by way of burthen,*

Trolle on away, trolle on awaye.
Synge heave and howe rombelowe trolle on away.

BOTH man and chylde is glad to here tell
30 Of that false traytoure Thomas Crumwell,
Now that he is set to learn to spell.
Synge trolle on away.

When fortune loky'd the in thy face,
Thou haddyst fayre tyme, but thou lackydyst grace; 5
35 Thy cofers with golde thou fyllydst a pace.
Synge, &c.

Both plate and chalys came to thy fyst,
Thou lockydst them vp where no man wyst,
Tyll in the kynges treasoure suche thinges were myst.
Synge, &c.

10 Both crust and crumme came thorowe thy handes, 5
Thy marchaundyse sayled over the sandes,
Therfore nowe thou art layde fast in bandes.
Synge, &c.

[Fyrste 59] Fyrste when kynge Henry, God saue his grace!
Perceyud myschefe kyndlyd in thy face, 10
15 Then it was tyme to purchase the a place.
Synge, &c.

Hys grace was euer of gentyll nature,
Mouyd with petye, and made the hys seruyture,
But thou, as a wretche, suche thinges dyd procure. 15
Synge, &c.

Thou dyd not remembre, false heretyke,
20 One God, one fayth, and one kynge catholyke,
For thou hast bene so long a scysmatyke.
Synge, &c. 20

Thou woldyst not learne to knowe these thre,
But euer was full of iniquite;
Wherfore all this lande hathe ben troubled with the.
Synge, &c.

25 All they, that were of the new trycke, 25
Agaynst the churche thou baddest them stycke,
Wherfore nowe thou haste touchyd the quycke.
Synge, &c.

Bothe sacramentes and sacramentalles
Thou woldyst not suffre within thy walles; 30
30 Nor let vs praye for all chrysten soules.
Synge, &c.

[Of 60] Of what generacyon thou were no tonge can tell,
Whyther of Chayme, or Syschemell,
Or else sent vs frome the deuyll of hell. 35
Synge, &c.

Thou woldest neuer to vertue applye,
But couetyd euer to clymme to hye, 35
And nowe haste thou trodden thy shoo awrye.
Synge, &c.

5 Who-so-euer dyd winne thou wolde not lose,
Wherfore al Englande doth hate the as I suppose,
Bycause thou wast false to the redolent rose.
Synge, &c.

Thou myghtest haue learned thy cloth to flocke, 40
10 Upon thy gresy fullers stocke;
Wherfore lay downe thy heade vpon this blocke.
Synge, &c.

Yet saue that soule, that God hath bought,
And for thy carcas care thou nought,
15 Let it suffre payne, as it hath wrought. 45
Synge, &.

God saue kyng Henry with all his power,
And prynce Edwarde that goodly flower,
With all hys lordes of great honoure.
20 Synge trolle on awaye, syng trolle on away.
Hevye and how rombelowe trolle on awaye.

[61] XI.

HARPALUS.

AN ANCIENT ENGLISH PASTORAL.

25 *This beautiful poem, which is perhaps the first attempt at pastoral writing in our language, is preserved among the* SONGS AND SONNETTES *of the earl of Surrey, &c.* 4*to.* 1574. *in that part of the collection, which consists of pieces by* UNCERTAIN AUCTOURS. *These poems were first published in* 30 1557, *ten years after that accomplished nobleman fell a victim to the tyranny of Henry VIII: but it is presumed most of them were composed before the death of sir Thomas Wyatt in* 1541. *See Surrey's poems,* 4*to. fol.* 19. 49.

Tho' written perhaps near half a century before the 35 SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR*, *this will be found far superior to*

* *First published in* 1579.

any of those Eclogues in natural unaffected sentiments, in simplicity of style, in easy flow of versification, and all the (l. all other **corr.**) *beauties of pastoral poetry. Spenser ought to have profited more by so excellent a model.*

PHILLIDA was a faire maide, 5
As fresh, as any flowre;
Whom Harpalus the heard-man praide
To be his paramoure.

5 Harpalus, and eke Corin,
Were herdmen both yfere: 10
Aad (*l.* And) Phillida would twist and spinne,
And thereto sing ful clere.

[But **62**] But Phillida was al tò coye,
10 For Harpalus to winne:
For Corin was her only joye, 15
Who forst her not a pinne.

How often woold she flowers twine?
How often garlants make
15 Of couslips and of culumbine?
And al for Corin's sake. 20

But Corin, he had hawkes to lure,
And forced more the fielde:
Of lovers law he tooke no cure;
20 For once he was beguilde.

Harpalus prevayled nought, 25
His labour all was lost;
For he was farthest from her thought,
And yet he loved her most.

25 Therefore wax he both pale and leane,
And dry as clod of clay: 30
His fleshe it was consumed cleane;
His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shave;
30 His heare hong al unkempt;
A man most fit even for the grave, 35
Whom spiteful love had shent.

[His 63] His eyes were red, and all forwacht;
His face besprent with teares:
It seemed unhap had him long hatcht, 35
In middes of his dispaires.

His clothes were blacke, and also bare;
As one forlorne was hee;
Upon his head alwaies he ware
A wreathe of willowe tree. 40

His beastes he kept upon the hill,
And he sate in the dale;
And thus with sighes and sorrows shrill,
He gan to tell his tale.

Oh Harpalus! thus would he say; 45
Unhappiest under sunne!
The cause of thine unhappie day,
By love was first begunne.

For thou wenest first by sute to seeke
A tygre to make tame, 50
That settes no by thy love a leeke;
But makes thy griefe her game.

As easy it were for to converte
The frost into a flame;
As for to turne a frowarde herte, 55
Whom thou so faine wouldest frame.

[Corin 64] Corin he liveth carèlesse:
He leapes among the leaves:
He eates the fruites of thy redresse:
Thou reapest, he takes the sheaves. 60

My beastes a while your foode refraine,
And harke your herdmans sounde:
Whom spitefull love, alas! hath slaine,
Through girt with many a wounde.

O happie be ye, beastès wilde, 65
That here your pasture takes:
I see that ye be not beguilde
Of theese your faithful makes.

The hart he feedeth by the hinde:
70 The bucke harde by the doe:
The turtle dove is not unkinde
To him that loves her so.

The ewe she hath by her the ramme: 5
The yong cowe hath the bulle:
75 The calfe with many a lusty lambe
Do feede their hunger full.

But, wel-a-way! that nature wrought
Thee, Phillida, so faire: 10
For I may say that I have bought
80 Thy beauty all tò deare.

[What 65] What reason is that cruelty
With beauty should have part?
Or els that such great tiranny 15
Should dwell in womans hart?

85 I se therefore to shape my deathe
She cruelly is prest;
To th' end that I may want my breathe:
My dayes ben at the best. 20

O Cupide, graunt this my request,
90 And do not stoppe thine eares;
That shee may feele within her breste
The paines of my dispaires:

Of Corin 'whoe' is carèlesse, 25
That she may crave her fee:
95 As I have done in greate distresse,
That lovd her faithfullye.

But since that I shal die her slave;
Her slave, and eke her thrall: 30
Write you, my friendes, upon my grave
100 This chaunce that is befall.

"Here lieth unhappy Harpalus
"By cruell love now slaine:
"Whom Phillida unjustly thus, 35
"Hath murdred with disdaine."

[XII. ROBIN 66] XII.

ROBIN AND MAKYNE.

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH PASTORAL.

The palm of pastoral poesy is here contested by a cotemporary writer with the author of the foregoing. The reader will decide their respective merits. The author of this poem has one advantage over his rival, in having his name handed down to us. Mr. ROBERT HENRYSON *(to whom we are indebted for it) appears to so much advantage among the writers of eclogue, that we are sorry we can give no better account of him, than what is contained in the following eloge, writ by W. Dunbar, a Scottish poet, who lived about the middle of the* 16*th century:*

> *"In Dumferling, he* [*death*] *hath tane Broun,*
> *"With gude Mr. Robert Henryson."*

In Ramsey's EVERGREEN, *Vol.* i. *whence this distich, and the following beautiful poem are extracted, are preserved two other little Doric pieces, by Henryson; the one intitled* THE LYON AND THE MOUSE; *the other,* THE GARMENT OF GUDE LADYIS.

[*Vgl. hiezu* ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS *in Vol. III. p.* 337.]

ROBIN sat on the gude grene hill,
  Keipand a flock of fie,
Quhen mirry Makyne said him till,
  "O Robin rew on me.
"I haif three (*l.* thee) luivt baith loud and still, 5
  "Thir towmonds twa or thre:
"My dule in dern but gif thou dill,
  "Doubtless bot dreid I die."

[Robin 67] Robin replied, Now by the rude,
  Naithing of luve I knaw, 10
But keip my sheip undir yon wod:
  Lo quhair they raik on raw.
Quhat can have mart thee in thy mude,
  Thou Makyne to me schaw;
Or quhat is luve, or to be lude? 15
  Fain wald I leir that law.

"The law of luve gin thou wald leir,
  "Tak thair an A, B, C;

“Be keynd, courtas, and fair of feir,
20 “Wyse, hardy, kind and frie,
“Sae that nae danger do the deir,
“What dule in dern thou drie;
“Press ay to pleis, and blyth appeir, 5
“Be patient and privie.”

25 Robin, he answert her again,
I wat not quhat is luve,
But I haif marvel uncertain
Quhat makes thee thus wanrufe. 10
The wedder is fair, and I am fain;
30 My sheep gais hail abuve,
Gif we sculd pley us on the plain,
F 2 They wald us baith repruve.

[“Robin, 68] “Robin, tak tent unto my tale, 15
“And do all as I reid;
35 “And thou sall haif my heart all hale,
“Eik and my maiden-heid:
“Sen God, he sends bute for bale,
“And for murning remeid, 20
“I dern with thee but give I dale,
40 “Doubtless I am but deid.”

Makyne, the morn be this ilk tyde,
Gif ye will meit me heir,
Maybe my sheip may gang besyde, 25
Quhyle we have liggd full neir;
45 But maugre haif I, gif I byde,
Frae thay begin to steir,
Quhat lyes on heart I will nocht hyd,
Then Makyne mak gude cheir. 30

“Robin, thou reivs me of my rest;
50 “I luve but thee alane.”
Makyne, adieu! the sun goes west,
The day is neir-hand gane.
“Robin, in dule I am so drest, 35
“That luve will be my bane.”
55 Makyne, gae luve quhair eir ye list,
For lemans I luid nane.

["Robin, 69] "Robin, I stand in sic a style,
"I sich and that full sair."
Makyne, I have bene here this quyle;
At hame I wish I were. 60
5 "Robin, my hinny, talk and smyle,
"Gif thou will do nae mair."
Makyne, som other man beguyle,
For hameward I will fare.

Syne Robin on his ways he went, 65
10 As light as leif on tree;
But Makyne murnt and made lament,
Scho trow'd him neir to see.
Robin he brayd attowre he (*l.* the *corr.*) bent:
Then Makyne cried on hie, 70
15 "Now may thou sing, for I am shent!
"Quhat can ail luve at me?"

Makyne went hame withouten fail,
And weirylie could weip;
Then Robin in a full fair dale 75
20 Assemblit all his sheip.
Be that some part of Makyne's ail,
Out-throw his heart could creip,
Hir fast he followt to assail,
And till her tuke gude keip. 80

25 [Abyd, 70] Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,
A word for ony thing;
For all my luve, it sall be thyne,
Withoutten departing.
All hale thy heart for till have myne, 85
30 Is all my coveting;
My sheip quhyle morn till the hours nyne,
Will mister nae keiping.

"Robin, thou hast heard sung and say,
"In jests and storys auld, 90
35 "The man that will not when he may,
"Sall have nocht when he wald.
"I pray to heaven baith nicht and day,
"Be eikd their cares sae cauld,

95 "That presses first with thee to play
"Be forrest, firth, or fauld."

Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,
The wether warm and fair,
And the grene wod richt neir hand by, 5
100 To walk attowre all where:
There may nae janglers us espy,
That is in luve contrair;
Therein, Makyne, baith you and I
Unseen may mak repair. 10

105 ["Robin 71] "Robin, that warld is now away,
"And quyt brocht till an end,
"And neir again thereto perfay,
"Sall it be as thou wend;
"For of my pain thou made but play, 15
110 "I words in vain did spend;
"As thou hast done sae sall I say,
"Murn on, I think to mend."

Makyne, the hope of all my heil,
My heart on thee is set; 20
115 I'll evermair to thee be leil,
Quhyle I may live but lett,
Never to fail as uthers feil,
Quhat grace so eir I get.
"Robin, with thee I will not deal; 25
120 "Adieu, for this we met."

Makyne went hameward blyth enough,
Outowre the holtis hair,
Pure Robin murnd and Makyne leugh;
Scho sang, and he sicht sair: 30
125 Scho left him in baith wae and wreuch,
In dolor and in care,
Keipand his herd under a heuch,
Amang the rushy gair.

[XIII. GEN- 72] XIII.

GENTLE HERDSMAN, TELL TO ME.

Dialogue between a Pilgrim and Herdsman.

The scene of this beautiful old ballad is laid near Walsingham, in Norfolk, where was anciently an image of the Virgin Mary, famous all over Europe for the numerous pilgrimages made to it, and the great riches it possessed. Erasmus has given a very exact and humorous description of the superstitions practised there in his time. See his account of the Virgo parathalassia, *in his colloquy, intitled,* Peregrinatio religionis ergo. *He tells us, the rich offerings in silver, gold, and precious stones, that were there shewn him, were incredible, there being scarce a person of any note in England, but what some time or other paid a visit, or sent a present to* our lady of Walsingham. *At the dissolution of the monasteries in* 1538, *this splendid image, with another from Ipswich, was carried to Chelsea, and there burnt in the presence of commissioners; who, we trust, did not burn the jewels and the finery.*

This poem is printed from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. which had greatly suffered by the hand of time; but vestiges of several of the lines remaining, some conjectural supplements have been attempted, which, for greater exactness are in this one ballad distinguished by italicks.

GEntle herdsman, tell to me,
Of curtesy I thee pray,
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way.

["Unto 73] "Unto the towne of Walsingham 5
"The way is hard for to be gone;
"And verry crooked are those pathes
"For you to find out all alone."

Were the miles doubled thrise,
And the way never soe ill, 10
Itt were not enough for mine offence;
Itt is soe grievous and soe ill.

"Thy yeares are young, thy face is faire,
"Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are greene;
15 "Time hath not given thee leave, as yett,
"For to committ so great a sinne."

Yes, herdsman, yes, soe woldst thou say, 5
If thou knewest soe much as I;
My witts, and thoughts, and all the rest,
20 Have well deserved for to dye.

I am not what I seeme to bee,
My clothes, and sexe doe differ farr, 10
I am a woman, woe is me!
Born to greeffe and irksome care.

25 *For* my beloved, and well-beloved,
My wayward cruelty could kill:
And though my teares will nought avail, 15
Most dearely I bewail him still.

[*He* 74] *He was the flower of n*oble wights,
30 *None ever more sinc*ere *colde* bee;
Of comelye mien and shape he was,
*And tenderlye he*e loved mee. 20

*When thus I saw he lo*ved me well,
*I grewe so proude his pa*ine to see,
35 *That I, who did not* know myselfe,
Thought scorne of *such a youth* as hee.

And grew soe coy and nice to please, 25
As womens lookes are often soe,
He might not kises (*l.* kisse **corr.**), nor hand forsooth,
40 Unlesse I willed him soe to doe.

Thus being wearyed with delayes,
To see I pityed not his greeffe, 30
He gott him to a secrett place,
And there hee dyed without releeffe.

45 And for his sake these weedes I weare,
And sacriffice my tender age;
And every day Ile begg my bread, 35
To undergoe this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and praye,
And ever will doe till I dye; 50
And gett me to some secrett place,
For soe did hee, and soe will I.

5 [Now, 75] Now, gentle herdsman, aske no more,
But keepe my secretts I thee pray;
Unto the towne of Walsingham 55
Show me the right and readye way.

"Nów goe thy wayes, and God before!
10 "For he must ever guide thee still:
"Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,
"And soe, faire Pilgrim, fare thee well!" 60

XIV.

K. EDWARD IV. AND TANNER OF
15 ## TAMWORTH

Was a story of great fame among our ancestors. The author of the Art of English poesie, 1589, 4*to, seems to speak of it, as a real fact. — Describing that vicious mode of speech, which the Greeks called* Acyron, *i.e.* "*When*
20 *we use a dark and obscure word, utterly repugnant to that we would express;*" *he adds,* "*Such manner of uncouth speech* "*did the Tanner of Tamworth use to king Edward the* "*fourth; which Tanner, having a great while mistaken him,* "*and used very broad talke with him, at length, perceiving*
25 "*by his traine that it was the king, was afraide he should* "*be punished for it,* [*and*] *said thus, with a certaine rude* "*repentance,*

"I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow,

"*for* [I feare me] I shall be hanged, *whereat the king laughed a*
30 "*good, not only to see the Tanners vaine feare, but also to heare* "*his illshapen terme; and gave* ["*him* 76] *him for recompence* "*of his good sport, the inheritance of Plumpton-parke.* I am "affraid," *concludes this sagacious writer,* "the poets of our "time, that speake more finely and correctedly,
35 "will come too short of such a reward," *p.* 214. — *The phrase, here referred to, is not found in this ballad at*

present, but occurs with some variation in the older (*l.* *an older* **corr.**) *poem, intitled* John the Reeve, *described in the former* (*l.* *following* **corr.**) *volume, p.* 179, *viz.*

"Nay, sayd John, by Gods grace,
"And Edward wer in this place, 5
"Hee shold not touch this tonne:
"Hee wold be wroth with John I hope,
"Thereffore I beshrew the soupe,
"That in his mouth shold come." Pt. 2. *st.* 24.

The following text is selected from two copies in black letter. The one in the Bodleyan library, intitled, "A merrie, "pleasant, and delectable historie betweene K. Edward the "fourth, and a Tanner of Tamworth, &c. printed at London, by John Danter, 1596." *This copy, ancient as it now is, appears to have been modernized and altered at the time it was published; but many vestiges of the more ancient readings were recovered from another copy, (tho' more recently printed,) in one sheet folio, without date, in the Pepys collection.* 10 15

In summer time, when leaves grow greene, 20
And blossoms bedecke the tree,
King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
Some pastime for to see.

5 With hawke and hounde he made him bowne,
With horne, and eke with bowe; 25
To Drayton Basset he tooke his waye,
2 With all his lordes a rowe.

[And 77] And he had ridden ore dale and downe
10 By eight of clocke in the day,
When he was ware of a bold tannèr 30
Come ryding along the waye.

A fayre russet coat the tanner had on
Fast buttoned under his chin,
15 And under him a good cow-hide,
And a mare of four shillìng. 35

Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,
Under the grene wood spraye;
And I will wend to yonder fellowe,
20 To weet what he will saye.

God speede, God speede thee, said our king.
Thou art welcome, sir, sayd hee.
"The readyest waye to Drayton Basset
I praye thee to shewe to mee."

5 "To Drayton Basset woldst thou goe, 25
Fro the place where thou dost stand?
The next payre of gallowes thou comest unto,
Turne in upon thy right hand."

That is an unreadye waye, sayd our king,
10 Thou doest but jest I see: 30
Nowe shewe me out the nearest waye,
And I pray thee wend with mee.

[Awaye 78] waye (*l.* Awaye *corr.*) with a vengeaunce! quoth [the tanner:
I hold thee out of thy witt:
15 All daye have I rydden on Brocke my mare, 35
And I am fasting yett.

"Go with me downe to Drayton Basset,
No daynties we will spare;
All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of the best,
20 And I will paye thy fare." 40

Gramercye for nothing, the tanner replyde,
Thou payest no fare of mine:
I trowe I've more nobles in my purse,
Than thou hast pence in thine.

25 God give thee joy of them, sayd the king, 45
And send them well to priefe.
The tanner wolde faine have beene away,
For he weende he had beene a thiefe.

What art thou, hee sayde, thou fine fellòwe,
30 Of thee I am in great feare, 50
For the cloathes, thou wearest upon thy backe,
Might beseeme a lord to weare.

I never stole them, quoth our king,
I tell you, sir, by the roode.
35 "Then thou playest, as many an unthrift doth, 55
And standest in midds of thy goode."

[What 79] What tydinges heare you, sayd the kynge,
As you ryde farre and neare?
"I heare no tydinges, sir, by the masse,
60 But that cowehides are deare."

"Cowe hides! cowe hides! what things are those? 5
I marvell what they bee?"
What (*l.* What art *corr.*) thou a foole? the tanner
I carry one under mee." [reply'd;

65 What craftsman art thou, said the king,
I praye thee tell me, trowe. 10
"I am a barker, sir, by my trade,
Nowe tell me what art thou?"

I am a poore courtier, sir, quoth he,
70 That am forth of service worne;
And faine I wolde thy prentise bee, 15
Thy cunninge for to learne.

Marrye heaven forefend, the tanner replyde,
That thou my prentise were:
75 Thou woldst spend more good than I shold winne
By fortye shilling a yere. 20

Yet one thinge wolde I, sayd our king,
If thou wilt not seeme strange:
Thoughe my horse be better than thy mare,
80 Yet with thee I faine wold change.

[Why 80] "Why if with me thou faine wilt change, 25
As change full well maye wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou proude fellòwe,
I will have some boot of three (*l.* thee)."

85 That were against reason, sayd the king,
I sweare so mote I thee: 30
My horse is better than thy mare,
And that thou well mayst see.

"Yea, sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
90 And softly she will fare:
Thy horse is unrulye and wild, I wiss; 35
Aye skipping here and theare."

What boote wilt thou have, our king reply'd?
  Now tell me in this stound.
"Noe pence, nor half-pence, by my faye, 95
  But a noble in gold so round."

"Here's twentye groates of white moneyè
  Sith thou will have it of mee."
I would have sworne now, quoth the tanner,
  Thou hadst not had one penniè. 100

But since we two have made a change,
  A change we must abide,
Although thou hast gotten Brocke my mare,
  Thou gettest not my cowe hide.

[I will 81] I will not have it, sayd the kynge, 105
  I sweare, so mote I thee;
Thy foule cowe-hide I wolde not beare,
  If thou woldst give it to mee.

The tanner hee tooke his good cowe hide,
  That of the cow was hilt, 110
And threwe it upon the king's sadèlle,
  That was soe fayrelye gilte.

"Now help me up, thou fine fellòwe,
  'Tis time that I were gone:
When I come home to Gyllian, my wife, 115
  Sheel say I am a gentilmon."

The king he tooke him up by the legge;
  The tanner a f** lett fall.
Nowe marrye, good fellowe, sayd the king,
  Thy courtesye is but small. 120

When the tanner he was in the kinges sadèlle,
  And his foote in the stirrup was:
He marvelled greatlye in his minde,
  Whether it were golde or brass.

But when his steede saw the cows taile wagge, 125
  And eke the blacke cowe-horne:
He stampt, and stared, and awaye he ranne,
  As the devill had him borne.

[The 82] The tanner he pulld, the tanner he sweat,
130 And held by the pummil fast:
At length the tanner came tumbling downe;
His necke he had well-nye brast.

Take thy horse again with a vengeance, he sayd, 5
With mee he shall not byde.
135 "My horse wolde have borne thee well enoughe,
But he knewe not of thy cowe hide.

Yet if againe thou faine woldst change,
As change full well may wee, 10
By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tannèr,
140 I will have some boote of thee."

What boote wilt thou have, the tanner replyd,
Nowe tell me in this stounde?
"Noe pence nor halfpence, sir, by my faye, 15
But I will have twentye pound."

145 "Here's twentye groates out of my purse;
And twentye I have of thine:
And I have one more, which we will spend
Together at the wine." 20

The king set a bugle horne to his mouthe,
150 And blewe both loude and shrille:
And soone came lords, and soone came knights,
Fast ryding over the hille.

[Nowe, 83] Nowe, out alas! the tanner he cryde, 25
That ever I sawe this daye!
155 Thou art a strong thiefe, yon come thy fellowes
Will beare my cowe-hide away.

They are no thieves, the king replyde,
I sweare, soe mote I thee: 30
But they are the lords of the north countrèy,
160 Here come to hunt with mee.

And soone before our king they came,
And knelt downe on the grounde:
Then might the tanner have beene awaye, 35
He had lever than twentye pounde.

A coller, a coller*, here: sayd the king, 165
  A coller he loud did crye:
Then woulde he lever then twentye pound,
  He had not beene so nighe.

5 A coller, a coller, the tanner, he sayd,
  I trowe it will breed sorrowe: 170
After a coller comes a halter,
  And I shall be hanged to-morrowe. G 2

["Awaye 84] "Awaye with thy feare, thou jolly tannèr,
10 For the sport thou hast shewn to me,
I wote noe halter thou shalt weare, 175
  But thou shalt have a knight's fee.

For Plumpton-parke I will give thee,
  With tenements faire beside:
15 'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,
  To maintaine thy good cowe-hide." 180

Gramercye, my liege, the tanner replyde,
  For the favour, which thou hast showne:
If ever thou comest to merry Tamwòrth,
20 Neates leather shall clout thy shoen.

***

XV.

AS YE CAME FROM THE HOLY LAND.

Dialogue between a Pilgrim and Traveller.

The scene of this song is the same, as in num. XIII. *The*
25 *pilgrimage to Walsingham suggested the plan of many popular pieces. In the Pepys collection, Vol. I. p.* 226, *is a kind of Interlude in the old ballad style, of which the first stanza alone is worth reprinting,*

As I went to Walsingham,
30 To the shrine with speede,
Met I with a jolly palmer
  In a pilgrimes weede.
[Now 85] Now God you save, you jolly palmer!
  "Welcome, lady gay,

* *A collar was anciently used in the ceremony of conferring knighthood.* [*Vgl. hiezu* ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS *in Vol. III. p.* 337.]

"Oft have I sued to thee for love."
— Oft have I said you nay.

The pilgrimages undertaken on pretence of religion, were often productive of affairs of gallantry, and led the votaries to no other shrine than that of Venus. [*Vgl. hiezu* ADDITIONS 5 AND CORRECTIONS *in Vol. III. p.* 337.]

The following ballad was once very popular; it is quoted in Fletcher's "Knt. of the burning pestle," Act 2. sc. ult. and, in another old play, called, "Hans Beer-pot, his invisible Comedy &c." 4to, 1618; Act. I. — The copy below 10 *was communicated to the Editor by the late Mr. Shenstone from an ancient MS, which being imperfect was supplied by him with a concluding stanza.*

We have placed this, and GENTLE HERDSMAN *&c. thus early in the volume, upon a presumption that they must* 15 *have been written, if not before the dissolution of the monasteries, yet while the remembrance of them was fresh in the minds of the people.*

AS ye came from the holy land
Of 'blessed' Walsingham, 20
O met you not with my true love
As by the way ye came?

5 "How should I know your true love,
"That have met many a one,
"As I came from the holy land, 25
"That have both come, and gone?"

My love is neither white*, nor browne,
10 But as the heavens faire;
G 3 There is none hath her form divine,
Either in earth, or ayre. 30

["Suc 86] "Such an one did I meet, good sir,
"With an angelicke face?
15 "Who like a nymphe, a queene appeard
"Both in her gait, her grace."

Yes: she hath cleane forsaken me, 35
And left me all alone;

* *sc. pale.*

Who some time loved me as her life,
And called me her owne. 20

"What is the cause she leaves thee thus,
"And a new way doth take,
5 "That some time loved thee as her life,
"And thee her joy did make?"

I that loved her all my youth, 25
Growe old now as you see;
Love liketh not the falling fruite,
10 Nor yet the withered tree.

For love is like a carelesse childe,
Forgetting promise past: 30
He is blind, or deaf, whenere he list;
His faith is never fast.

15 His 'fond' desire is fickle found,
And yieldes a trustlesse joye:
Wonne with a world of toil and care, 35
And lost ev'n with a toye.

[Such 87] Such is the love of womankinde,
20 Or Loves faire name abusde,
Beneathe which many vaine desires,
And follyes are excusde. 40

'But true love is a lasting fire,
'Which viewless vestals* tend,
25 'That burnes for ever in the soule,
'And knowes nor change, nor end.'

* *sc. Angels.*

XVI.

HARDYKNUTE.

30 ### A Scottish Fragment.

As this fine morsel of heroic poetry hath generally past for ancient, it is here thrown to the end of our earliest pieces; that such as doubt of its age may the better compare it with other pieces of genuine antiquity. For after all, there is 35 *more than reason to suspect, that most of its beauties are*

of modern date; and that these at least (if not its whole existence) have flowed from the pen of a lady, within this G 4 *present century. The following particulars may be depended on.* [*One* 88] *One Mrs. Wardlaw, whose maiden name was Halket (aunt of the late sir Peter Halket of Pit-ferran in* 5 *Scotland, who was killed in America along with general Bradock in* 1755) *pretended she had found this poem, written on shreds of paper, employed for what is called the bottoms of clues. A suspicion arose that it was her own composition. Some able judges asserted it be (l. to be) modern. The lady* 10 *did in a manner acknowledge it to be so. Being desired to shew an additional stanza, as a proof of this, she produced the three last beginning with* "Loud and schrill, &c." *which were not in the copy that was first printed. The late Lord President Forbes, and Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto (now Lord* 15 *Justice Clerk for Scotland) who had believed it ancient, contributed to the expence of publishing the first Edition, which came out in folio about the year* 1720. — *This account is transmitted from Scotland by a gentleman of distinguished rank, learning and genius, who yet is of opinion, that part* 20 *of the ballad may be ancient; but retouched and much enlarged by the lady abovementioned. Indeed he hath been informed, that the late William Thompson, the Scottish musician, who published the* ORPHEUS CALIDONIUS (*l.* CALED.), 1733, 2 *vols.* 8*vo, declared he had heard fragments of it repeated during* 25 *his infancy: before ever Mrs. Wardlaw's copy was heard of.*

[*Vgl. hiezu* ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS *in Vol. III. p.* 337 *ff.*]

STately stept he east the wa,
    And stately stept he west,
Full seventy zeirs he now had sene, 30
    With skerss sevin zeirs of rest.
5 He livit quhen Britons breach of faith
    Wroucht Scotland meikle wae:
And ay his sword tauld to their cost,
    He was their deidly fae. 35

[Hie 89] Hie on a hill his castle stude,
10 With halls and touris a hicht,
And guidly chambers fair to se,
    Quhair he lodgit mony a knicht.

His dame sae peirless anes and fair,
  For chast and bewtie deimt,
Nae marrow had in all the land, 15
  Saif Elenor the quene.

5 Full thirthein sons to him scho bare,
  All men of valour stout;
In bluidy ficht with sword in hand
  Nyne lost their lives bot doubt; 20
Four zit remain, lang may they live
10 To stand by liege and land:
Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
  And hie was their command.

Great luve they bare to Fairly fair, 25
  Their sister saft and deir,
15 Her girdle shawd her midle gimp,
  And gowden glist her hair.
Quhat waefou wae her bewtie bred?
  Waefou to zung and auld, 30
Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
20 As story ever tauld.

[The 90] The king of Norse in summer tyde,
  Puft up with powir and micht,
Landed in fair Scotland the yle, 35
  With mony a hardy knicht.
25 The tydings to our gude Scots king
  Came, as he sat at dyne,
With noble chiefs in braif aray,
  Drinking the blude-reid wyne. 40

"To horse, to horse, my ryal liege,
30 Zours faes stand on the strand,
Full twenty thousand glittering spears
  The king of Norse commands."
Bring me my steed Mage dapple gray, 45
  Our gude king raise and cryd,
35 A trustier beast in all the land
  A Scots king nevir seyd.

Go little page, tell Hardyknute,
  That lives on hill so hie, 50

To draw his sword, the dreid of faes,
  And haste and follow me.
The little page flew swift as dart
  Flung by his masters arm,
55 "Cum down, cum down, lord Hardyknute, 5
  And rid zour king frae harm."

[Then 91] Then reid reid grow his dark-brown cheiks,
  Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His luiks grew kene, as they were wont,
60 In dangers great to do; 10
He hes tane a horn as grene as glass,
  And gien five sounds sae shrill,
That treis in grene wod schuke thereat,
  Sae loud rang ilka hill.

65 His sons in manly sport and glie, 15
  Had past that summers morn,
Quhen low down in a grassy dale
  They heard their fatheris horn.
That horn, quod they, neir sounds in peace,
70 We haif other sport to byde. 20
And sune they heyd them up the hill,
  And sune were at his syde.

"Late late the zestrene I weind in peace
  To end my lengthned life,
75 My age micht weil excuse my arm 25
  Frae manly feats of stryfe;
But now that Norse dois proudly boast
  Fair Scotland to inthrall,
Its neir be said of Hardyknute,
80 He feard to ficht or fall. 30

["Robin 92] "Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
  Thy arrows schute sae leil,
Mony a comely countenance
  They haif turnd to deidly pale.
85 Brade Thomas tak ze but zour lance, 35
  Ze neid nae weapons mair,
Gif ze ficht weit as ze did anes
  Gainst Westmorlands ferss heir.

"Malcom, licht of fute as stag
  That runs in forest wyld, 90
Get me my thousands thrie of men
  Well bred to sword and schield:
Bring me my horse and harnisine (5)
  My blade of mettal cleir.
If faes kend but the hand it bare, 95
  They sune had fled for feir.

"Fareweil my dame sae peirless gude,
  (And tuke hir by the hand,) (10)
Fairer to me in age zou seim,
  Than maids for bewtie famd: 100
My zoungest son sall here remain
  To guard these stately towirs,
And shut the silver bolt that keips(,)
  Sae fast zour painted bowirs." (15)

[And 93] And first scho wet her comely cheiks, 105
  And then her boddice grene,
Hir silken cords of twirtle twist,
  Weil plett with silver schene;
And apron set with mony a dice (20)
  Of neidle-wark sae rare, 110
Wove by nae hand, as ze may guess,
  Saif that of Fairly fair.

And he has ridden owre muir and moss,
  Owre hills and mony a glen, (25)
Quhen he came to a wounded knicht 115
  Making a heavy mane;
"Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
  By treacheries false gyles;
Witless I was that eir gaif faith (30)
  To wicked womans smyles." 120

"Sir knicht, gin ze were in my bowir,
  To lean on silken seat,
My ladyis kyndlie care zoud prove,
  Quha neir kend deidly hate: (35)
Hir self wald watch ze all the day, 125
  Hir maids a deid of nicht;

And Fairly fair zour heart wald cheir,
  As scho stands in zour sicht.

["Aryse 94] "Aryse young knicht, and mount zour steid,
130 Full lowns the shynand day:
Cheis frae my menzie quhom ze pleis 5
  To leid ze on the way."
With smyless luke, and visage wan
  The wounded knicht replyd,
135 "Kynd chiftain, zour intent pursue,
  For heir I maun abyde. 10

To me nae after day nor nicht,
  Can eir be sweit or fair,
But sune beneath sum draping tree,
140 Cauld death sall end my care."
With him nae pleiding micht prevail; 15
  Brave Hardyknute in to gain,
With fairest words and reason strong,
  Strave courteously in vain.

145 Syne he has gane far hynd attowre
  Lord Chattans land sae wyde; 20
That lord a worthy wicht was ay,
  Quhen faes his courage seyd:
Of Pictish race by mothers syde,
150 Quhen Picts ruld Caledon,
Lord Chattan claimd the princely maid, 25
  Quhen he saift Pictish crown.

[Now 95] Now with his ferss and stalwart train,
  He reicht a rysing heicht,
155 Quhair braid encampit on the dale,
  Norss menzie lay in sicht. 30
"Zonder my valiant sons and ferss,
  Our raging revers wait
On the unconquerit Scottish swaird
160 To try with us their fate.

Mak orisons to him that saift 35
  Our sauls upon the rude;
Syne braifly schaw zour veins ar filld
  With Caledonian blude."

Then furth he drew his trusty glaive, 165
Quhyle thousands all around
Drawn frae their sheaths glanst in the sun,
And loud the bougills sound.

5 To join his king adoun the hill
In hast his merch he made, 170
Quhyle, playand pibrochs, minstralls meit
Afore him statly strade.
"Thryse welcume valziant stoup of weir,
10 Thy nations scheild and pryde;
Thy king nae reason has to feir 175
Quhen thou art be his syde."

[Quhen 96] Quhen bows were bent and darts were [thrawn,
For thrang scarce could they flie,
15 The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the trie. 180
Lang did they rage and ficht full ferss,
With little skaith to man,
But bludy bludy was the field,
20 Or that lang day was done.

The king of Scots, that sindle bruikd 185
The war that luikt lyke play,
Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,
Sen bows seimt but delay.
25 Quoth noble Rothsay, "Myne i'll keip,
I wate its bleid a skore." 190
Hast up my merry men, cryd the king,
As he rade on before.

The king of Norse he socht to find,
30 With him to mense the faucht,
But on his forehead there did licht 195
A sharp unsonsie shaft;
As he his hand put up to find
The wound, an arrow kene,
35 O waefou chance! there pinnd his hand
In midst between his ene. 200

["Revenge, 97] "Revenge, revenge, cryd Rothsays heir,
Your mail-coat sall nocht byde

The strength and sharpness of my dart:"
  Then sent it thruch his syde.
205 Another arrow weil he markd,
  It persit his neck in twa,
His hands then quat the silver reins, 5
  He law as eard did fa.

"Sair bleids my liege, sair, sair he bleids!"
210 Again with micht he drew
And gesture dreid his sturdy bow,
  Fast the braid arrow flew: 10
Wae to the knicht he ettled at,
  Lament now quene Elgreid,
215 Hie dames to wail zour darlings fall,
  His zouth and comely meid.

"Take aff, take aff his costly jupe 15
  (Of gold weil was it twynd,
Knit lyke the fowlers net throuch quhilk
220 His steilly harness shynd)
Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid
  Him venge the blude it beirs; 20
Say, if he face my bended bow,
  He sure nae weapon feirs."

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225 [Proud 98] Proud Norse with giant body tall,
  Braid shoulder and arms strong,
Cryd, "Quhair is Hardyknute sae famd, 25
  And feird at Britains throne:
Thah Britons tremble at his name,
230 I sune sall make him wail,
That eir my sword was made sae sharp,
  Sae saft his coat of mail." 30

That brag his stout heart could na byde,
  It lent him zouthfou micht:
235 "I'm Hardyknute this day, he cryd,
  To Scotlands king I hecht,
To lay thee law, as horses hufe, 35
  My word I mean to keip."
Syne with the first strake eir he strake,
240 He garrd his body bleid.

Norse ene lyke gray gosehawke staird wyld,
He sicht with shame and spyte;
"Disgrac'd is now my far-famd arm
That left thee power to stryke:"
Then gaif his head a blaw sae fell, 245
It made him doun to stoup,
As law as he to ladies usit
In courtly gyse to lout.

[Full 99] Full sune he raisd his bent body,
His bow he marvelld sair, 250
Sen blaws till then on him but darrd
As touch of Fairly fair:
Norse ferliet too as sair as he
To se his stately luke,
Sae sune as eir he strake a fae, 255
Sae sune his lyfe he tuke.

Quhair lyke a fyre to hether set,
Bauld Thomas did advance,
A sturdy fae with luke enrag'd
Up towards him did prance; 260
He spurd his steid throw thickest ranks
The hardy zouth to quell,
Quha stude unmusit (*l.* unmufit) at his approach
His furie to repell.

"That schort brown shaft sae meanly trimd, 265
Lukis lyke poor Scotlands geir,
But dreidfull seims the rusty poynt!"
And loud he leuch in jeir.
"Aft Britons blude has dimd its shyne;
This poynt cut short their vaunt:" 270
Syne pierced the boisteris bairded cheik,
Nae tyme he tuke to taunt.

[Schort 100] Schort quhyle he in his sadill swang,
His stirrup was nae stay,
Sae feible hang his unbent knee 275
Sure taken he was fey:
Swith on the hardened clay he fell,
Richt far was heard the thud;

But Thomas luikt not as he lay
280 All waltering in his blude.

With cairles gesture, mynd unmuvit,
On raid he north the plain;
His seim in thrang of fiercest stryfe, 5
Quhen Winner ay the same;
285 Nor zit his heart dames dimpelit cheik,
Coud meise saft luve to bruik,
Till vengeful Ann returnd his scorn,
Then languid grew his luke. 10

In thrawis of death, with wallowit cheik
290 All panting on the plain,
The fainting corps of warriours lay,
Neir to aryse again;
Neir to return to native land, 15
Nae mair with blythsom sounds
295 To boist the glories of the day,
And schaw thair shyning wounds.

[On 101] On Norways coast the widowit dame
May wash the rocks with teirs, 20
May lang luke owre the schiples seis
300 Befoir hir mate appears.
Ceise, Emma, ceise to hope in vain;
Thy lord lyis in the clay;
The valziant Scots nae revers thole 25
To carry lyfe away.

305 There on a lie, quhair stands a cross
Set up for monument,
Thousands full fierce that summers day
Filld kene waris black intent. 30
Let Scots, quhyle Scots, praise Hardyknute,
310 Let Norse the name ay dreid,
Ay how he faucht, aft how he spaird,
Sal latest ages reid.

Loud and chill blew the westlin wind, 35
Sair beat the heavy showir,
315 Mirk grew the nicht eir Hardyknute
Wan neir his stately towir.

His towir that usd with torches bleise
To shyne sae far at nicht,
Seimd now as black as mourning weid,
Nae marvel sair he sichd. 320 HS

5 ["Thairs 102] "Thairs nae licht in my ladys bowir,
Thairs nae licht in my hall;
Nae blink shynes round my Fairly fair,
Nor ward stands on my wall.
"Quhat bodes it? Robert, Thomas, say;" — 325
10 Nae answer fits their dreid.
"Stand back, my sons, I'll be zour gyde:"
But by they past with speid.

"As fast I haif sped owre Scotlands faes," —
There ceist his brag of weir, 330
15 Sair schamit to mynd ocht but his dame,
And maiden Fairly fair.
Black feir he felt, but quhat to feir
He wist not zit with dreid; 335
Sair schuke his body, sair his limbs,
20 And all the warrior fled.

* * * * * * * * * * *

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

Kupferstich, darstellend: einen Landmann mit Dreschflegel im Hintergrunde, im Vordergrunde Luther mit einer Kielfeder gegen den Papst und einen Cardinal gewendet, ersterer ein Schwert ziehend, letzterer einen Ablassbrief vorweisend.

Ancient
SONGS AND BALLADS,
&c.

SERIES THE SECOND.
BOOK II. 5

I.
A BALLAD OF LUTHER, THE POPE, A CARDINAL, AND A HUSBANDMAN.

In the former Book we brought down this second Series of poems, as low as about the middle of the sixteenth century. 10 *We now find the Muses deeply engaged in religious controversy. The sudden revolution, wrought in the opinions of mankind by the Reformation, is one of the most striking* H 4 *events in the history of the human mind. It could* [*not* 104] *not but engross the attention of every individual in that age,* 15 *and therefore no other writings would have any chance to be read, but such as related to this grand topic. The alterations made in the established religion by Henry VIII, the sudden changes it underwent in the three succeeding reigns within so short a space as eleven or twelve years, and the* 20 *violent struggles between expiring Popery, and growing Protestantism, could not but interest all mankind. Accordingly every pen was engaged in the dispute. The followers of the Old and New Profession (as it was called) had their respective Ballad-makers; and every day produced some popular sonnet* 25

for, or against the Reformation. The following ballad, and that intitled LITTLE JOHN NOBODY, *may serve for specimens of the writings of each party. Both were written in the reign of Edward VI; and are not the worst that were composed*
5 *upon the occasion. Controversial divinity is no friend to poetic flights. Yet this ballad of "Luther and the Pope," is not altogether devoid of spirit; it is of the dramatic kind, and the characters are tolerably well sustained; especially that of Luther, which is made to speak in a manner not*
10 *unbecoming the spirit and courage of that vigorous Reformer. It is printed from the original black-letter copy (in the Pepys collection, vol. I. folio,) to which is prefixed a large wooden cut, designed and executed by some eminent master. This is copied in miniature in the small Engraving inserted above.*
15 *We are not to wonder that the Ballad-writers of that age should be inspired with the zeal of controversy, when the very stage teemed with polemic divinity. I have now before me two very ancient quarto black-letter plays: the one published in the time of Henry VIII, intitled,* Every Man*; *the other,*
20 *called* Lusty Juventus *printed in the reign of Edward VI. In the former of these, occasion is taken to inculcate great reverence for old mother church and her superstitions: in the other, the poet, (one* R. WEVER*) with great success attacks both. So that the Stage in those days literally was, what*
25 *wise men have always wished it, — a supplement* [*to* **105**] *to the Pulpit: — This was so much the case, that in the play of Lusty Juventus, chapter and verse are every where quoted as formally, as in a sermon; take an instance,*

"The Lord by his prophet Ezechiel sayeth in this wise playnlye,
30 *"As in the* xxxiij *chapter it doth appere:*
"Be converted, O ye children, &c."

From this play we learn, that most of the young people were New Gospellers, or friends to the Reformation; and that the old were tenacious of the doctrines imbibed in their youth:
35 *for thus the Devil is introduced lamenting the downfal of superstition,*

"The olde people would believe stil in my lawes,
"But the yonger sort leade them a contrary way,
"They wyl not beleve, they playnly say,
40 *"In olde traditions, and made by men, &c."*

* [*Vgl. hiezu* ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS *in Vol. III. p.* 339.]

And in another place Hypocrisy urges,

"The worlde was never meri
"Since chyldren were so boulde:
"Now every boy wil be a teacher,
"The father a foole, the chyld a preacher." 5

Of the plays abovementioned, to the first is subjoined the following Printer's Colophon, ¶ Thus endeth this morall playe of Every Man. ¶ Imprynted at London in Powles chyrche yarde by me John Skot. ✠ *In Mr. Garrick's collection is an imperfect copy of the same play, printed by* 10 *Wynkyn de Worde (l. Richarde Pynson* **corr.**).

The other is intitled, An enterlude called Lusty Juventus: *and is thus distinguished at the end:* Finis. quod R. Wever. Imprinted at London in Paules churche yearde, by Abraham Vele at the signe of the Lambe. *Of this too Mr. Garrick* 15 *has an imperfect copy of a different edition.*

[The **106**] The Husbandman.

LET us lyft up our hartes all,
And prayse the lordes magnificence,
Which hath geven the wolues a fall, 20
And is become our strong defence:
5 For they thorowe a false pretens
From Christes bloude dyd all us leade,
Gettynge from every man his pence,
As satisfactours for the deade. 25

For what we with our FLAYLES coulde get
10 To kepe our house, and servauntes,
That did the freers from us fet,
And with our soules played the marchauntes:
And thus they with theyr false warantes 30
Of our sweate have easelye lyved,
15 That for fatnesse theyr belyes pantes,
So greatlye have they us deceaued.

They spared not the fatherlesse,
The carefull, nor the pore wydowe; 35
They wolde have somewhat more or lesse,
20 If it above the ground did growe:
But now we husbandmen do knowe
Al their subteltye, and their false caste;

For the lorde hath them overthrowe
With his swete word now at the laste.

[Doctor 107] Doctor Martin Luther.

Thou antichrist, with thy thre crownes, 25
5 Hast usurped kynges powers,
As having power over realmes and townes,
Whom thou oughtest to serve all houres:
Thou thinkest by thy jugglyng colours
Thou maist lykewise Gods word oppresse; 30
10 As do the deceatful foulers,
Whan they theyr nettes craftelye dresse.

Thou flatterest every prince, and lord,
Thretening poore men with swearde and fyre;
All those, that do followe Gods worde, 35
15 To make them cleve to thy desire,
Theyr bokes thou burnest in flaming fire;
Cursing with boke, bell, and candell,
Such as to reade them have desyre,
Or with them are wyllynge to meddell. 40

20 Thy false power wyl I bryng down,
Thou shalt not raygne many a yere,
I shall dryve the from citye and towne,
Even with this pen that thou seyste here:
Thou fyghtest with swerd, shylde, and speare, 45
25 But I wyll fyght with Gods worde;
Which is now so open and cleare,
That it shall brynge the under the borde.

[The 108] The Pope.

Though I brought never so many to hel,
30 And to utter dampnacion, 50
Throughe myne ensample, and consel,
Or thorow any abhominacion,
Yet doth our lawe excuse my fashion
And thou, Luther, arte accursed,
35 For blamynge me, and my condicion, 55
The holy decres have the condempned.

Thou stryvest against my purgatory,
Because thou findest it not in scripture;

As though I by myne auctorite
60 Myght not make one for myne honoure.
Knowest thou not, that I have power
To make, and mar, in heaven and hell,
In erth, and every creature; 5
Whatsoever I do it must be well.
65 As for scripture, I am above it;
Am not I Gods hye vicare?
Shulde I be bounde to folowe it,
As the carpenter his ruler? 10
Nay, nay, heretickes ye are,
70 That will not obey my auctoritie.
With this SWORDE I wyll declare,
That ye shal al accursed be.

[THE 109] THE CARDINAL. 15

I am a cardinall of Rome,
Sent from Christes hye vicary,
75 To graunt pardon to more, and sume,
That wil Luther resist strongly:
He is a greate hereticke treuly, 20
And regardeth to much the scripture;
For he thinketh onely thereby
80 To subdue the popes high honoure.

Receive ye this PARDON devoutely,
And loke that ye agaynst him fight; 25
Plucke up youre herts, and be manlye,
For the pope sayth ye do but ryght:
85 And this be sure, that at one flyghte,
Allthough ye be overcome by chaunce,
Ye shall to heaven go with greate myghte; 30
God can make you no resistaunce.

But these heretikes for theyr medlynge
90 Shall go down to hel every one;
For they have not the popes blessynge,
Nor regarde his holy pardòn: 35
They thinke from all destruction(.)
By Christes bloud, to be saved,
95 Fearynge not our excommunicacion,
Therefore shall they al be dampned.

[II. JOHN **110**] II.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

A Scottish Song.

While in England Verse was made the vehicle of contro- 5 *versy, and Popery was attacked in it by logical argument, or stinging satire; we may be sure the zeal of the Scottish Reformers would not suffer their pens to be idle, but many a pasquil was discharged at the Romish priests, and their enormous encroachments on property. Of this kind perhaps* 10 *is the following, (preserved in an ancient MS. Collection of Scottish poems in the Pepysian library:)*

Tak a Wobster, that is leill,
And a Miller, that will not steill,
With ane Priest, that is not gredy,
15 And lay ane deid corpse thame by,
And, throw virtue of thame three,
That deid corpse sall qwyknit be.

Thus far all was fair: but their furious hatred of popery led them to employ their rhymes in a still more licentious 20 *manner. It is a received tradition in Scotland, that at the time of the Reformation, ridiculous and baudy songs were composed by the rabble to the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin Service.* Greene sleeves and pudding pies *(designed to ridicule the popish clergy) is said to have* 25 [*been* **111**] *been one of these metamorphosed hymns:* Maggy Lauder *was another:* John Anderson my jo *was a third. The original music of all these burlesque sonnets was very fine. To give a specimen of their manner, we have inserted one of the least offensive. The Reader will pardon the* 30 *meanness of the composition for the sake of the anecdote, which strongly marks the spirit of the times.*

The adaptation of solemn church music to these ludicrous pieces, and the jumble of ideas, thereby occasioned, will account for the following fact. — From the Records of the 35 *General Assembly in Scotland, called "The Book of the Universal Kirk," p.* 90, *7th July,* 1568, *it appears, that Thomas Bassendyne printer in Edinburgh, printed "a psalme* ["]*buik, in the end whereof was found*(") *printit ane baudy* ["]*sang, called, "Welcome Fortunes**."*

* *See also Biograph. Britan. vol. I. p.* 177.

WOMAN.

JOHN Anderson my jo, cum in as ze gae bye,
And ze sall get a sheips heid weel baken in a pye;
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat:
John Anderson my jo, cum in, and ze's get that. 5

MAN.

And how doe ze, Cummer? and how doe ze thrive?
And how mony bairns hae ze? WOM. Cummer, I hae five.
MAN. Are they to zour awin gude man? WOM. Na,
Cummer, na; 10
For four of tham were gotten, quhan Wullie was awa'.

[III. LITTLE 112] III.

LITTLE JOHN NOBODY.

We have here a witty libel on the Reformation under king Edward VI, written about the year 1550, *and preserved in* 15 *the Pepys collection, British Museum, and Strype's Mem. of Cranmer. The author artfully declines entering into the merits of the cause, and wholly reflects on the lives and actions of many of the Reformed. It is so easy to find flaws and imperfections in the conduct of men, even the best of* 20 *them, and still easier to make general exclamations about the profligacy of the present times, that no great point is gained by arguments of that sort, unless the author could have proved that the principles of the Reformed Religion had a natural tendency to produce a corruption of manners: whereas he* 25 *indirectly owns, that their* REVEREND FATHER [*archbishop Cranmer*] *had done what he could to* (*l. had used the most proper means to* **corr.**) *stem the torrent, by giving the people access to the scriptures, by teaching them to pray with understanding, by publishing homilies, and other religious* 30 *tracts. It must however be acknowledged, that our libeller had at that time sufficient room for just satire. For under the banners of the Reformed had inlisted themselves, many concealed papists, who had private ends to gratify; many that were of no religion; many greedy courtiers, who thirsted* 35 *after the possessions of the church; and many dissolute persons, who wanted to be exempt from all ecclesiastical censures; as these men were loudest of all others in their*

cries for Reformation, so in effect none obstructed the regular progress of it so much, or by their vicious lives brought vexation and shame more on the truly venerable and pious Reformers.

5 [*The* **129**] *The reader will remark the fondness of our Satirist for alliteration: in this he was guilty of no affectation or singularity; his versification is that of Pierce Plowman's Visions, in which a recurrence of similar letters is essential: to this he has only superadded rhyme, which in his time*
10 *began to be the general practice. See farther remarks on this kind of metre in the preface to* Book III. Ballad I.

IN december, when the dayes draw to be short,
After november, when the nights wax noysome and long;
As I past by a place privily at a port,
15 I saw one sit by himself making a song:
His last* talk of trifles, who told with his tongue
That few were fast i' th' faith. I 'freyned†' that freake,
Whether he wanted wit, or some had done him wrong.
He said, he was little John Nobody, that durst not speake.

20 John Nobody, quoth I, what news? thou soon note and tell
What maner men thou meane, that are so mad.
He said, These gay gallants, that wil construe the gospel,
As Solomon the sage, with semblance full sad;
To discusse divinity they nought adread;
25 More meet it were for them to milk kye at a fleyke.
Thou lyest, quoth I, thou losel, like a leud lad.
He said, he was little John Nobody, that durst not speake.

Its meet for every man on this matter to talk,
And the glorious gospel ghostly to have in mind;
30 It is sothe said, that sect but much unseemly skalk,
As boyes babble in books, that in scripture are blind:
[Yet **130**] Yet to their fancy soon a cause wil find;
As to live in lust, in lechery to leyke:
Such caitives count to be come of Cains kind**;
35 But that I little John Nobody durst not speake.

For our reverend father hath set forth an order,
Our service to be said in our seignours tongue;

* *Perhaps* He left talk. † feyned. *MSS. and P. C.*

** [*Vgl. hiezu* ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS *in Vol. III. p.* 340.]

Vol. II.

As Solomon the sage set forth the scripture;
Our suffrages, and service, with many a sweet song,
With homilies, and godly books us among,
That no stiff, stubborn stomacks we should freyke:
But wretches nere worse to do poor men wrong; 5
But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

For bribery was never so great, since born was our Lord,
And whoredom was never les hated, sith Christ harrowed hel,
And poor men are so sore punished commonly through the world, 10
That it would grieve any one, that good is, to hear tel:
For al the homilies and good books, yet their hearts be so quel,
That if a man do amisse, with mischiefe they wil him wreake; 15
The fashion of these new fellows it is so vile and fell:
But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

Thus to live after their lust, that life would they have,
And in lechery to leyke al their long life;
For al the preaching of Paul, yet many a proud knave 20
Wil move mischiefe in their mind both to maid and wife
[To **131**] To bring them in advoutry, or else they wil strife,
And in brawling about baudery, Gods commandments breake:
But of these frantic il fellowes, few of them do thrife;
Though I little John Nobody dare not speake. 25

If thou company with them, they wil currishly carp, and not care
According to their foolish fantacy; but fast wil they naught:
Prayer with them is but prating; therefore they it forbear:
Both almes deeds, and holiness, they hate it in their thought: 30
Therefore pray we to that prince, that with his bloud us bought,
That he wil mend that is amiss: for many a manful freyke
Is sorry for these sects, though they say little or nought; 35
And that I little John Nobody dare not once speake.

Thus in NO place, this NOBODY, in NO time I met,
Where NO man, 'ne* NOUGHT was, nor NOTHING did appear;

* then. *MSS. and P. C.*

Through the sound of a synagogue for sorrow I swett,
That 'Aeolus †' through the eccho did cause me to hear.
Then I drew me down into a dale, wheras the dumb deer
Did shiver for a shower; but I shunted from a freyke:
5 For I would no wight in this world wist who I were,
But litttle John Nobody, that dare not once speake.

† Hercules, *MSS. and P. C.*

[IV. Q. 132] IV.

Q. ELIZABETH's VERSES, WHILE PRISONER
10 AT WOODSTOCK,

WRIT WITH CHARCOAL ON A SHUTTER,

— *are preserved by Hentzner, in that part of his Travels, which has lately been reprinted in so elegant a manner at* STRAWBERRY-HILL. *In Hentz[n]er's book they were wretch-*
15 *edly corrupted, but are here given as emended by his ingenious Editor. The old orthography, and one or two ancient readings of Hentzner's copy are here restored.*

OH, Fortune! how thy restlesse wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
20 Witnes this present prisonn, whither fate
Could beare me, and the joys I quitt.
Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed 5
From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed:
Causing the guiltles to be straite reserved,
25 And freeing those that death had well deserved.
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte. 10

A. D. M,D,LV. ELIZABETHE, PRISONNER.

Ver. 4. Could beare, *is an ancient idiom, equivalent to Did*
30 *bear or Hath borne. See below the Beggar of Bednal Green, ver.* 57. Could say.

[V. FAIR 133] V.

FAIR ROSAMOND.

Most of the circumstances in this popular story of king
35 *Henry II and the beautiful Rosamond have been taken for*

fact by our English Historians; who unable to account for the unnatural conduct of queen Eleanor in stimulating her sons to rebellion, have attributed it to jealousy, and supposed that Henry's amour with Rosamond was the object of that passion. 5

Our old English annalists seem, most of them, to have followed Higden the monk of Chester, whose account with some enlargements is thus given by Stow. "Rosamond the "fayre daughter of Walter, lord Clifford, concubine to Henry II. "(poisoned by queen Elianor, as some thought) dyed at 10 *"Woodstocke [A. D. 1177] where king Henry had made for "her a house of wonderfull wŏrking; so that no man or woman "might come to her, but he that was instructed by the king, "or such as were right secret with him touching the matter. "This house after some was named Labyrinthus, or Dedalus* 15 *"worke, which was wrought like unto a knot in a garden, "called a Maze*; but it was commonly said, that lastly the "queene came to her by a clue of thridde, or silke, and so "dealt with her, that she lived not long after: but when shee "was dead she was buried at Godstow in an house of nunnes,* 20 *"beside Oxford, with these verses upon her tombe,*

"Hic jacet in tumba, Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda:
I 3 "Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.

[*In* **134**] *"In English thus:*

"The rose of the world, but not the cleane flowre, 25
"Is now here graven; to whom beauty was lent:
"In this grave full darke nowe is her bowre,
"That by her life was sweete and redolent:
"But now that shee is from this life blent
"Though she were sweete, now foully doth shee stinke. 30
"A mirrour good for all men, that on her thinke."
Stowe's Annals, Ed. 1631. *p.* 154.

How the queen gained admittance into Rosamond's bower is differently related. Hollingshed speaks of it, as "the "common report of the people, that the queene .... founde hir 35 *"out by a silken thread, which the king had drawne after him "out of hir chamber with his foot, and dealt with hir in such "sharpe and cruell wise, that she lived not long after." Vol. III.*

* *Consisting of vaults under ground, arched and walled with brick and stone, according to Drayton. See note on his Epist. of* 40 *Rosam.*

"*p.* 115. *On the other hand, in Speede's hist. we are told "that the jealous queen found her out by a clew of silke, fallen "from Rosamunds lappe, as shee sate to take ayre, and suddenly "fleeing from the sight of the searcher, the end of her silke*
5 *"fastened to her foot, and the clew still unwinding, remained "behinde: which the queene followed, till shee had found what "shee sought, and upon Rosamund so vented her spleene, as "the lady lived not long after."* 3*d Edit. p.* 509. *Our ballad-maker with more ingenuity, and probably, as much truth,*
10 *tells us the clue was gained, by surprise, from the knight, who was left to guard her bower.*

It is observable that none of the old writers attribute Rosamond's death to poison, (Stow, above, mentions it meerly as a slight conjecture); they only give us to understand, that
15 *the queen treated her harshly; with furious menaces, we may suppose, and sharp expostulations, which had such effect on her spirits, that she did not long survive it. Indeed on* [*her* **135**] *her tombstone, as we learn from a person of credit*, among other fine sculptures, was engraven the figure of a*
20 CUP. *This, which perhaps at first was an accidental ornament, might in after times suggest the notion that she was poisoned; at least this construction was put upon it, when the stone came to be demolished after the nunnery was dissolved. The account is, that "the tombstone of Rosamund Clifford was*
25 *"taken up at Godstow, and broken in pieces, and that upon "it were interchangeable weavings drawn out and decked with "roses red and green, and the picture of the* CUP, *out of "which she drank the poyson given her by the queen, carved "in stone."*

30 *Rosamond's father having been a great benefactor to the nunnery of Godstow, where she had also resided herself in the innocent part of her life, her body was conveyed there, and buried in the middle of the choir; in which place it remained till the year* 1191, *when Hugh bishop of Lincoln*
35 *caused it to be removed. The fact is recorded by Hoveden, a cotemporary writer, whose words are thus translated by Stow. "Hugh bishop of Lincolne came to the abbey of nunnes, "called Godstow, ... and when he had entred the church*

* *Tho. Allen of Gloc. Hall, Oxon. who died in* 1632, *aged* 90.
40 *See Hearne's rambling discourse concerning Rosamond, at the end of Gul. Neubrig. Hist. Vol.* 3. *p.* 739.

"to pray, he saw a tombe in the middle of the quire, covered "with a pall of silke, and set about with lights of waxe: and "demanding whose tombe it was, he was answered, that it "was the tombe of Rosamond, that was some time lemman to "Henry II. . . . . who for the love of her had done much 5
"good to that church. Then quoth the bishop, take out of "this place the harlot, and bury her without the church, lest "christian religion should grow in contempt, and to the end, "that through example of her, other women being made afraid "may beware, and keepe themselves from unlawfull and 10
I4 *"advouterous company with men." Annals, p.* 159.

[*History* **136**] *History farther informs us, that king John repaired Godstow nunnery, and endowed it with yearly revenues, "that these holy virgins might releeve with their "prayers, the soules of his father king Henrie, and of lady* 15
"Rosamund there interred." * . . . *In what situation her remains were found at the dissolution of the nunnery we learn from Leland, "Rosamundes tumbe at Godstowe nunnery was taken "up [of] late; it is a stone with this inscription* TUMBA
"ROSAMUNDÆ. *Her bones were closid in lede, and withyn* 20
"that bones were closyd yn lether. When it was opened a "very swete smell came owt of it." See Hearne's discourse above quoted, written in 1718; *at which time, he tells us, were still seen by the pool at Woodstock the foundations of a very large building, which were believed to be the remains* 25
of Rosamond's labyrinth.

To conclude this (perhaps too prolix) account, Henry had two sons by Rosamond, from a computation of whose ages, a modern historian has endeavoured to invalidate the received story. These were William Longue-espè (or Long-sword) 30
earl of Salisbury, and Gefferey bishop of Lincolne†. *Gefferey was the younger of Rosamond's sons, and yet is said to have been twenty years old at the time of his election to that see in* 1173. *Hence this writer concludes, that king Henry fell in love with Rosamund in* 1149, *when in king* 35
Stephen's reign he came over to be knighted by the king of Scots; he also thinks it probable that Henry's commerce with this lady "broke off upon his marriage with Eleanor [in 1152.]

* *R. of Henry II. in Speed's Hist. writ by Dr. Barcham, Dean of Bocking.* † *Afterwards archb. of York.*

"and that the young lady by a natural effect of grief and "resentment at the defection of her lover, entered on that "occasion into the nunnery of Godstowe, where she died "probably before the rebellion of Henry's sons in 1173."
5 *[Carte's hist. Vol. I. p.* 652.] *But let it be observed, that Henry was but sixteen years old when he came over to be knighted; that he staid but eight months in this island, and was almost all the time with the king of Scots; that he did not return back to* [*England* **137**] *England till* 1153, *the*
10 *year after his marriage with Eleanor; and that no writer drops the least hint of Rosamond's having ever been abroad with her lover, nor indeed is it probable that a boy of sixteen should venture to carry over a mistress to his mother's court. If all these circumstances are considered, Mr. Carte's account*
15 *will be found more incoherent and improbable than that of the old ballad; which is also countenanced by most of our old historians.*

Printed from four ancient black-letter copies in the Pepys Collection.

20 WHEN as king Henry rulde this land,
The second of that name,
Besides the queene, he dearly lovde
A faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde, 5
25 Her favour, and her face;
A sweeter creature in this worlde
Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde
Appeard to each mans sight; 10
30 Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,
Did cast a heavenlye light.

The blood within her crystal cheekes
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lillye and the rose 15
35 For mastership did strive.

[Yea, **138**] Yea, Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde,
Her name was called so,

To whom our queene, dame Ellinor,
20 Was known a deadlye foe.

The king therefore, for her defence,
Against the furious queene,
At Woodstocke builded such a bower, 5
The like was never seene.

25 Most curiously that bower was built
Of stone and timber stronge,
An hundered and fifty doors
Did to this bower belonge: 10

And they so cunninglye contriv'd
30 With turnings round about,
That none but with a clue of thread,
Could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladyes sake, 15
That was so faire and brighte,
35 The keeping of this bower he gave
Unto a valiant knighte.

But fortune, that doth often frowne
Where shee before did smile, 20
The kinges delighte and ladyes joy
40 Full soon shee did beguile.

[For **139**] For why, the kinges ungracious sonne,
Whom he did high advance,
Against his father raised wares 25
Within the realme of France.

45 But yet before our comelye king
The English land forsooke,
Of Rosamond, his lady faire,
His farewelle thus he tooke: 30

"My Rosamonde, my only Rose,
50 That pleasest best mine eye:
The fairest flower in all the worlde
To feed my fantasye:

The flower of mine affected heart, 35
Whose sweetness doth excelle:

My royal Rose a thousand times 55
  I bid thee nowe farewelle!

For I must leave my fairest flower,
  My sweetest Rose, a space,
5 And cross the seas to famous France,
  Proud rebelles to abase. 60

But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
  My coming shortlye see,
And in my heart, when hence I am,
10 Ile beare my Rose with mee."

[When **140**] When Rosamond, that ladye brighte 65
  Did heare the king saye soe,
The sorrowe of her grieved heart
  Her outward lookes did showe;

15 And from her cleare and crystall eyes
  The teares gusht out apace, 70
Which like the silver-pearled dewe
  Ranne downe her comely face.

Her lippes, erst like the corall redde,
20 Did waxe both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceivde 75
  Her vitall spirits faile;

And falling down all in a swoone
  Before king Henryes face,
25 Full oft he in his princelye armes
  Her bodye did embrace: 80

And twentye times, with watery eyes,
  He kist her tender cheeke,
Untill he had revivede againe
30 Her senses milde and meeke.

Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose? 85
  The king did often saye.
Because, quoth shee, to bloodye warres
  My lord must part awaye.

35 [But **141**] But since your grace on forrayne coastes
  Amonge your foes unkinde 90

Must goe to hazard life and limbe,
  Why should I staye behinde?

Nay rather, let me, like a page,
  Your sworde and target beare;
95 That on my breast the blowes may lighte, 5
  Which would offend you there.

O (*l.* Or) lett mee, in your royal tent,
  Prepare your bed at nighte,
And with sweete baths refresh your grace,
100 At your returne from fighte. 10

So I your presence may enjoye
  No toil I will refuse;
But wanting you, my life is death;
  Nay, death Ild rather chuse!

105 "Content thy self, my dearest love; 15
  Thy rest at home shall bee
In Englandes sweet and pleasant isle;
  For travell fits not thee.

Faire ladies brooke not bloodye warres;
110 Soft peace their sexe delightes; 20
'Not rugged campes, but courtlye bowers;
  'Gay feastes, not cruell fightes.'

[My 142] My Rose shall safely here abide,
  With musicke passe the daye;
115 Whilst I, amonge the piercing pikes, 25
  My foes seeke far awaye.

My Rose shall shine in pearle, and golde,
  Whilst Ime in armour dighte;
Gay galliards here my love shall dance,
120 Whilst I my foes goe fighte. 30

And you, sir Thomas, whom I truste
  To bee my loves defence;
Be carefull of my gallant Rose
  When I am parted hence."

125 And therewithall hee fetcht a sigh, 35
  As though his heart would breake:

And Rosamonde, for very griefe,
Not one plaine word could speake.

And at their parting well they mighte
In heart be grieved sore: 130
5 After that daye faire Rosamonde
The king did see no more.

For when his grace had past the seas,
And into France was gone;
With envious heart, queene Ellinor, 135
10 To Woodstocke came anone,

[And **143**] And forth she calles this trustye knighte,
In an unhappye houre;
Who with his clue of twined thread,
Came from this famous bower. 140

15 And when that they had wounded him,
The queene this thread did gette,
And went where ladye Rosamonde
Was like an angell sette.

But when the queene with stedfast eye 145
20 Beheld her beauteous face,
She was amazed in her minde
At her exceeding grace.

Cast off from thee those robes, she said,
That riche and costlye bee; 150
25 And drinke thou up this deadlye draught,
Which I have brought to thee.

Then presentlye upon her knees
Sweet Rosamonde did falle;
And pardon of the queene she crav'd 155
30 For her offences all.

"Take pitty on my youthfull yeares,
Faire Rosamonde did crye;
And lett mee not with poison stronge(:)
Enforced bee to dye. 160

35 [I will **144**] I will renounce my sinfull life,
And in some cloyster bide;

Or else be banisht, if you please,
To range the world soe wide.

165 And for the fault, which I have done,
Though I was forc'd theretoe,
Preserve my life and punish mee 5
As you thinke meet to doe."

And with these words, her lillie handes
170 She wrunge full often there;
And downe along her lovelye face
Did trickle many a teare. 10

But nothing could this furious queene
Therewith appeased bee;
175 The cup of deadlye poyson stronge,
As she knelt on her knee,

Shee gave this comelye dame to drinke; 15
Who tooke it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
180 And on her feet did stand:

And casting up her eyes to heaven,
Shee did for mercye calle; 20
And drinking up the poison stronge,
Her life she lost withalle.

185 [And **451 *l*. 145**] And when that death through everye [limbe
Had showde its greatest spite,
Her chiefest foes did plaine confesse 25
Shee was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,
190 When life was fled away,
At Godstowe, near to Oxford towne,
As may be seene this day. 30

VI.

QUEEN ELEANOR'S CONFESSION.

"Eleanor the daughter and heiress of William duke of Guienne, and earl of Poictou, had been married sixteen years to Louis VII. king of France, and had attended him in a 35

croisade, which that monarch commanded against the infidels; but having lost the affections of her husband, and even fallen under some suspicions of gallantry with a handsome saracen, Louis more delicate, than politic, procured a divorce from
5 *her, and restored her those rich provinces, which by her marriage she had annexed to the crown of France. The young count of Anjou, afterwards Henry II. king of England, tho' at that time but in his nineteenth year, neither discouraged by the disparity of age, nor by the reports of*
10 *Eleanor's gallantry, made such successful courtship to that princess, that he married her six weeks after her divorce, and got possession of all her dominions as a dowry. A marriage thus founded upon interest was not likely to be very happy: it happened accordingly. Elea-* [*nor*, **146**] *nor,* Vol. III.
15 *who had disgusted her first husband by her gallantries, was no less offensive to her second by her jealousy: thus carrying to extremity, in the different parts of her life, every circumstance of female weakness. She had several sons by Henry, whom she spirited up to rebel against him; and endeavouring*
20 *to escape to them disguised in man's apparel in* 1173, *she was discovered and thrown into a confinement, which seems to have continued till the death of her husband in* 1189. *She however survived him many years: dying in* 1204, *in the sixth year of the reign of her youngest son, John.*
25 *See Hume's Hist.* I. 260, 307. *Speed, Stow, &c.*

It is needless to observe, that the following ballad (given from an old printed copy) is altogether fabulous; whatever gallantries Eleanor encouraged in the time of her first husband, none are imputed to her in that of her second.

30 QUEENE Elianor was a sicke womàn,
And afraid that she should dye:
Then she sent for two fryars of France
To speke with her speedilye.

The king calld downe his nobles all, 5
By one, by two, by three;
35 "Earl marshall, Ile goe shrive the queene,
And thou shalt wend with mee."

A boone, a boone; quoth earl marshàll,
And fell on his bended knee; 10

That whatsoever queene Elianor saye,
No harme therof may bee.

[Ile 147] Ile pawne my landes, the king then cryd,
My sceptre, crowne, and all,
15 That whatsoere queen Elianor sayes 5
No harme thereof shall fall.

Do thou put on a fryars coat,
And Ile put on another;
And we will to queen Elianor goe
20 Like fryar and his brother. 10

Thus both attired then they goe:
When they came to Whitehall
The bells did ring, and the quiristers sing,
And the torches did lighte them all.

25 When that they came before the queene 15
They fell on their bended knee;
A boone, a boone, our gracious queene,
That you sent so hastilee.

Are you two fryars of France, she sayd,
30 As I suppose you bee? 20
But if you are two Englishe fryars,
You shall hang on the gallowes tree.

We are two fryars of France, they sayd,
As you suppose we bee,
35 We have not been at any masse 25
K 2 Sith we came from the sea.

[The 148] The first vile thing that ever I did
I will to you unfolde;
Earl marshall had my maidenhed,
40 Beneath this cloth of golde. 30

Thats a vile sinne, then sayd the king;
May God forgive it thee!
Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall;
With a heavye heart spake hee.

45 The next vile thing that ever I did, 35
To you Ile not denye,

I made a boxe of poyson strong,
  To poison king Henrye.

Thats a vile sinne, then sayd the king,
  May God forgive it thee! 50
5 Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall;
  And I wish it so may be.

The next vile thing that ever I did,
  To you I will discover;
I poysoned fair Rosamonde, 55
10 All in fair Woodstocke bower.

That's a vile sinne, then sayd the king;
  May God forgive it thee!
Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall;
  And I wish it so may bee. 60

15 [Do **149**] Do you see yonders little boye,
  A tossing of the balle?
That is earl marshalls eldest sonne,
  And I love him the best of all.

Do you see yonders little boye, 65
20 A catching of the balle?
That is king Henryes youngest sonne,
  And I love him the worst of all.

His head is fashyond like a bull;
  His nose is like a boare. 70
25 No matter for that, king Henrye cryd,
  I love him the better therfore.

The king pulled off his fryars coate,
  And appeared all in redde:
She shrieked, and cryd, and wrung her hands, 75
30 And sayd she was betrayde.

The king lookt over his left shoulder,
  And a grimme look looked hee,
Earl marshall, he sayd, but for my oathe,
  Or hanged thou shouldst bee. 60 (*l.* 80)

V. 63, 67. *She means that the eldest of these two was by the earl marshall, the youngest by the king.*

[VII. GAS- **150**] VII.

GASCOIGNE'S PRAISE OF THE FAIR BRIDGES, AFTERWARDS LADY SANDES.

On her having a scar in her forehead.

George Gascoigne was a celebrated poet in the early part of Q. Elizabeth's reign, and appears to great advantage among the miscellaneous writers of that age. He was author of three or four plays, and of many smaller poems; one of the most remarkable of which is a satire in blank verse, called the Steele-glass, 1576. 4*to.* 5 10

Gascoigne was born in Essex, educated in both universities, whence he removed to Gray's-inn; but, disliking the study of the law, became first a dangler at court, and afterwards a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries. He had no great success in any of these persuits, as appears from a poem of his, intitled, "Gascoigne's Wodmanship, written to lord Gray "of Wilton." Many of his epistles dedicatory are dated in 1575, 1576, *from "his poore house in Walthamstoe:" where he died a middle-aged man in* 1578. *Vid. Ath. Oxon.* 15

[*Vgl. hiezu* additions and corrections *in Vol. III. p.* 340.] 20

A very ingenious critic thinks "Gascoigne has much ex-"ceeded all the poets of his age, in smoothness and harmony "of versification." But the truth is, scarce any of the earlier poets of Q. Elizabeth's time are found deficient in harmony and smoothness, tho' these qualities appear so rare in the writings of their successors. In the* Paradise of dainty Devises†, *(the Dodsley's miscellany of those times)* [*will* **151**] *will hardly be found one rough, or inharmonious line*: whereas the numbers of Jonson, Donne, and most of their contemporaries, frequently offend the ear, like the filing of a saw. — Perhaps this is in some measure to be accounted for from the growing pedantry of that age, and from the writers affecting to run their lines into one another, after the manner of the Latin and Greek poets.* 25 30

The following poem (which the elegant writer above quoted hath recommended to notice, as possessed of a delicacy rarely 35

* *Observations on the Faerie Queen. Vol. II. p.* 168.

† *Printed in* 1578, 1596, *and perhaps oftener, in* 4*to, black let.*

* *The same is true of most of the poems in the* Mirrour of Magistrates, 1563, 4*to, and even of* Surrey's *Poems*, 1557.

to be seen in that early state of our poetry) properly consists of alexandrines of 12 *and* 14 *syllables, and is printed from two quarto black-letter collections of Gascoigne's pieces; the first intitled, "A hundreth sundrie flowres, bounde up in one*
5 *"small posie, &c. London, imprinted for Richarde Smith:" without date, but from a letter of H. W.* (*p.* 202.) *compared with the Printer's epist. to the Reader, it appears have been been* (*l. appears to have been*) *published in* 1572, *or* 3. *The other is intitled, "The Posies of George Gascoigne Esq.*
10 *"corrected, perfected, and augmented by the authour;* 1575. *"— Printed at Lond. for Richard Smith, &c." No year, but the epist. dedicat. is dated* 1576.

In the title page of this last (by way of printer's†, *or bookseller's device) is an ornamental wooden cut, tolerably*
15 *well executed, wherein Time is represented drawing the figure of Truth out of a pit or cavern, with this legend,* OCCULTA VERITAS TEMPORE PATET [R. S.] *This is mentioned because it is not improbable but the accidental sight of this or some other title-page containing the same Device, suggested to*
20 *Rubens that well-known design of a similar kind, which he has introduced into the Luxemburg gallery*‡, *and which has been so justly censured for the unnatural manner of its execution. — The device abovementioned being not ill-adapted to the subject of this volume, is with some small variations*
25 *copied in a plate, which to gratify the curiosity of the Reader is prefixed to Book III.* K4

[IN 152] IN court whoso demaundes
What dame doth most excell;
For my conceit I must needes say,
30 Faire Bridges beares the bel:

Upon whose lively cheeke, 5
To prove my judgment true,
The rose and lillie seeme to strive
For equall change of hewe:

35 And ther withall so well
Hir graces all agree, 10

† *Henrie Binneman.*
‡ LE TEMS DECOUVRE LA VERITE.

No frowning cheere dare once presume
  In hir sweet face to bee.

Although some lavishe lippes,
  Which like some other best,
15 Will say, the blemishe on hir browe 5
  Disgraceth all the rest.

Thereto I thus replie,
  God wotte, they little knowe
The hidden cause of that mishap,
20 Nor how the harm did growe: 10

For when dame Nature first
  Had framde hir heavenly face,
And thoroughly bedecked it
  With goodly gleames of grace;

25 [It **351** *l*. **153**] It lyked hir so well: 15
  Lo here, quod she, a peece
For perfect shape, that passeth all
  Appelles' worke in Greece.

This bayt may chaunce to catche
30 The greatest God of love, 20
Or mightie thundring Jove himself,
  That rules the roast above.

But out, alas! those wordes
  Were vaunted all in vayne,
35 And some unseen wer present there, 25
  Pore Bridges, to thy pain.

For Cupide, crafty boy,
  Close in a corner stoode,
Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hir:
40 I gesse it did him good. 30

Yet when he felte the flame
  Gan kindle in his brest,
And herd dame Nature boast by hir
  To break him of his rest,

45 His hot newe-chosen love 35
  He chaunged into hate,

And sodeynly with myghtie mace
Gan rap hir on the pate.

[It 154] It greeved Nature muche
To see the cruell deede: 50
5 Mee seemes I see hir, how she wept
To see hir dearling bleede.

Wel yet, quod she, this hurt
Shal have some helpe I trowe:
And quick with skin she coverd it, 55
10 That whiter is than snowe.

Wherwith Dan Cupide fled,
For feare of further flame,
When angel-like he saw hir shine,
Whome he had smit with shame. 60

15 Lo, thus was Bridges hurt
In cradel of hir kind:*
The coward Cupide brake hir browe
To wreke his wounded mynd.

The skar still there remains; 65
20 No force, there let it be:
There is no cloude that can eclipse
So bright a sunne, as she.

[VIII. THE 155] VIII.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL-
25 GREEN.

This popular old ballad was written in the reign of Elizabeth, as appears not only from ver. 23, *where the arms of England are called the "Queenes armes;" but from its tune's being quoted in other old pieces, written in her time. See the ballad*
30 *on* Mary Ambree *in this volume. — An ingenious gentleman has assured the Editor, that he has formerly seen another old song on the same subject, composed in a different measure from this; which was truly beautiful, if we may judge from the only stanza he remembred: in this it was said of the*
35 *old beggar, that "down his neck*
—— his reverend lockes
In comelye curles did wave;

* [*Vgl. hiezu* ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS *in Vol. III. p.* 340.]

And on his aged temples grewe
The blossomes of the grave."

The following ballad is chiefly given from the Editor's folio MS. compared with two ancient printed copies: the concluding stanzas, which contain the old Beggar's discovery of himself, are not however given from any of these, being very different from those of the vulgar ballad. They were communicated to the Editor in manuscript; but he will not answer for their being genuine: he rather thinks them the modern production of some person, who was offended at the absurdities, and inconsistencies, which so remarkably prevailed in this part of the song, as it stood before: whereas by the alteration of a few lines, the story is rendered much more affecting, and is reconciled to probability and true history. For this informs us, that at the decisive battle of Evesham, [*(fought* **156**] *(fought Aug.* 4. 1265.) *when Simon de Montfort, the great earl of Leicester, was slain at the head of the barons, his eldest son Henry fell by his side, and in consequence of that defeat, his whole family sunk for ever, the king bestowing their great honours and possessions on his second son Edmund earl of Lancaster.*

Part the First.

ITT was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,
He had a faire daughter of bewty most bright;
And many a gallant brave suiter had shee,
For none was soe comelye as pretty Bessee.

5 And though shee was of favor most faire,
Yett seeing shee was but a blinde beggars heyre,
Of ancyent housekeepers despised was shee,
Whose sonnes came as suitors to prettye Bessee.

Wherefòre in great sorrow faire Bessy did say,
10 Good father, and mother, let me goe away
To seeke out my fortune, whatever itt bee.
Her suite then they granted to prettye Bessee.

Then Bessy, that was of bewtye soe bright,
All cladd in gray russett, and late in the night
15 From father and mother alone parted shee;
Who sighed and sobbed for prettye Bessee.

Shee went till shee came to Stratford-le-Bowe;
Then knew shee not, whither nor which way to goe:
With teares shee lamented her hard destinie,
So sadd and so heavy was prettye Bessee. 20

5 [She 157] She kept on her journey untill it was day,
And went unto Rumford along the hye way;
Where at the Queenes armes entertained was shee;
So faire and wel favoured was prettye Bessee.

Shee had not beene there a month to an end, 25
10 But master and mistres and all was her friend:
And every brave gallant, that once did her see,
Was strait-way enamourd of prettye Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
And in their songs daylye her love was extold; 30
15 Her beawtye was blazed in every degree;
Soe faire and soe comlye was prettye Bessee.

The yong men of Rumford in her had their joy;
Shee shewd herselfe curteous, and modestlye coye;
And at her commandment still wold they bee; 35
20 Soe faire and so comlye was prettye Bessee.

Foure suitors att once unto her did goe;
They craved her favor, but still shee sayd noe:
I wold not wish gentles to marry with mee.
Yett ever they honoured prettye Bessee. 40

25 The first of them was a gallant yong knight,
And he came unto her disguisde in the night:
The second a gentleman of good degree,
Who wooed and sued for prettye Bessee.

[A 158] A merchant of London, whose wealth was not [small, 45
30 He was the third suiter, and proper withall:
Her masters own sonne the fourth man must bee,
Who swore he wold dye for prettye Bessee.

And, if thou wilt marry with mee, quoth the knight,
Ile make thee a ladye with joy and delight: 50
35 My hart's so inthralled by thy bewtie,
That soone I shall dye for prettye Bessee.

The gentleman sayd, Come, marry with mee,
As fine as a ladye my Bessy shal bee:
55 My life is distressed: O heare me, quoth hee;
And grant me thy love, my prettye Bessee.

Let me bee thy husband, the merchant could say, 5
Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay;
My shippes shall bring home rych jewels for thee,
60 And I will for ever love prettye Bessee.

Then Bessy shee sighed, and thus shee did say,
My father and mother I meane to obey; 10
First gett their good will, and be faithfull to mee,
And you shall enjoye your pretty Bessee.

65 To every one this answer shee made,
Wherfore unto her they joyfullye sayd,
This thing to fulfill wee all doe agree; 15
But where dwells thy father, my prettye Bessee?

[My 159] My father, she said, is soone to be seene;
70 The seely blind beggar of Bednall-greene,
That daylye sits begging for charitie,
He is the good father of prettye Bessee. 20

His markes and his tokens are knowen very well;
He always is led with a dogg and a bell:
75 A seely olde man God knoweth is hee,
Yett hee is the father of prettye Bessee.

Nay then, quoth the merchant, thou art not for mee: 25
Nor, quoth the inholder, my wiffe shalt thou bee:
I lothe, sayd the gentle, a beggars degree,
80 And therfore, adewe, my prettye Bessee!

Why then, quoth the knight, hap better or worse,
I weighe not true love by the weight of the pursse, 30
And bewtye is bewtye in every degree;
Then welcome unto mee, my pretty Bessee.

85 With thee to thy father forthwith I will goe.
Nay soft, quoth his kinsmen, it must not be soe;
A poor beggars daughter noe ladye shal bee, 35
Then take thy adewe of prettye Bessee.

But soone after this, by breake of the day
The knight had from Romford stole Bessy away. 90
The yonge men of Rumford, as thicke as might bee,
Rode after to feitch againe prettye Bessee.

5 [As **160**] As swift as the winde to ryde they were seene,
Untill they came neare unto Bednall-greene;
And as the knight lighted most curteouslie, 95
They all fought against him for prettye Bessee.

But rescu came speedilye over the plaine,
10 Or else the young knight for his love had beene slaine.
This fray being ended, then straightway he see
His kinsmen come rayling at prettye Bessee. 100

Then spake the blind beggar, Althoughe I be poore,
Yett rayle not against my child at my owne door:
15 Though shee be not decked in velvett and pearle,
Yett I will dropp angells with you for my girle.

And then, if my gold may better her birthe, 105
And equall the gold that you lay on the earth,
Then neyther rayle nor grudge you to see
20 The blind beggars daughter a lady to bee.

But first you shall promise, and have itt well knowne,
The gold that you drop shall all be your owne. 110
With that they replyed, Contented bee wee.
Then here's, quoth the beggar, for prettye Bessee.

25 With that an angell he cast on the ground,
And dropped in angels full three thousand pound;
And oftentimes it was proved most plaine, 115
For the gentlemens one the beggar dropt twayne:

[So **161**] Soe that the place, wherein they did sitt,
30 With gold was covered every whitt.
The gentlemen then having dropt all their store,
Sayd, Beggar, hold, for wee have no more. 120

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise aright.
Then marry my girle, quoth he to the knight;
35 And heere, added hee, I will throwe you downe
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne.

125 The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seene,
Admired the beggar of Bednall-greene:
And those, that were her suitors before,
Their fleshe for very anger they tore.

Thus was faire Bessy a match for the knight, 5
130 And made a ladye in others despite:
A fairer ladye there never was seene,
Than the blind beggars daughter of Bednall-greene.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,
What brave lords and knights thither were prest, 10
135 The SECOND FIT* shall sett forth to your sight
With marveilous pleasure, and wished delight.

* *The word* FIT, *for* PART, *often occurs in our ancient ballads and metrical romances; which being divided into several parts for the convenience of singing them at public* 15 *entertainments, were in the intervals of the feast sung by* [FITS 162] FITS, *or intermissions. So Puttenham in his Art of English poesie,* 1589, *says,* "*the Epithalamie was divided* "*by breaches into three partes to serve for three several* FITS, "*or times to be sung.*" *p.* 41. — 20

From the same writer we learn some curious particulars relative to the state of ballad-singing in that age, that will throw light on the present subject: speaking of the quick returns of one manner of tune in the short measures used by common rhimers; these, he says, "*glut the eare, unless it be* 25 "*in small and popular musickes, sung by these Cantabanqui,* "*upon benches and barrels heads, where they have none other* "*audience then boys or countrey fellows, that passe by them* "*in the streete; or else by* BLIND HARPERS, *or such like* "*taverne minstrels, that give a* FIT *of mirth for a* GROAT, . . . 30 "*their matter being for the most part stories of old time, as* "*the tale of Sir Topas, the reportes of Bevis of Southampton,* "*Guy of Warwicke, Adam Bell and Clymme of the Clough,* "*and such other old romances or historical rimes, made pur-* "*posely for recreation of the common people at Christmasse* 35 "*dinners and brideales, and in tavernes and alehouses, and* "*such other places of base resorte.*" *p.* 69.

This species of entertainment, which seems to have been handed down from the ancient bards, was in the time of

Puttenham falling apace into neglect; but that it was not, even then, wholly excluded more genteel assemblies, he gives us room to infer from another passage. "We ourselves, says "this courtly writer, have written for pleasure a litle brief*
5 *"romance, or historical ditty in the English tong of the isle "of Great Britaine in short and long meetres, and by breaches "or divisions [i. e.* FITS,] *to be more commodiously sung to "the harpe in places of (of) assembly, where the company "shal be desirous to heare of old adventures, and valiaunces*
10 *"of noble knights in times past, as are those ["of* **163**] *of "king Arthur and his knights of the Round table, Sir Bevys "of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, and others like." p.* 33.

In more ancient times no grand scene of festivity was compleat without one of these reciters to entertain the com-
15 *pany with feats of armes, and tales of knighthood, or, as one of these old minstrels says, in the beginning of an ancient romance in the Editor's folio MS.*

"When meate and drinke is great plentyè,
"And lords and ladyes still wil bee,
20 *"And sitt and solace lythe;* * *Perhaps "blythe."*
"Then itt is time for mee to speake
"Of keene knightes, and kempès great,
"Such carping for to kythe."

If we consider that a GROAT *in the age of Elizabeth was*
25 *more than equivalent to a shilling now, we shall find that the old harpers were even then, when their art was on the decline, upon a far more reputable footing than the ballad-singers of our time. The reciting of one such ballad as this of the Beggar of Bednal-green, in II parts, was rewarded*
30 *with half a crown of our money. And that they made a very respectable appearance, we may learn from the dress of the old beggar, in the following stanzas, ver.* 34, *where he comes into company in the habit and character of one of these minstrels, being not known to be the bride's father, till after*
35 *her speech, ver.* 63. *The exordium of his song, and his claiming a* GROAT *for his reward, v.* 76, *are peculiarly characteristic of that profession. — Most of the old ballads*

* *He was one of Q. Elizabeth's gent. pensioners, at a time, when the whole band consisted of men of distinguished birth and*
40 *fortune. Vid. Ath. Ox.*

begin in a pompous manner, in order to captivate the attention of the audience, and induce them to purchase a recital of the song: and they seldom conclude the FIRST *part without large promises of still greater entertainment in the* SECOND. *This was a necessary piece of art to incline the hearers to* 5 *be at the expence of a second groat's-worth. — Many of the old romances extend to eight or nine* FITS, *which would afford* L 2 *a considerable profit to the reciter.*

[*To* **164**] *To return to the word* FIT; *it seems at first to have pecu(cu)liarly signified the pause, or breathing time* 10 *between the several parts, (answering to* PASSUS *in the visions of Pierce Plowman): thus in the old poem of* JOHN THE REEVE *the First part ends with this line,*

"The first FITT *here find wee:"*

i. e. here we come to the first pause or intermission. — By 15 *degrees it came to signify the whole part or division preceding the pause; and this sense it had obtained so early as the time of Chaucer: who thus concludes the first part of his rhyme of Sir Thopas (writ in ridicule of the old ballad romances)* 20

"Lo! lordis mine, here is a FITT;
"If ye woll any more of it,
"To tell it woll I fonde."

PART THE SECOND.

WI[t]hin a gorgeous palace most brave, 25
Adorned with all the cost they colde have,
This wedding was kept most sumptuouslie,
And all for the creditt of prettye Bessee.

5 All kind of dainties, and delicates sweete
Were bought for their banquet, as it was meete; 30
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

[This **165**] This wedding through England was spread by
10 So that a great number therto did resort [report,
Of nobles and gentles in every degree; 35
And all for the fame of prettye Bessee.

To church then went this gallant young knight;
His bride followed after, an angell most bright,

With troopes of ladyes, the like nere was seene, 15
That went with sweete Bessy of Bednall-greene.

This marryage being solemnized then,
With musicke performed by the skillfullest men,
5 The nobles and gentles sate downe at that tyde,
Each one admiring the beautifull bryde. 20

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,
To talke, and to reason a number begunn:
They talkt of the blind beggars daughter most bright,
10 And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spake the nobles, "Much marveil have wee, 25
This jolly blind beggar we cannot here see."
My lords, quoth the bride, my father's so base,
He is loth with his presence these states to disgrace.

15 "The prayse of a woman in questyon to bringe
Before her owne face, were a flattering thinge; 30
Wee thinke thy father's baseness, quoth they,
Might by thy bewtye be cleane put awaye." L 3

[They 166] They had no sooner these pleasant words spoke,
20 But in comes the beggar clad in a silke cloke;
A faire velvet capp, and a fether had hee, 35
And now a musicyan forsooth hee wold bee.

He had a daintye lute under his arme,
He touched the strings, which made such a charme,
25 Saies, Please you to heare any musicke of mee,
Ile sing you a song of prettye Bessee. 40

With that his lute he twanged straight way,
And thereon begann most sweetlye to play;
And after that lessons were playd two or three,
30 He strayned out this song most delicatelie.

"A poore beggars daughter did dwell on a greene, 45
"Who for her fairenesse might well be a queene:
"A blithe bonny lasse, and [a] dainty was shee,
"And many one called her prettye Bessee.

35 "Her father he had noe goods, nor noe land,
"But beggd for a penny all day with his hand; 50

"And yett to her marriage he gave thousands three,
"And still he hath somewhat for prettye Bessee.

"And if any one here her birth doe disdaine,
"Her father is ready, with might and with maine,
55 "To prove shee is come of noble degree: 5
2 "Therfore never flout at prettye Bessee."

[With 167] With that the lords and the company round
With hearty laughter were readye to swound;
At last sayd the lords, Full well wee may see,
60 The bride and the beggar's beholden to thee. 10

On this the bride all blushing did rise,
The pearlie dropps standing within her faire eyes,
O pardon my father, grave nobles, quoth shee,
That throughe blind affection thus doteth on mee.

65 If this be thy father, the nobles did say, 15
Well may he be proud of this happy day;
Yett by his countenance well may wee see,
His birth and his fortune did never agree:

And therfore blind man, we pray thee bewray,
70 (And looke that the truth thou to us doe say) 20
Thy birth and thy parentage, what it may bee,
For the love that thou bearest to prettye Bessee.

"Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,
"One song more to sing, and then I have done;
75 "And if that itt may not winn good report, 25
"Then do not give me a groat for my sport.

"[Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shal bee;
"Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee,
"Yet fortune so cruelle this lorde did abase,
L 4 80 "Now loste and forgotten are hee and his race. 30

["When 168] When the barons in armes did king Henrye
"Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose; [oppose,
"A leader of courage undaunted was hee,
"And oft-times hee made their enemyes flee.

85 "At length in the battle on Eveshame plaine 35
"The barons were routed, and Montfort was slaine;

"Moste fatall that battel did prove unto thee,
"Thoughe thou wast not borne then, my prettye Bessee!

"Along with the nobles, that fell at that tyde,
"His eldest sonne Henrye, who fought by his side, 90
5 "Was fellde by a blowe, he receivde in the fight? (*l.* !)
"A blowe that deprivde him for ever from (*l.* of *corr.*) sight.

"Among the dead bodyes all lifelesse he laye,
"Till evening drewe on of the following daye,
"When by a yong ladye discoverd was hee; 95
10 "And this was thy mother, my prettye Bessee!

"A barons faire daughter stept forth in the nighte
"To search for her father, who fell in the fight,
"And seeing yong Montfort, where gasping he laye,
"Was moved with pitye, and brought him awaye. 100

15 "In secrette she nurst him, and swaged his paine,
"While hee throughe the realme was beleevd to be slaine;
"At lengthe his faire bride shee consented to bee,
"And made him glad father of prettye Bessee.

["And **169**] "And nowe lest oure foes oure lives sholde 105
20 "We clothed ourselves in beggars arraye; [betraye,
"Her jewelles shee solde, and hither came wee:
"All our comfort and care was our prettye Bessee.]

"And here have we lived in fortunes despite,
"Thoughe meane, yet contented with humble delighte: 109
25 "Thus many longe winters nowe have I beene
"The sillye blinde beggar of Bednall-greene.

"And here, noble lordes, is ended the songe
"Of one, that once to your owne ranke did belong:
"And thus have you learned a secrette from mee, 115
30 "That ne'er had beene knowne, but for prettye Bessee."

Now when the faire companye everye one,
Had heard the strange tale in the song he had showne,
They all were amazed, as well they might bee,
Both at the blind beggar, and prettye Bessee. 120

35 With that the sweete maiden they all did embrace,
Saying, Sure thou art come of an honourable race,

Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
And thou art right worthye a ladye to bee.

125 Thus was the feast ended with joye, and delighte,
A bridegroome most happye then was the yong knighte,
In joye and felicitie long lived hee, 5
All with his faire ladye, the prettye Bessee.

***

[170] IX.

THE STURDY ROCK.

This poem, subscribed M. T. [perhaps invertedly for T. Marshall,] is preserved in (the) The Paradise of daintie* 10 *devises, quoted above in pag.* 150. — *The two first stanzas may be found accompanied with musical notes in "An howres recreation in musicke, &c. "by Richard Alison, Lond.* 1606. *4to.:" usually bound up with* 3 *or* 4 *sets of "Madrigals set to music by Tho. Weelkes. Lond.* 1597. 1600. 1608, *4to". One* 15 *of these madrigals is so compleat an example of the Bathos, that I cannot forbear presenting it to the reader.*

Thule, the period of cosmographie,
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphurious fire
Doth melt the frozen clime, and thaw the skie, 20
Trinacrian Ætnas flames ascend not hier:
These things seeme wondrous, yet more I,
Whose hart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.

The Andelusian merchant, that returnes
Laden with cutchinele and china dishes, 25
Reports in Spaine, how strangely Fogo burnes
Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes:
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose hart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.

Mr. Weelkes seems to have been of opinion with many of 30 *his brethren of later times, that nonsense was best adapted to display the powers of musical composure.*

[THE 171] THE sturdy rock for all his strength
By raging seas is rent in twaine:
The marble stone is pearst at length, 35
With little drops of drizling rain:

* *Vid. Athen. Oxon. p.* 152. 316.

The oxe doth yeeld unto the yoke, 5
The steele obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately stagge, that seemes so stout,
By yalping hounds at bay is set:
5 The swiftest bird, that flies about,
Is caught at length in fowlers net: 10
The greatest fish, in deepest brooke,
Is soone deceived by subtill hooke.

Yea man himselfe, unto whose will
10 All thinges are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthie skill, 15
Doth fade at length, and fall away.
There is nothing but time doeth waste;
The heavens, the earth consume at last.

15 But vertue sits triumphing still
Upon the throne of glorious fame: 20
Though spiteful death mans body kill,
Yet hurts he not his vertuous name:
By life or death what so betides,
The state of vertue never slides.

20 [X. YOUNG 172] X.

YOUNG WATERS.

A Scottish Ballad.

This very ancient poem is given from a copy printed not long since at Glasgow, in one sheet 8vo. The world is 25 *indebted for its publication to the lady Jean Hume, sister to the earl of Hume, who dyed lately at Gibralter.*

ABOUT Zule, quhen the wind blew cule,
And the round tables began,
A'! there is cum to our kings court
30 Mony a well-favourd man.

The queen luikt owre the castle wa, 5
Beheld baith dale and down,
And then she saw zoung Waters
Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
10 His horsemen rade behind,
And mantel of the burning gowd
Did keip him frae the wind.

[Gowden 173] Gowden graith'd his horse before 5
And siller shod behind,
15 The horse zoung Waters rade upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

But then spake a wylie lord,
Unto the queen said he, 10
O tell me qhua's the fairest face
20 Rides in the company.

I've sene lord, and I've sene laird,
And knights of high degree;
Bot a fairer face than zoung Watèrs 15
Mine eyne did never see.

25 Out then spack the jealous king,
(And an angry man was he)
O, if he had been twice as fair,
Zou micht have excepted me. 20

Zou're neither laird nor lord she says,
30 Bot the king that wears the crown;
Theris not a knight in fair Scotland
But to thee maun bow down

For a' that she could do or say, 25
Appeasd he wad nae bee;
35 Bot for the words which she had said
Zoung Waters he maun dee.

[They 174] They hae taen zoung Waters, and
Put fetters to his feet; 30
They hae taen zoung Waters, and
40 Thrown him in dungeon deep.

Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town
In the wind bot and the weit;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town 35
Wi fetters at my feet.

Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town 45
In the wind bot and the rain;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
Neir to return again.

5 They hae taen to the heiding hill
His zoung son in his craddle, 50
And they hae taen to the heiding hill,
His horse, bot and his saddle.

They hae taen to the heiding hill
10 His lady fair to see.
And for the words the queen had spoke, 55
Zoung Waters he did dee.

[XII. FANCY 175] XI.

15 FANCY AND DESIRE:

BY THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Edward Vere earl of Oxford was in high fame for his poetical talents in the reign of Elizabeth: perhaps it is no injury to his reputation that few of his compositions are
20 *preserved for the inspection of impartial posterity. To gratify curiosity, we have inserted a sonnet of his, which is quoted with great encomiums for its "excellencie and wit," in Puttenham's Arte of Eng. Poesie*, and found intire in the Garland of Good-will. A few more of his sonnets (distinguished by*
25 *the initial letters E. O.) may be seen in the Paradise of Daintie Devises. One of these is intitled, "The Complaint of a Lover, "wearing blacke and tawnie." The only lines in it worth notice are these,*

A crowne of baies shall that man 'beare'
30 Who triumphs over me;
For black and tawnie will I weare,
Which mourning colours be.

We find in Hall's Chronicle, that when Q. Catharine of Arragon dyed Jan. 8, 1536; *"Queene Anne [Bullen] ware*
35 *"*YELOWE *for the mourning." And when this unfortunate princess lost her head May* 19, *the same year, "on the ascencion*

* *Lond.* 1589 *p.* 172.

"*day following, the kyng for mourning ware* WHYTE." *Fol.* 227, 228.

[*Edward*, 176] *Edward, who was the XVIIth earl of Oxford of the family of Vere, succeeded his father in his title and honours in* 1562, *and died an aged man in* 1604. *See Mr. Walpole's Noble Authors: Ath. Ox.* 5

COME hither shepherd's swayne? (*l.* :)
"Sir, what do you require?"
I praye thee, shewe to me thy name.
"My name is FOND DESIRE." 10

5 When wert thou borne, Desire?
"In pompe and pryme of may."
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?
"By fond Conceit men say."

Tell me, who was thy nurse? 15
10 "Fresh Youth in sugred joy."
What was thy meate and dayly foode?
"Sad sighes with great annoy."

What hadst thou then to drinke?
"Unsavoury lovers teares." 20
15 What cradle wert thou rocked in?
"In hope devoyde of feares."

What lulld thee then asleepe?
"Sweete speech, which likes me best."
Tell me, where is thy dwelling place? 25
20 "In gentle hartes I rest."

[What 177] What thing doth please thee most?
"To gaze on beautye stille."
Whom dost thou thinke to be thy foe?
"Disdayn of my good wille." 30

25 Doth companye displease?
"Yea, surelye, many one."
Where doth Desire delighte to live?
"He loves to live alone."

Doth either tyme or age 35
30 Bringe him unto decaye?

"No, no, Desire both lives and dyes
Ten thousand times a daye."

Then, fond Desire, farewelle,
Thou art no mate for mee;
5 I should be lothe, methinkes, to dwelle 35
With such a one as thee.

XII.

SIR ANDREW BARTON.

I cannot give a better relation of the fact, which is the
10 *subject of the following ballad, than in an extract from a very elegant work lately offered to the public. See Mr. Guthrie's New Peerage, 4to. Vol. I. p. 22.* Vol. II. 178

["The 178] "*The transaction which did the greatest honour to the earl of Surrey* and his family at this time* [*A. D.*
15 1511.] *was their behaviour in the case of Barton, a Scotch sea-officer. This gentleman's father having suffered by sea from the Portuguese, he had obtained letters of marque for his two sons to make reprisals upon the subjects of Portugal. It is extremely probable, that the court of Scotland granted*
20 *these letters with no very honest intention. The council board of England, at which the earl of Surrey held the chief place, was daily pestered with complaints from the sailors and merchants, that Barton, who was called Sir Andrew Barton, under pretence of searching for Portuguese goods, inter-*
25 *rupted the English navigation. Henry's situation at that time rendered him backward from breaking with Scotland, so that their complaints were but coldly received. The earl of Surrey, however, could not smother his indignation, but gallantly declared at the council board, that while he had*
30 *an estate that could furnish out a ship, or a son that was capable of commanding one, the narrow seas should not be infested.*

"*Sir Andrew Barton, who commanded the two Scotch ships, had the reputation of being one of the ablest sea-officers of*
35 *his time. By his depredations, he had amassed great wealth, and his ships were very richly laden. Henry, notwithstanding his situation, could not refuse the generous offer made by the*

* *Afterwards created Duke of Norfolk.*

earl of Surrey. Two ships were immediately fitted out, and put to sea with letters of marque, under his two sons, Sir Thomas† *and Sir Edward Howard. After encountering a great deal of foul weather, Sir Thomas came up with the Lion, which was commanded by Sir Andrew Barton in* 5 *person; and Sir Edward came up with the Union, Barton's other ship, [called by Hall, the bark of Scotland.] The engagement which ensued was extremely obstinate on both sides; but at last the fortune of the Howards prevailed. Sir Andrew was killed fighting bravely, and encouraging his [men* **179**] 10 *men with his whistle, to hold out to the last; and the two Scotch ships with their crews, were carried into the river Thames,* [*Aug.* 2, 1511.]

"*This exploit had the more merit, as the two English commanders were in a manner volunteers in the service, by their father's order. But it seems to have laid the foundation* 15 *of Sir Edward's fortune; for on the 7th of April,* 1512, *the king constituted him (according to Dugdale) admiral of England, Wales, &c.*

"*King James 'insisted' upon satisfaction for the death of Barton, and capture of his ship: 'tho' Henry had generously* 20 *dismissed the crews, and even agreed that the parties accused might appear in his courts of admiralty by their attornies, to vindicate themselves." This affair was in a great measure the cause of the battle of Flodden, in which James IV. lost his life.* 25

IN the following ballad will be found perhaps some few deviations from the truth of history: to attone for which it has probably recorded many lesser facts, which history hath not condescended to relate. I take many of the little 30 *circumstances of the story to be real, because I find one of the most unlikely to be not very remote from the truth. In Pt.* 2. *v.* 156. *it is said, that England had before "but two ships of war." Now the* GREAT HARRY *had been built but seven years before, viz. in* 1504: *which "was properly speaking* 35 *"the first ship in the English navy. Before this period, "when the prince wanted a fleet, he had no other expedient "but hiring ships from the merchants." — Hume.*

† *Called by old historians lord Howard, afterwards created earl of Surrey in his father's life-time.* 40

The following copy (which is given from the Editor's folio MS. and seems to have been written early in the reign of Elizabeth) will be found greatly superior to the vulgar ballad, which is evidently modernized and abridged from it. 5 *Some few deficiences are however supplied from a black-letter copy of the latter in the Pepys collection.*

[THE 180] THE FIRST PART.

'WHEN Flora with her fragrant flowers
'Bedeckt the earth so trim and gaye,
10 'And Neptune with his daintye showers
'Came to present the monthe of Maye;*'
King Henrye rode to take the ayre, 5
Over the river of Thames past hee;
When eighty merchants of London came,
15 And downe they knelt upon their knee.

"O yee are welcome rich merchànts;
Good saylors, welcome unto me." 10
They swore by the rood, they were saylors good,
But rich merchànts they colde not bee:
20 "To France, nor Flanders dare we pass;
Nor Bourdeaux voyage dare we fare;
And all for a rover, that lyes on the seas, 15
Who robbs us of our merchant ware."

King Henrye frownd, and turned him rounde,
25 And swore by the Lord, that was mickle of might,
"I thought he had not been in the world,
Durst have wrought England such unright." 20
The merchants sighed, and said, alas!
And thus they did theire answer frame,
30 Hee is a proud Scott, that robbes on the seas,
And Sir Andrewe Barton is his name.

[The 181] The king lookt over his left shoulder, 25
And an angrye looke then looked hee:
"Have I never a lorde in all my realme,
35 Will fetch yond traytor unto mee?"

* *From the pr. copy.*

Yea, that dare I; lord Howard sayes,
30 Yea, that dare I with heart and hand;
If it please your grace to give me leave,
Myselfe wil be the only man.

Thou art but yong; the kyng replyed: 5
Yond Scott hath numbred manye a yeare.
35 "Trust me, my liege, Ile make him quail,
Or before my prince I will never appeare."
Then bowemen and gunners thou shalt have,
And chuse them over my realme so free; 10
Besides good mariners, and shipp-boyes,
40 To guide the great shipp on the sea.

The first man, that lord Howard chose,
Was the ablest gunner in all the rea'me,
Thoughe he was threescore yeeres and ten: 15
Good Peter Simon was his name.
45 Peter, sayd he, I must to the sea,
To bring home a traytor live or dead:
Before all others I have chosen thee;
Of a hundred gunners to be head. 20

[If 182] If you, my lord, have chosen me
50 Of a hundred gunners to be head,
Then hang me up on your maine-mast tree,
If I misse my marke one shilling bread'th.
My lord then chose a boweman rare, 25
'Whose active hands had gained fame,'*
55 In Yorkshire he was a gentleman borne,
And William Horseley was his name.

Horseley, sayd he, I must with speede
Go seeke a traytor on the sea, 30
And now of a hundred bowemen brave
60 To be the head I have chosen thee.
If you, quoth hee, have chosen mee
Of a hundred bowemen to be head;
On your maine-màst Ile hanged bee, 35
If I miss twelvescore one penny bread'th.

* *From the pr. copy.*

With pikes, and gunnes, and bowemen bold, 65
The noble Howard is gone to the sea;
With a valyant heart and a pleasant cheare,
Out at Thames mouth sayled he.
5 And days he scant had sayled three,
Upon the 'voyage', he tooke in hand, 70
But there he met with a noble shipp,
And stoutly made itt stay and stand.

[Thou 183] Thou must tell me, lord Howard sayes,
10 Now who thou art, and whats thy name;
And shewe me where thy dwelling is: 75
And whither bound, and whence thou came.
My name is Henrye Hunt, quoth hee
With a heavye heart, and a carefull mind;
15 I and my shipp doe both belong
To the Newcastle, that stands upon Tyne. 80

Hast thou not heard, now, Henrye Hunt,
As thou hast sayled by daye and by night,
Of a Scottish rover on the seas;
20 Men call him sir Andrew Barton knight?
Than ever he sighed, and sayd alas! 85
With a grieved mind, and well away!
But over-well I knowe that wight,
I was his prisoner yesterday.

25 As I was sayling upon the sea,
A Burdeaux voyage for to fare; 90
To his arch-borde* he clasped me,
And robd me of all my merchant ware:
And mickle debts, God wot, I owe,
30 And every man will have his owne;
And I am nowe to London bounde, 95
Of our gracious king to beg a boone.

[You 184] You shall not need, lord Howard sayes;
Lett me but once that robber see,
35 For every penny tane thee froe
It shall be doubled shillings three. 100
Nowe God forefend, the merchant sayes,
That you shold seek soe far amisse!

* Perhaps *Hatch-borde*.

God keepe you out o' that traitors handes!
Full litle ye wott what a man he is.

105 He is brasse within, and steele without,
With beames on his topcastle stronge;
And thirtye pieces of ordinance 5
He carries on each side alonge:
And he hath a pinnace deerlye dight,
110 St. Andrewes crosse itt is his guide;
His pinnace beareth ninescore men,
And fifteen canons on each side. 10

Were ye twentye shippes, and he but one;
I sweare by kirke, and bower, and hall;
115 He wold orecome them every one,
If once his beames they doe downe fall.
This is cold comfort, sayes my lord, 15
To welcome a stranger on the sea:
Yett Ile bring him, and his shipp to shore,
2 120 Or to Scotland he shall carrye mee.

[Then 185] Then a noble gunner you must have,
And he must aim well with his ee, 20
And sinke his pinnace in the sea,
Or else he ne'er orecome will be:
125 And if you chance his shipp to borde,
This counsel I must give withall,
Let no man to his topcastle goe 25
To strive to let his beames downe fall.

And seven pieces of ordinance,
130 I pray your honour lend to mee,
On each side of my shipp along,
And I will lead you on the sea. 30
A glasse Ile sett, that may be seene,
Whether you sayle by day or night;
135 And to-morrowe, I sweare, by nine of the clocke
You shall see Sir Andrewe Barton knight.

The second Part. 35

THE merchant sett my lorde a glasse
Soe well apparent in his sight,

[And 186] And on the morrowe, by nine of the clocke,
He shewd him Sir Andrewe Barton knight.
His hatchborde it was 'gilt' with gold, 5
Soe deerlye dight it dazzled the ee,
5 Nowe by my faith, lord Howarde says,
This is a gallant sight to see.

Take in your ancyents, standards eke,
So close that no man may them see; 10
And put me forth a white willowe wand,
10 As merchants use that sayle the sea.
But they stirred neither top, nor mast;
Stoutly they past Sir Andrew by.
What English churles are yonder, he sayd, 15
That can soe little curtesye?

15 Now by the roode, three yeares and more
I have beene admirall over the sea;
And never an English nor Portingall
Without my leave can passe this way. 20
Then called he forth his stout pinnàce;
20 "Fetch backe yond pedlars nowe to mee:
I sweare by the masse, yon English churles
Shall all hang at my maine-mast tree.

[With 187] With that the pinnace itt shott off, 25
Full well lord Howard might it ken;
25 For it strake downe his fore-mast tree,
And killed fourteen of his men.
Come hither, Simon, sayes my lord,
Looke that thy word doe stand in stead; 30
For at my maine-mast thou shalt hang,
30 If thou misse thy marke one shilling bread'th.

Simon was old, but his heart was bolde,
His ordinance he laid right lowe;
He put in chaine full nine yardes long, 35
With other great shott lesse, and moe;
35 And he lett goe his great gunnes shott;
Soe well he settled itt with his ee,
The first sight that Sir Andrewe sawe,
He sawe his pinnace sunke i' the sea. 40

V. 5. 'hatched with gold.' *MS.*

And when hee sawe his pinnace sunke,
  Lord, how his heart with rage did swell!
"Nowe cutt my ropes, itt is time to be gon;
  Ile fetch yond pedlars backe mysel."
45 When my lord sawe Sir Andrewe loose, 5
  Within his heart hee was full faine:
"Nowe spread your ancyents, strike up drummes,
  Sound all your trumpetts out amaine."

[Fight **188**] Fight on, my men, Sir Andrewe sayes,
50 Weale howsoever this geere will sway; 10
Itt is my lord admirall of Englànd,
  Is come to seeke mee on the sea.
Simon had a sonne, who shott right well,
  That did Sir Andrewe mickle scare;
55 In att his decke he gave a shott, 15
  Killed threescore of his men of warre.

Then Henrye Hunt with rigour hott
  Came bravely on the other side,
Soone he drove downe his fore-mast tree,
60 And killed fourscore men beside. 20
Nowe, out alas! Sir Andrew cryed,
  What may a man now thinke, or say?
Yonder merchant theefe, that pierceth mee,
  He was my prisoner yesterday.

65 Come hither to me, thou Gordon good, 25
  That aye wast readye at my call;
I will give thee three hundred markes,
  If thou wilt let my beames downe fall.
Lord Howard hee then calld in haste,
70 "Horseley see thou be true in stead; 30
For thou shalt at the maine-mast hang,
  If thou misse twelvescore one penny bread'th.

[Then **189**] Then Gordon swarvd the maine-mast tree,
  He swarved it with might and maine;
75 But Horseley with a bearing arrowe, 35
  Stroke the Gordon through the braine;
And he fell downe to the hatches again,
  And sore his deadlye wounde did bleed:

Then word went through Sir Andrews men,
  How that the Gordon he was dead. 80

Come hither to mee, James Hambilton,
  Thou art my only sisters sonne,
5 If thou wilt let my beames downe fall,
  Six hundred nobles thou hast wonne.
With that he swarvd the maine-mast tree, 85
  He swarved it with nimble art;
But Horseley with a broad arròwe
10 Pierced the Hambilton thorough the heart:

And downe he fell upon the deck,
  That with his blood did streame amaine: 90
Then every Scott cryed, Well-away!
  Alas a comelye youth is slaine!
15 All woe-begone was Sir Andrew then,
  With griefe and rage his heart did swell:
"Go fetch me forth my armour of proofe, 95
  For I will to the topcastle mysel."

["Goe 190] Goe fetch me forth my armour of proofe,
20 That gilded is with gold soe cleare:
God be with my brother John of Barton!
  Against the Portingals hee it ware; 100
And when he had on this armour of proofe,
  He was a gallant sight to see.
25 Ah! nere didst thou meet with living wight,
  My deere brothèr, could cope with thee."

Come hither Horseley, says my lord, 105
  And looke to your shaft that it goe right,
Shoot a good shoote in time of need,
30 And for it thou shalt be made a knight.
Ile shoot my best, quoth Horseley then,
  Your honour shall see, with might and maine, 110
But if I were hangd at your maine-mast tree,
  I have now left but arrowes twaine.

35 Sir Andrew he did swarve the tree,
  With right good will he swarved then:
Upon his breast did Horseley hitt, 115
  But the arrow bounded back agen.

Then Horseley spyed a privye place
 With a perfect eye in a secrette part;
Under the spole of his right arme
120 He smote Sir Andrew to the heart.

["Fight **191**] "Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew sayes, 5
 A little Ime hurt, but yett not slaine;
Ile but lye downe and bleede a while,
 And then Ile rise and fight againe.
125 "Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew sayes,
 And never flinche before the foe; 10
And stand fast by St. Andrewes crosse
 Untill you heare my whistle blowe."

They never heard his whistle blow,
130 Which made their hearts waxe sore adread:
Then Horseley sayd, Aboard, my lord, 15
 For well I wott Sir Andrew's dead.
They boarded then his noble shipp,
 They boarded it with might and maine;
135 Eighteen score Scotts alive they found,
 The rest were either maimd or slaine. 20

Lord Howard tooke a sword in hand,
 And off he smote Sir Andrewes head;
"I must ha' left England many a daye,
140 If thou wert alive as thou art dead."
He caused his bodye to be cast 25
 Over the hatchborde into the sea,
And about his middle three hundred crownes:
 "Wherever thou land this will burye thee."

145 [Thus **192**] Thus from the warres lord Howard came,
 And backe he sayled ore the maine, 30
With mickle joy and triumphing
 Into Thames mouth he came againe.
Lord Howard then a letter wrote,
150 And sealed it with seale and ring;
"Such a noble prize have I brought to your grace, 35
 As never did subject to a king.

"Sir Andrewes shipp I bring with mee;
 A braver shipp was never none:

Nowe hath your grace two shipps of warre, 155
Before in England was but one."
King Henryes grace with royall cheere
Welcomed the noble Howard home,
5 And where, said he, is this rover stout:
That I myselfe may give the doome? 160

"The rover, he is safe, my leige,
Full many a fadom in the sea;
If he were alive, as he is dead,
10 I must ha' left England many a day:
And your grace may thank four men i'the ship 165
For the victory wee have wonne,
These are William Horseley, Henry Hunt,
And Peter Simon, and his sonne."

15 [To **193**] To Henry Hunt, the king then sayd,
In lieu of what was from thee tane, 170
A noble a day thou shalt have,
With Sir Andrewes jewels and his chayne."
And Horseley thou shalt be a knight,
20 And lands and livings shalt have store;
Howard shall be earl Surrye hight, 180 (*l.* 175)
As Howards erst have beene before.

Nowe, Peter Simon, thou art old,
I will maintaine thee and thy sonne:
25 And the men shall have five hundred markes
For the good service they have done. 185 (*l.* 180)
Then in came the queene with ladyes fair
To see Sir Andrewe Barton knight:
They weend that hee were brought on shore,
30 And thought to have seen a gallant sight.

But when they see his deadlye face, 190 (*l.* 185)
And eyes soe hollowe in his head,
I wold give, quoth the king, a thousand markes,
This man were alive as he is dead:
35 Yet for the manfull part he playd,
Which fought soe well with heart and hand, 195 (*l.* 190)
His men shall have twelvepence a day,
Till they come to my brother kings high land.

***

[XIII. LADY **194**] XIII.

LADY BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

— refers, I presume, to the affecting story of lady Jean Gordon, sister to the earl of Huntley. This lady had been 5
married but six months to James Hepburn earl of Bothwell, when that nobleman conceived an ambitious design of marrying his sovereign Mary queen of Scots: to accomplish which, among other violent measures he sued out a divorce from his lawful bride, the lady Jean. This suit was driven forward 10
with such indecent precipitation, that the process was begun and ended in four days, [in May 1567.] *and his wife, who was a woman of merit, driven from his bed, upon the most trivial and scandalous pretences. See Robertson. — History is silent as to this lady having a child by him, but that* 15
*might be accounted for by supposing it dyed (**l.** dyed in its infancy* **corr.***).*

After all, perhaps this story is misapplied here, and indeed is hardly consistent with the last stanza. In the Editor's folio MS. whence this song is printed, it is simply intitled 20
BALOWE*: and in the copy given by Allan Ramsey in his Tea-table Miscellany, (which contains many modern additions) it is called, "Lady* ANNE *Bothwell's Lament.*["]

BALOW, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe: 25
If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
5 [Balow, **195**] Balow, my boy, thy mithers joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
It greives me sair to see [thee] weipe. 30

Whan he began to court my luve,
10 And with his sugred wordes to muve,
His faynings fals, and flattering cheire
To me that time did nat appeire:
But now I see, most cruell hee 35
Cares neither for my babe, nor mee.
15 Balow, &c.

Ly stil, my darling, sleipe a while,
And whan thou wakest, sweitly smile:
But smile nat, as thy father did,
To cozen maids: nay God forbid!
5 Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire 20
Thy fatheris hart, and face to beire.
Balow, &c.

I cannae chuse, but ever wil
Be luving to thy father stil:
10 Whair-eir he gaes, whair-eir he ryde, 25
My luve with him maun stil abyde:
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neire depart him frae,
Balow, &c. N 2

15 [Bot 196] Bot doe nat, doe nat, prettie mine, 30
To faynings fals thine hart incline;
Be loyal to thy luver trew,
And nevir change hir for a new;
If gude or faire, of hir hae care,
20 For womens banning's wonderous sair. 35
Balow, &c.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine;
My babe and I'll together live,
25 He'll comfort me whan cares doe greive: 40
My babe and I right saft will ly,
And quite forgeit man's cruelty.
Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
30 That evir kist a womans mouth! 45
I wish all maides be warnd by mee
Nevir to trust mans curtesy;
For if we doe bot chance to bow,
They'le use us than they care nae how.
35 Balow, my babe, ly stil, and sleipe, 50
It greives me sair to see thee weipe.

[XIV. THE 197] XIV.

THE MURDER OF THE KING OF SCOTS.

The catastrophe of Henry Stewart, lord Darnley, the unfortunate husband of Mary Q. of Scots, is the subject of this ballad. It is here related in that partial imperfect 5 *manner, in which such an event would naturally strike the subjects of another kingdom; of which he was a native. Henry appears to have been a vain capricious worthless young man, of weak understanding, and dissolute morals. But the beauty of his person, and the inexperience of his* 10 *youth, would dispose mankind to treat him with an indulgence, which the cruelty of his murder would afterwards convert into the most tender pity and regret: and then imagination would not fail to adorn his memory with all those virtues, he ought to have possessed. This will account* 15 *for the extravagant elogium bestowed upon him in the first stanza, &c.*

Henry lord Darnley, was eldest son of the earl of Lennox, by the lady Margaret Douglas, niece of Henry VIII. and daughter of Margaret queen of Scotland by the earl of 20 *Angus, whom that princess married after the death of James IV. — Darnley, who had been born and educated in England, was but in his 21st year, when he was married (l. murdered* **corr.**) *Feb.* 9. 1567-8. *This crime was perpetrated by the E. of Bothwell, not out of respect to the* 25 *memory of David Riccio, but in order to pave the way for his own marriage with the queen.*

This ballad (printed from the Editor's folio MS.) seems to have been written soon after Mary's escape into England in 1568, *see v.* 65. — *It will be remembered at v.* 5. *that* 30 *this princess was Q. dowager of France, having been first* N 3 *married to Francis II, who died Dec.* 4. 1560.

[Wo 198] WOE worth, woe worth thee, false Scotlànde!
For thou hast ever wrought by sleighte;
The worthyest prince that ever was borne, 35
You hanged under a cloud by night.

5 The queene of France a letter wrote,
And sealed it with harte and ringe;

And bade him come Scotland within,
  And shee wold marry and crowne him kinge.

To be a king is a pleasant thing,
  To be a prince unto a peere: 10
5 But you have heard, and soe have I,
  A man may well buy gold too deare.

There was an Italyan in that place,
  Was as well beloved as ever was hee,
And David Riccio was his name, 15
10 Chamberlaine to the queene was hee.

If the king had risen forth of his place,
  Hee wold have sate him downe i' th' chaire,
Although it beseemed him not so well,
  And though the kinge were present there. 20

15 Some lords in Scotlande waxed wroth,
  And quarrelled with him for the nonce;
And I shall tell how it befell,
  Twelve daggers were in him att once.

[When **199**] When the queene shee saw her chamberlaine 25
20 For him her faire cheeks shee did weete, [slaine,
And made a vowe for a yeare and a day
  The king and shee wold not come in one sheete.

Then some of the lords they waxed wroth,
  And made their vow all vehementlye; 30
25 That for the death of the chamberlaine,
  How hee, the king himselfe sholde dye.

With gun-powder they strewed his roome,
  And layd greene rushes in his waye;
For the traitors thought that very night 35
30 This worthye king for to betraye.

To bedd the king he made him bowne;
  To take his rest was his desire;
He was noe sooner cast on sleepe,
  But his chamber was on a blasing fire. 40

35 Up he lope, and the window brake,
  And hee had thirtye foote to fall;

Lord Bodwell kept a privy watch,
All underneath his castle wall.
45 Who have we here? lord Bodwell sayd:
Now answer me, that I may know.
"King Henry the eighth my uncle was; 5
N 4 For his sweete sake some pitty show."

[Who 200] Who have we here? lord Bodwell sayd,
50 Now answer me when I doe speake.
"Ah, lord Bodwell, I know thee well;
Some pitty on me I pray thee take." 10

Ile pitty thee as much, hee sayd,
And as much favour show to thee;
55 As thou didst to the queenes chamberlaine,
That day thou deemedst him to dye.

Through halls and towers the king they ledd, 15
Through towers and castles that were nye,
Through an arbor into an orchàrd,
60 There on a peare-tree hangd him hye.

When the governor of Scotland heard,
How that the worthye king was slaine; 20
He persued the queen so bitterlye,
That in Scotland shee dare not remaine.

65 But she is fledd into merry England,
And here her residence hath tane;
And through the queene of Englands grace, 25
In England now shee doth remaine.

[XV. A. 201] XV.

A SONNET BY Q. ELIZABETH.

The following lines, if they display no rich vein of poetry, are yet so strongly characteristic of their great and spirited 30 *authoress, that the insertion of them will be pardoned. They are preserved in Puttenham's Arte of Eng. Poesie; a book in which are many sly addresses to the queen's foible of shining as a poetess. The extraordinary manner in which these verses are introduced, shews what kind of homage was* 35 *exacted from the courtly writers of those times, viz.*

"*I find, says this antiquated critic, none example in* "*English metre, so well maintaining this figure* [Exargasia, *or* "*the Gorgeous, Lat.* Expolitio] *as that dittie of her majesties* "*owne making, passing sweete and harmonicall; which figure*
5 "*beyng as his very originall name purporteth the most bewti-* "*full and gorgious of all others, it asketh in reason to be re-* "*served for a last complement, and desciphred by a ladies* "*penne, herselfe beyng the most bewtifull, or rather bewtie of* "*queenes*. And this was the occasion: our soveraigne lady*
10 "*perceiving how the Scottish queenes residence within this* "*realme at so great libertie and ease (as were skarce meete* "*for so great and dangerous a prysoner) bred secret factions* "*among her people, and made many of the nobilitie incline to* "*favour her partie: some of them desirous of innovation in*
15 "*the state: others aspiring to greater fortunes by her libertie* "*and life. The queene our soveraigne ladie to declare that* "*she was nothing ignorant of those secret practizes, though* "*she had long with great wisdome and* ["*pacience* 202] "*pacience dissembled it, writeth this dittie most sweete and*
20 "*sententious, not hiding from all such aspiring minds the* "*danger of their ambition and disloyaltie: which afterwards* "*fell out most truly by th' exemplary chastisement of sundry* "*persons, who in favour of the said Sc. Q. declining from* "*her majestie, sought to interrupt the quiet of the realme by*
25 "*many evill and undutifull practizes.*"

This sonnet seems to have been composed in 1569, *not long before the D. of Norfolk, the earls of Pembroke and Arundel, the lord Lumley, sir Nich. Throcmorton, and others, were taken into custody. See Hume, Rapin, &c. — It was*
30 *originally written in long lines or alexandrines, each of which is here divided into two.*

THE doubt of future foes
Exiles my present joy,
And wit me warnes to shun such snares,
35 As threaten mine annoy.

For falshood now doth flow, 5
And subject faith doth ebbe,

* *She was at this time near threescore.*

Which would not be if reason rul'd,
Or wisdome wev'd the webbe.

But clowdes of toyes untried
10 Do cloake aspiring mindes;
Which turn to raine of late repent, 5
3 By course of changed windes.

[The 203] The toppe of hope supposed
The roote of ruthe will be;
15 And frutelesse all their graffed guiles,
As shortly ye shall see. 10

Then dazeld eyes with pride,
Which great ambition blindes,
Shal be unseeld by worthy wights,
20 Whose foresight falshood finds.

The daughter of debate, 15
That eke discord doth sowe,
Shal reape no gaine where former rule
Hath taught stil peace to growe.

25 No forreine bannisht wight
Shal ancre in this port; 20
Our realme it brookes no strangers force,
Let them elsewhere resort.

Our rusty sworde with rest
30 Shall first his edge employ,
Shall 'quickly' poll their toppes, that seeke 25
Such change, and gape for joy.

[XVI. KING 204] XVI.

KING OF SCOTS AND ANDREW BROWNE.

This ballad is a proof of the little intercourse that was between the Scots and English, before the accession of 30 *James I. to the crown of England. The tale which is here so circumstantially related does not appear to have had the least foundation in history, but was probably built upon some confused hearsay report of the tumults in Scotland during the minority of that prince, and of the conspiracies* 35

formed by different factions to get possession of his person. It should seem from ver. 102, *to have been written during the regency, or at least before the death, of the earl of Morton, who was condemned and executed Jun.* 2. 1581; *when James* 5 *was in his* 15*th year.*

The original copy (preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society London) is intitled "A new Ballad, declaring "the great treason conspired against the young king of Scots, "and how one Andrew Browne an English-man, which was 10 *"the king's chamberlaine, prevented the same. To the tune "of Milfield, or els to Green-Sleeves." At the end is subjoined the name of the author* W. ELDERTON. *"Imprinted "at London for Yarathe James, dwelling in Newgate Market, over against Ch. Church," in black letter, folio.*

15 *This* ELDERTON, *who had been originally an attorney in the sheriffs courts of London, and afterwards (if we may believe Oldys) a comedian, was a facetious fuddling companion, whose tippling and his rhymes rendered him famous among his contemporaries. He was author of many popular* 20 *songs and ballads; and probably other pieces in these volumes,* 1 *[besides* 205] *besides the following, are of his composing. He is believed to have fallen a martyr to his bottle before the year* 1592. *His epitaph has been recorded by Camden, and translated by Oldys.*

25 Hic situs est sitiens, atque ebrius Eldertonus,
Quid dico hic situs est? hic potius sitis est.

Dead drunk here Elderton doth lie;
Dead as he is, he still is dry:
So of him it may well be said,
30 *Here he, but not his thirst, is laid.*

See Stow's Lond. [Guild-hall.] — Biogr. Brit. [DRAYTON, *by Oldys, Note B.] Ath. Ox. — Cambd. Remains. — The Exale-tation of Ale, among Beaumont's Poems, 8vo.* 1653.

'OUT alas!' what a griefe is this
35 That princes subjects cannot be true,
But still the devill hath some of his,
Will play their parts whatsoever ensue;
Forgetting what a grievous thing, 5
It is to offend the anointed kinge?

Alas for woe, why should it be so,
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

In Scotland is a bonnie kinge,
10 As proper a youth as neede to be,
Well given to every happy thing, 5
That can be in a kinge to see:
Yet that unluckie country still,
Hath people given to craftie will.
VOL. I. N 7 15 Alas for woe, &c.

[On 206] On Whitsun eve it so befell, 10
A posset was made to give the king,
Whereof his ladie nurse hard tell,
And that it was a poysoned thing.
20 She cryed, and called piteouslie:
Now help, or els the king shall die! 15
Alas for woe, &c.

One Browne, that was an English man,
And hard the ladies piteous crye,
25 Out with his sword, and bestir'd him than,
Out of the doores in haste to flie: 20
But all the doores were made so fast,
Out of a window he got at last.
Alas for woe, &c.

30 He met the bishop coming fast,
Having the posset in his hande: 25
The sight of Browne made him aghast,
Who bad him stoutly staie and stand.
With him were two that ranne away,
35 For feare that Browne would make a fray.
Alas for woe, &c. 30

Bishop, quoth Browne, what hast thou there?
Nothing at all, my friend, sayde he;
But a posset to make the king good cheere.
40 Is it so? sayd Browne, that will I see,
[First 207] First I will have thyself begin, 35
Before thou goe any further in;
Be it weale or woe, it shall be so,
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

The bishop sayde, Browne I doo know, 45
Thou art a young man poore and bare;
Livings on thee I will bestowe:
Let me go on take thee no care.
5 No, no, quoth Browne, I will not be
A traitour for all christiantie, 50
Happe well or woe, it shall be so,
Drink now with a sorrowfull, &c.

The bishop dranke, and by and by,
10 His belly burst and he fell downe:
A just rewarde for his traitery. 55
This was a posset indeed, quoth Browne!
He serched the bishop and found the keyes,
To come to the kinge when he did please.
15 Alas for woe, &c.

As soon as the king got word of this, 60
He humbly fell uppon his knee,
And praysed God that he did misse
To tast of that extremity;
20 For that he did perceave and know,
His clergie would betray him so: 65
Alas for woe, &c.

[Alas, **208**] Alas, he said, unhappie realme,
My father and godfàther* slaine:
25 My mother banished, O extreame!
Unhappy fate and bitter bayne! 70
And now like treason wrought for me,
What more unhappie realme can be!
Alas for woe, &c.

30 The king did call his nurse to his grace,
And gave her twenty poundes a yeere; 75
And trustie Browne too in like case,
He knighted him, with gallant geere;
And gave him 'lands and' livings great,
35 For dooing such a manly feat,

V. 67. *His father was Henry lord Darnley. His godfathers were the duke of Savoy: and Charles IX. king of France, but neither of these were murdered.*

* [*Vgl. hiezu* ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS *in Vol. III. p.* 340.]

80 As he did showe, to the bishop's woe,
Which made, &c.

When all this treason done and past,
Tooke not effect of traytery; 5
Another treason at the last,
85 They sought against his majestie:
How they might make their kinge away:
By a privie banket on a daye.
Alas for woe, &c. 10

['Another' 209] 'Another time' to sell the king
90 Beyonde the seas they had decreede:
Three noble earles heard of this thing,
And did prevent the same with speede.
For a letter came, with such a charme, 15
That they should doo their king no harme:
95 For further woe, if they did soe,
Would make a sorrowful heigh hoe.

The earle Mourton told the Douglas then,
Take heede you do not offend the king; 20
But shew yourselves like honest men
100 Obediently in every thing:
For his godmother* will not see
Her noble childe misus'd to be
With any woe; for if it be so 25
She will make, &c.

105 God graunt all subjects may be true,
In England, Scotland, every where:
That no such daunger may ensue,
To put the prince or state in feare: 30
That God the highest king may see
110 Obedience as it ought to be.
In wealth or woe, God graunt it be so
To avoide the sorrowful heigh ho.

Vol. II. O

* *Q. Elizabeth.*

[THE 210] XVII.

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY.

A Scottish Song.

In December 1591, *Francis Stewart earl of Bothwell had*
5 *made an attempt to seize on the person of his sovereign James VI. but being disappointed, had retired towards the north. The king unadvisedly gave a commission to George Gordon earl of Huntley, to persue Bothwell and his followers with fire and sword. Huntley, under cover of executing that*
10 *commission, took occasion to revenge a private quarrel he had against James Stewart earl of Murray, a relation of Bothwell's. In the night of Feb.* 7. 1592, *he beset Murray's house, burnt it to the ground, and slew Murray himself; a young nobleman of the most promising virtues, and the very*
15 *darling of the people. See Robertson's Hist.*

The present lord Murray hath now in his possession a picture of his ancestor naked and covered with wounds, which had been carried about, according to the custom of that age, in order to inflame the populace to revenge his
20 *death. If this picture did not flatter, he well deserved the name of the* BONNY EARL, *for he is there represented as a tall and comely personage. It is a tradition in the family, that Gordon of Bucky gave him a wound in the face: Murray half expiring said, "You hae spilt a better face than your*
25 *awin." Upon this Bucky pointing his dagger at Huntley's breast, swore, "You shall be as deep as I;" and forced him to pierce the poor defenceless body.*

James did not sufficiently exert himself in punishing the murderers, but I know not any reason for supposing he was
30 *jealous of Murray with his queen.*

[*Vgl. hiezu* ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS *in Vol. III. p.* 340.]

[YE 211] YE highlands, and ye lawlands,
Oh! whair hae ye been?
They hae slaine the earl of Murray,
35 And hae layd him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley! 5
And whairfore did you sae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,
10 And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny earl of Murray
Oh! he might hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant, 5
And he playd at the ba';
15 And the bonny earl of Murray
Was the flower among them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
And he playd at the gluve; 10
And the bonny earl of Murray,
20 Oh! he was the queenes luve.

Oh! lang will his lady
Luke owre the castle downe,
Ere she see the earl of Murray 15
02 Cum sounding throw the towne.

[XVIII. MARY 212] XVIII.

MARY AMBREE.

In the year 1584, *the Spaniards, under the command of Alexander Farnese prince of Parma, began to gain great* 20 *advantages in Flanders and Brabant, by recovering many strong-holds and cities from the Hollanders, as Ghent, (called then by the English* GAUNT,) *Antwerp, Mechlin, &c. See Stow's Annals, p.* 711. *Some attempt made with the assistance of English volunteers to retrieve the former of those* 25 *places probably gave occasion to this ballad. I can find no mention of our heroine in history, but the following rhymes rendered her famous among our poets. Ben Jonson often mentions her, and calls any remarkable virago by her name. See his Epicœne, first acted in* 1609. *Act* 4. *sc.* 2. *His* 30 *Tale of a Tub, Act* 1. *sc.* 4. *And his masque intitled The Fortunate Isles,* 1626, *where he quotes the very words of the ballad.*

—— Mary Ambree,
(*Who marched so free* 35
To the siege of Gaunt,
And death could not daunt,
As the ballad doth vaunt)
Were a braver wight, &c.

She is also mentioned in Fletcher's Scornful Lady, Act 5. *sub finem.*

——— "*My large gentlewoman, my* Mary Ambree, *had* "*I but seen into you, you should have had another bed-* 5 "*fellow.*" ——

[*Printed* 213] *Printed from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, compared with another in the Editor's folio MS. The full title is,* "*The valorous acts performed* "*at Gaunt by the brave bonnie lass Mary Ambree, who in* 10 "*revenge of her lovers death did play her part most gallantly.* "*The tune is, The blind beggar, &c.*"

WHEN captaines couragious, whom death colde not
Did march to the siege of the cittye of Gaunte, [daunte,
They mustred their souldiers by two and by three,
15 And formost in battele was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major* was slaine in her sight, 5
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,
Because he was slaine most treacherouslie,
Then vowd to revenge him Mary Ambree.

20 She clothed herselfe from the top to the toe
In buffe of the bravest, most seemelye to showe; 10
A faire shirt of male then slipped on shee;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

A helmett of proofe s' ·e strait did provide,
25 A strong arminge swo. ' shee girt by her side,
On her hand a goodly ..ire gauntlett had shee; 15
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree. (*l.* ?)

[Then 214] Then tooke shee her sworde and her targett in
30 Bidding all such as wolde, bee of her band [hand,
To wayt on her person came thousand and three:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree? 20

My souldiers so valiant and faithfull, shee sayd,
Nowe followe your captaine, no longer a mayd;
35 Still formost in battel myselfe will I bee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

* *So MS.* Serjeant Major *in P. C.*

25 Then cryed out her souldiers, and thus they did say,
Soe well thou becomest this gallant array,
Thy harte and thy weapons soe well doe agree,
Noe mayden was ever like Mary Ambree.

Shee cheared her souldiers, that foughten for life, 5
30 With ancyent and standard, with drum and with fife,
With brave clanging trumpetts, that sounded so free;
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Before I will see the worst of you all
To come into danger of death, or of thrall, 10
35 This hand and this life I will venture so free;
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Shee led upp her souldiers in battel arraye,
Gainst three times theyr number by breake of the daye;
Seven howers in skirmish continued shee: 15
40 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

[She 215] She filled the skyes with the smoke of her shott,
And her enemyes bodyes with bulletts soe hott;
For one of her owne men a score killed shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree? 20

45 And when her false gunner, to spoyle her intent,
Away all her pelletts and powder had spent,
Straight with her keen weapon shee slasht him in three:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Being falselye betrayed for lucre of hyre, 25
50 At length she was forced to make a retyre;
Then her soldiers into a strong castle drew shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they besett her on every side,
As thinking close siege shee cold never abide; 30
55 To beate down her walles they all did decree;
But stoutlye deffyd them brave Mary Ambree.

Then tooke shee her sword and her targett in hand,
And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,
There daring the captaines to match any three: 35
60 O what a brave captaine was Mary Ambree!

Now saye, English captaine, what woldest thou give
. To ransome thy selfe, which else must not live?
Come yield thyselfe quicklye, or slaine thou must bee.
Then smiled sweetlye, faire Mary Ambree. 64

5 [Now 216] Now captaines couragious, of valour soe 65
Whom thinke you before you that you doe behold? [bold,
A knight, sir, of England, and captaine soe free,
Who shortelye with us a prisoner must bee.

No captaine of England; behold in your sight
10 Two brests in my bosome, and therfore noe knight: 70
Noe knight, sirs, of England, nor captaine you see,
But a poor simple mayden, calld Mary Ambree.

But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,
Whose valour hath provd soe undaunted in warre?
15 If England doth yield such brave maydens as thee, 75
Full well may they conquer, faire Mary Ambree? (*l.*.)

The prince of Great Parma heard of her renowne,
Who long had advanced for Englands faire crowne;
Hee wooed her and sued her his mistress to bee,
20 And offerd rich presents to Mary Ambree. 80

But this virtuous mayden despised them all,
Ile nere sell my honour for purple nor pall:
A mayden of Englande, sir, never will bee
The whore of a monarcke, quoth Mary Ambree.

25 Then to her owne country shee backe did returne, 85
Shill holding the foes of faire England in scorne:
Therfòre English captaines of every degree
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

[XIX. BRAVE 217] XIX.

30 BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBY.

Peregrine Bertie lord Willoughby of Eresby had, in the year 1586, *distinguished himself at the siege of Zutphen in the Low Countries. He was the year after made general of the English forces in the United Provinces, in room of the*
35 *earl of Leicester, who was recalled. This gave him an*

opportunity of signalizing his courage and military skill in several actions against the Spaniards. One of these, greatly exaggerated by popular report, is probably the subject of this old ballad, which on account of its flattering encomiums on English valour, hath always been a favourite with the common people. 5

"My lord Willoughbie (says a contemporary writer) was "one of the queenes best swordsmen: .... he was a great "master of the art military ..... I have heard it spoken, "that had he not slighted the court, but applied himself to the 10 *"queene, he might have enjoyed a plentifull portion of her "grace; and it was his saying, and it did him no good, that "he was none of the* REPTILIA; *intimating, that he could not "creepe on the ground, and that the court was not his element; "for indeed, as he was a great souldier, so he was of suitable* 15 *"magnanimitie, and could net (l. not) brooke the obsequious-"nesse and assiduitie of the court." See Naunton's fragm. Regal.*

Lord Willoughbie died in 1601. *See his character in Naunton's Fragmenta Regalia*. — Both the names of Norris* 20 *and Turner are famous among those of the military men of that age.*

Printed from an ancient black-letter copy.

[*Vgl. hiezu* ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS *in Vol. III. p.* 341.]

[THE 218] THE fifteenth day of July, 25
With glistering spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders
Was foughten in the field:
5 The most couragious officers
Were English captains three, 30
But the bravest man in battel
Was brave lord Willoughbèy.

The next was captain Norris,
10 A valiant man was hee;
The other captain Turner, 35
From field would never flee.
With fifteen hundred fighting men,
Alas! there were no more,

* *Z.* 19—20. *See bis incl. Regalia. ist nach den Errata in vol. III zu tilgen.*

They fought with fourteen thousand then 15
Upon the bloody shore.

Stand to it noble pikemen,
And look you round about:
5 And shoot you right you bow-men,
And we will keep them out: 20
You musquet and callìver men,
Do you prove true to me,
I'le be the formost man in fight,
10 Says brave lord Willoughbèy.

[And 219] And then the bloody enemy 25
They fiercely did assail,
And fought it out most furiously,
Not doubting to prevail;
15 The wounded men on both sides fell
Most pitious for to see, 30
Yet nothing could the courage quell
Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

For seven hours to all mens view
20 This fight endured sore,
Until our men so feeble grew 35
That they could fight no more,
And then upon dead horses
Full savourly they eat,
25 And drank the puddle water,
They could no better get. 40

When they had fed so freely,
They kneeled on the ground,
And praised God devoutly
30 For the favour they had found;
And beating up their colours, 45
The fight they did renew,
And turning tow'rds the Spaniard
A thousand more they slew.

35 [The 220] The sharp steel pointed arrows,
And bullets thick did fly; 50
Then did our valiant soldiers
Charge on most furiously;

Which made the Spaniards waver,
  They thought it best to flee,
55 They fear'd the stout behaviour
  Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

Then quoth the Spanish general, 5
  Come let us march away,
I fear we shall be spoiled all
60 If here we longer stay;
For yonder comes lord Willoughbey
  With courage fierce and fell, 10
He will not give one inch of way
  For all the devils in hell.

65 And then the fearful enemy
  Was quickly put to flight,
Our men persued couragiously, 15
  And caught their forces quite;
But at last they gave a shout,
70 Which ecchoed through the sky,
God, and St. George for England!
  The conquerers did cry. 20

[This 221] This news was brought to England
  With all the speed might be,
75 And soon our gracious queen was told
  Of this same victory:
O this is brave lord Willoughbey, 25
  My love that ever won,
Of all the lords of honour
80 'Tis he great deeds hath done.

To th' souldiers that were maimed,
  And wounded in the fray, 30
The queen allow'd a pension
  Of fifteen pence a day,
85 And from all costs and charges
  She quit and set them free,
And this she did all for the sake 35
  Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

Then courage, noble Englishmen,
90 And never be dismaid,

If that we be but one to ten,
We will not be afraid
To fight with foraign enemies,
And set our nation free;
5 And thus I end the bloody bout 95
Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

[XX. VIC- 222] XX.

VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH.

This little moral sonnet hath such a pointed application 10 *to the heroes of the foregoing and following ballads, that I cannot help placing it here, tho' the date of its composition is of a much later period. It is extracted from "Cupid and "Death, a masque by J. S. [James Shirley] presented Mar.* "26. 1653. *London printed* 1653." *4to.*

15 Victorious men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are;
Though you binde in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day, 5
20 Yet you proud monarchs must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls yee to the croud of common men.

Devouring famine, plague and war,
Each able to undo mankind, 10
25 Death's servile emissaries are;
Nor to these alone confin'd,
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle wayes to kill;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art, 15
30 Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart. I

[XXI. THE 223] XXI.

THE WINNING OF CALES.

The subject of this ballad is the taking of the city of Cadiz, (*called by our sailors corruptly* Cales) *on June* 21. 1596,

in a descent made on the coast of Spain, under the command of the lord Howard admiral, and the earl of Essex general.
The valour of Essex was not more distinguished on this occasion than his generosity: the town was carried sword in hand, but he stopt the slaughter as soon as possible, and 5
treated his prisoners with the greatest humanity and even affability and kindness. The English made a rich plunder in the city, but mist of a much richer, by the resolution, which the duke of Medina the Spanish admiral took, of setting fire to the ships, in order to prevent their falling into 10
the hands of the enemy. It was computed, that the loss, which the Spaniards sustained in this enterprize, amounted to twenty millions of ducats. See Hume's Hist.
The earl of Essex knighted on this occasion not fewer than sixty persons, which gave rise to the following sarcasm, 15

A gentleman of Wales, a knight of Cales
And a laird of the North country;
But a yeoman of Kent with his yearly rent
Will buy them out all three.

The ballad is printed from the Editor's folio MS. and 20
seems to have been composed by some person, who was concerned in the expedition. Most of the circumstances related in it will be found supported by history.

LONG the proud Spaniards had vaunted their conquests,
Threatning our country with fire and sword, 25
[Often 224] Often preparing their navy most sumptuous
With as great plenty as Spain could afford.
5 Dub a dub, dub a dub, thus strike their drums,
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

To the seas hastily went our lord admiral, 30
With knights couragious and captains full good;
The brave earl of Essex, a prosperous general,
10 With him prepared to pass the salt flood.
Dub a dub, &c.

At Plymouth speedilye, took they ship valiantlye, 35
Braver ships never were seen under sayle,
With their fair colours spread, and streamers o'er their head,
15 Now bragging Spaniard (*l.* Spaniards) take heed of [your tayle.
Dub a dub, &c.

Unto Cales cunninglye, came we most speedilye,
Where the kinges navy securelye did ride;
Being upon their backs, piercing their butts of sacks,
Ere any Spaniards our coming descry'd. 20
5 Dub a dub, &c.

Great was the crying, the running and ryding,
Which at that season was made in that place;
The beacons were fyred, as need then required;
To hyde their great treasure they had little space. 25
10 Dub a dub, &c.

[There 225] There you might see their ships, how they were fyred fast,
And how their men drowned themselves in the sea;
There might you hear them cry, wayle and weep piteously
15 When they saw no shift to scape thence away. 30
Dub a dub, &c.

The great St. Phillip, the pryde of the Spaniards,
Was burnt to the bottom, and sunk in the sea;
But the St. Andrew, and eke the St. Matthew,
20 Wee took in fight manfullye and brought away. 35
Dub a dub, &c.

The earl of Essex most valiant and hardye,
With horsemen and footmen march'd up to the town;
The Spanyards, which saw them, were greatly alarmed,
25 Did fly for their safety, and durst not come down. 40
Dub a dub, &c.

Now, quoth the noble earl, courage my soldiers all,
Fight and be valiant, the spoil you shall have;
And bè well rewarded all from the great to the small,
30 But see the women and children you save. 45
Dub a dub, &c.

The Spaniards at that sight, thinking it vain to fight,
Hung out flags of truce and yielded the towne;
We marched in presentlye, decking the walls on high,
35 With English colours which purchas'd renowne. 50
Dub a dub, &c.

[Entering 226] Entering the houses then, of the most richest [men,
For gold and treasure we searched each day;

Vo
II.

In sòme places wè did find pyès baking left behind,
55 Meate at fire rosting and folk run away.
Dub a dub, &c.

Full of rych merchandize, every shop catch'd our eyes,
Damasks and sattens and velvets full fayre; 5
Whìch soldiers mèasured out by the length òf their swords;
60 Of all commodities each had his share.
Dub a dub, &c.

Thus Cales was taken, and our brave general
Marched to the market place, where he did stand; 10
There many prisoneres fell to our several shares,
65 Many crav'd mercye, and mercye they fonde.
Dub a dub, &c.

When our brave general saw they delayed all,
And would not ransome their towne as they said, 15
With their fair wanscots, their presses and bedsteds,
70 Their joint-stools and tables a fire we made;
And when the town burned all in a flame,
With tara, tantara, away we all came.

[XXII. THE 227] XXII. 20

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

This beautiful old ballad most probably took its rise from one of those descents made on the Spanish coasts in the time of queen Elizabeth: in all likelihood from that which is celebrated in the foregoing ballad. 25

Printed from an ancient black letter copy, corrected in part by the Editor's folio MS.

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,
How she wooed an English man?
Garments gay as rich as may be 30
Decked with jewels she had on.
5 Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lye; 35
Cupid's bands did tye them faster
10 By the liking of an eye.

In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in any thing she was not coy. P 2

[But 228] But at last there came commandment
For to set the ladies free,
5 With their jewels still adorned, 15
None to do them injury.
Then said this lady mild, Full woe is me,
O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

Gallant captain, shew some pity
10 To a ladye in distresse; 20
Leave me not within this city,
For to dye in heavinesse:
Thou hast set this present day my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee.

15 "How should'st thou, fair lady, love me, 25
Whom thou knowst thy countrys foe?
Thy faire wordes make me suspect thee:
"Serpents lie where flowers grow."
All the harm I wishe to thee, most courteous knight,
20 God grant the same upon my head may fully light. 30

Blessed be the time and season,
That you came on Spanish ground;
If you may our foes be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found:
25 With our city, you have won our hearts each one, 35
Then to your country bear away, that is your own.

["Rest 229] "Rest you still, most gallant lady;
Rest you still, and weep no more;
Of fair lovers there are plenty,
30 Spain doth yield you wonderous store." 40
Spaniards fraught with jealousy we oft do find,
But English men troughout the world are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
Thou alone enjoyst my heart;
35 I am lovely, young and tender, 45
Love is likewise my desert:
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest;
The wife of every English man is counted blest.

"It would be a shame, fair lady,
50 For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
I'll quickly change myself, if it be so, 5
And like a page will follow thee, where'er thou go,

55 "I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case,
And to travel is great charges,
As you know in every place." 10
My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own,
P 3 60 And eke* ten thousand pounds in gold that lies unknown.

["On 230] "On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful, 15
And force tears from watery eyes."
65 Well in troth I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.

"Courteous ladye, leave this fancy,
Here comes all that breeds the strife; 20
I in England have already
70 A sweet woman to my wife;
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

O how happy is that woman 25
That enjoys so true a friend!
75 Many happy days God send her;
Of my suit I make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which did from love and true affection first commence. 30

Commend me to thy lovely lady,
80 Bear to her this chain of gold;
And these bracelets for a token;
Grieving that I was so bold:
All my jewels in like sort bear thou with thee, 35
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

* 500. *MS.*

[I will 231] I will spend my days in prayer. (*l.* ,) 85
Love and all his laws defye;
In a nunnery will I shrowd mee,
Far from any companye:
5 But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss. 90

Thus farewell, most gallant captain!
Farewell too my heart's content!
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
10 Though to thee my love was bent:
Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee! 95
The like fall ever to thy share, most fair ladie.

XXIII.

ARGENTILE AND CURAN,

15 — *Is extracted from an ancient historical poem in XIII Books, intitled* ALBION'S ENGLAND *by* WILLIAM WARNER*: "An author, (says a former editor) only unhappy in the "choice of his subject, and measure of his verse. His poem "is an epitome of the British history, and written with great* 20 *"learning, sense, and spirit. In some places fine to an "extraordinary degree, as I think will eminently appear in the "ensuing episode [of Argentile and Cuean (l. Curan)]. A "tale full of beautiful incidents, in the romantic taste, extremely "affecting, rich in ornament, wonderfully various in stile;* P 4 25 *"[and 232] and in short, one of the most beautiful pastorals "I ever met with." [Muses library 8vo. 1738.] To this elogium nothing can be objected, unless perhaps an affected quaintness in some of his expressions, and an indelicacy in some of his pastoral images.*

30 WARNER *is said to have been a Warwickshire man, and to have been educated in Oxford at Magdalene Hall*: in the latter part of his life he was retained in the service of Henry Cary lord Hunsdon, to whom he dedicates his poem. More of his history is not known. Tho' now his name* 35 *is so seldom mentioned, his contemporaries ranked him on a level with Spenser, and called them the Homer and Virgil*

* *Athen. Oxon.*

of their age†. *But Warner rather resembled* Ovid, *whose Metamorphosis he seems to have taken for his model, having deduced a perpetual poem from the deluge down to the æra of Elizabeth full of lively digressions and entertaining episodes. And tho' he is sometimes harsh, affected, and obscure, he often displays a most charming and pathetic* 5 *simplicity: as where he describes Eleanor's harsh treatment of Rosamond:*

With that she dasht her on the lippes,
So dyed double red:
Hard was the heart, that gave the blow, 10
Soft were those lippes that bled.

The edition of Albion's England *here followed was printed in 4to*, 1602; *said in the title page to have been "first "penned and published by William Warner, and now revised "and newly enlarged by the same author." The story of* 15 Argentile and Curan *is I believe the poet's own invention; it is not mentioned in any of our chronicles. It was however so much admired, that not many years after he published it, came out a larger poem on the same subject, in stanzas of six lines, intitled, "The most pleasant and delightful* 20 *"historie of Curan a prince of Danske, and the fayre princesse* [*"Argentile*, **233**] *"Argentile, daughter and heyre to Adel-"bright, sometime king of Northumberland, &c. by* William "Webster. *London*, 1617." *in* 8 *sheets 4to. An indifferent paraphrase of the following poem.* 25

Tho' here subdivided into stanzas, Warner's metre is the old-fashioned alexandrine of 14 *syllables. The reader therefore must not expect to find the close of the stanzas consulted in the pauses.*

THE Brutons 'being' departed hence 30
Seaven kingdoms here begonne,
Where diversly in diver[s] broyles
The Saxons lost and wonne.

5 King Edel and king Adelbright
In Diria jointly raigne; 35
In loyal concorde during life,
These kingly friends remaine.

† *Ibid.*

When Adelbright should leave his life,
  To Edel thus he sayes; 10
By those same bondes of happie love,
  That held us friends alwaies;

5 By our by-parted crowne, of which
  The moyetie is mine;
By God, to whom my soule must passe, 15
  And so in time may thine;

[I pray 234] I pray thee, nay I cònjure thee,
10 To nourish, as thine owne,
Thy neece, my daughter Argentile,
  Till she to age be growne; 20
And then, as thou receivest it,
  Resigne to her my throne.

15 A promise had for his bequest,
  The testatòr he dies;
But all that Edel undertooke, 25
  He afterwards denies.

Yet well he educates a time
20 The damsiell, that was growne
The fairest lady under heaven;
  Whose beautie being knowne, 30

A many princes seeke her love;
  But none might her obtaine;
25 For grippell Edel to himselfe
  Her kingdome sought to gaine;
And for that cause from sight of such 35
  He did his ward restraine.

By chance one Curan, sonne unto
30 A prince in Danske, did see
The maid, with whom he fell in love,
  As much as man might bee. 40

[Unhappie 235] Unhappie youth, what should he doe?
  His saint was kept in mewe;
35 Nor he, nor any noble-man
  Admitted to her vewe.

45 One while in melancholy fits
He pines himselfe awaye;
Anon he thought by force of arms
To win her if he may:

And still against the kings restraint 5
50 Did secretly invay.
At length the high controller Love,
Whom none may disobay,

Imbased him from lordlines
Into a kitchen drudge, 10
55 That so at least of life or death
She might become his judge.

Accesse so had to see and speake,
He did his love bewray,
And tells his birth: her answer was 15
60 She husbandles would stay.

Meane while the king did beate his braines,
His booty to atchieve,
Nor caring what became of her,
[So 236] So he by her might thrive; 20
65 At last his resolution was
Some pessant should her wive.

And (which was working to his wish)
He did observe with joye
How Curan, whom he thought a drudge, 25
70 Scapt many an amorous toye.

The king, perceiving such his veine,
Promotes his vassal still,
Lest that the basenesse of the man
Should lett perhaps his will. 30

75 Assured therefore of his love,
But not suspecting who
The lover was, the king himselfe
In his behalf did woe.

The lady resolute from love, 35
80 Unkindly takes that he

Should barre the noble, and unto
  So base a match agree:

And therefore shifting out of doores,
  Departed thence by stealth;
5 Preferring povertie before 85
  A dangerous life in wealth.

[When 237] When Curan heard of her escape,
  The anguish in his hart
Was more than much, and after her
10 From court he did depart; 90

Forgetfull of himselfe, his birth,
  His country, friends, and all,
And only minding (whom he mist)
  The foundresse of his thralle.

15 Nor meanes he after to frequent 95
  Or court, or stately townes,
But solitarily to live
  Amongst the country grownes.

A brace of years he lived thus,
20 Well pleased so to live, 100
And shepherd-like to feed a flocke
  Himselfe did wholly give.

So wasting, love, by worke, and want,
  Grew almost to the waine:
25 But then began a second love, 105
  The worser of the twaine.

A country wench, a neatherds maid,
  Where Curan kept his sheepe,
Did feed her drove: and now on her
30 Was all the shepherds keepe. 110 I

[He 238] He borrowed on the working daies
  His holy russets oft,
And of the bacon fat, to make
  • His startopes blacke and soft.

35 And least his tarbox should offend, 115
  He left it at the folde.

Sweete growte, or whig, his bottle had,
  As much as it might hold.

A sheeve of bread as browne as nut,
120 And cheese as white as snow,
And wildings, or the seasons fruit 5
  He did in scrip bestow.

And whilst his py-bald curre did sleepe,
  And sheep-hooke lay him by,
125 On hollow quilles of oten straw
  He piped melody. 10

But when he spyed her his saint,
  He w(h)ip'd his greasie shooes,
And clear'd the drivell from his beard,
130 And thus the shepheard wooes.

"I have, sweet wench, a peece of cheese, 15
  "As good as tooth may chaw,
"And bread and wildings souling well,
  (And therewithall did draw

135 [His 239] His larderie) "in eating, see,
  "Yon crumpling ewe, quoth he, 20
"Did twinne this fall, and twin shouldst thou,
  "If I might tup with thee.

"Thou art too elvish, faith thou art,
140 Too elvish and too coy.
"Am I, I pray thee, beggarly, 25
  "That such a flocke enjoy?

"I wis I am not: yet that thou
  "Doest hold me in disdaine
145 "Is brimme abroad, and made a gybe
  "To all that keepe this plaine. 30

"There be as quaint (at least that thinke
  "Themselves as quaint) that crave
"The match, that thou, I wot not why,
150 "Maist, but mislik'st to have.

"How wouldst thou match? (for well I wot, 35
  "Thou art a female) I,

"Her 'knew I not (*l.* knew not *corr.*) e'er,' that
"With maiden-head would die. [willingly

"The plowmans labour hath no end, 155
"And he a churle will prove:
5 "The craftsman hath more worke in hand
"Then fitteth unto love:

["The **240**] "The marchant, traffiquing abroad,
"Suspects his wife at home: 160
"A youth will play the wanton; and
10 "An old man prove a mome.

"Then chuse a shepheard: with the sun
"He doth his flocke unfold,
"And all the day on hill or plaine 165
"He merrie chat can hold;

15 "And with the sun doth folde againe;
"Then jogging home betime
"He turnes a crab, or tunes a round,
"Or sings some merrie ryme. 170

"Nor lacks he gleefull tales, whilst round
20 "The nut-brown bowl doth trot;
"And sitteth singing care-away,
"Till he to bed be got:

"Theare sleepes he soundly all the night, 175
"Forgetting morrow-cares;
25 "Nor feares he blasting of his corne,
"Nor uttering of his wares;

"Or stormes by seas, or stirres on land,
"Or cracke of credit lost: 180
"Not spending franklier than his flocke
30 "Shall still defray the cost.

["Well **241**] "Well wot I, sooth they say, that say
"More quiet nights and daies
"The shepheard sleeps and wakes, than he 185
"Whose cattel he doth graize.

"Beleeve me, lasse, a king is but
"A man, and so am I:
"Content is worth a monarchie,
190 "And mischiefs hit the hie;

"As late it did a king and his 5
"Not dwelling far from hence,
"Who left a daughter, save thyselfe,
"For fair a matchless wench." ——
195 Here did he pause, as if his tongue
Had done his heart offence. 10

The neatresse, longing for the rest,
Did egge him on to tell
How faire she was, and who she was.
200 "She bore, quoth he, the bell

"For beautie: though I clownish am, 15
"I know what beautie is;
"Or did I not, at seeing thee,
"I senceles were to mis.
Vol. II. Q * * *

205 ["Her 242] "Her stature comely, tall; her gate 20
"Well graced; and her wit
"To marvell at, not meddle with,
"As matchless I omit.

"A globe-like head, a gold-like haire,
210 "A forehead smooth, and hie, 25
"And even nose, on either side
"Did shine a grayish eie:

"Two rosie cheekes, round ruddy lips,
"White just-set teeth within;
215 "A mouth in meane; and underneathe 30
"A round and dimpled chin.

"Her snowie necke, with blewish veines,
"Stood bolt upright upon
"Her portly shoulders: beating balles
220 "Her veined breasts, anon 35

"Adde more to beautie. Wand-like was
"Her middle falling still,

"And rising whereas women rise: ***
"— Imagine nothing ill.

"And more, her long, and limber armes 225
"Had white and azure wrists;
5 "And slender fingers aunswere to
"Her smooth and lillie fists.

["A **243**] "A legge in print, a pretie foot;
"Conjecture of the rest: 230
"For amorous eies, observing forme,
10 "Think parts obscured best.

"With these O raretie! with these
"Her tong of speech was spare;
"But speaking, Venus seem'd to speake, 235
"The balle from Ide to bear.

15 "With Phœbe, Juno, and with both
"Herselfe contends in face;
"Wheare equall mixture did not want
"Of milde and stately grace, 240

"Her smiles were sober, and her lookes
20 "Were chearefull unto all:
"Even such as neither wanton seeme,
"Nor waiward; mell, nor gall.

"A quiet minde, a patient moode, 245
"And not disdaining any;
25 "Not gybing, gadding, gawdy, and
"Sweete faculties had many.

"A nimph, no tong, no heart, no eie; (*l.* ,)
"Might praise, might wish, might see; 250
"For life, for love, for forme; more good,
30 "More worth, more faire than shee.

["Yea **244**] "Yea such an one, as such was none,
"Save only she was such:
"Of Argentile to say the most 255
"Were to be silent much."

35 I knew the lady very well,
But worthles of such praise,

The neatresse said: and muse I do,
260 A shepheard thus should blaze
The coote of beautie. Credit me,
Thy latter speech bewraies (.) ***corr.***)

Thy clownish shape a coined shew. 5
But wherefore dost thou weepe?
265 The shepheard wept, and she was woe,
And both doe silence keepe.

"In troth, quoth he, I am not such,
"As seeming I professe: 10
"But then for her, and now for thee,
270 "I from myselfe digresse.

"Her loved I (wretch that I am
"A recreant to be)
"I loved her, that hated love, 15
"But now I die for thee.

275 "At Kirkland is my fathers court,
"And Curan is my name,
["In **245**] "In Edels court sometimes in pompe,
"Till love contrould the same: 20

"But now—what now? — dear heart, how now?
280 "What ailest thou to weepe?"
The damsell wept, and he was woe,
And both did silence keepe.

I graunt, quoth she, it was too much 25
That you did love so much:
285 But whom your former could not move,
Your second love doth touch.

Thy twice-beloved Argentile
Submitteth her to thee, 30
And for thy double love presents
290 Herself a single fee,
In passion, not in person chaung'd,
And I my lord am she.

They sweetly surfeiting in joy, 35
And silent for a space,

When as the extasie had end, 295
Did tenderly imbrace;
And for their wedding, and their wish
Got fitting time and place.

5 Not England (for of Hengist then
Was named so this land) 300
Then Curan had an hardier knight; Q S
[His 246] His force could none withstand:
Whose sheep-hooke laid apart, he then
10 Had higher things in hand.

First, making knowne his lawfull claime 305
In Argentile her right,
He warr'd in Diria*, and he wonne
Bernicia* too in fight:

15 And so from trecherous Edel tooke
At once his life and crowne, 310
And of Northumberland was king,
Long raigning in renowne.

** *During the Saxon heptarchy, the kingdom of Northumberland* 20 *(consisting of 6 counties) was for a long time divided into two lesser sovereignties, viz. Deïra (called herc (l. here) Diria) which contained the southern parts, and Bernicia, comprehending those which lay north.*

XXIV.

25 ## CORIN's FATE.

Only the three first stanzas of this song are ancient; these are extracted from the quarto MS. mentioned in vol. I. p. 66. As they seemed to want application, this has been attempted by a modern hand.

30 [CORIN, 247] CORIN, most unhappie swaine,
Whither wilt thou drive thy flocke?
Little foode is on the plaine;
Full of danger in (*l.* is) the rocke:

Wolfes and beares doe kepe the woodes; 5
35 Forests tangled are with brakes:
Meadowes subject are to floodes;
Moores are full of miry lakes.

Yet to shun all plaine, and hill,
10 Forest, moore, and meadow-ground,
Hunger will as surely kill:
How may then reliefe be found?

Such is hapless Corins fate; 5
Since my waywarde love begunne
15 Equall doubts begett debate
What to seeke, and what to shunne.

Spare to speke, and spare to speed;
Yet to speke will move disdaine: 10
If I see her not I bleed,
20 Yet her sight augments my paine.

What may then poor Corin doe?
Tell me, shepherdes, quicklye tell;
For to linger thus in woe 15
Is the lover's sharpest hell.

Q 4 ***

[XXV. JANE 248] XXV.

JANE SHORE.

Tho' so many vulgar errors have prevailed concerning 20
this celebrated courtezan, no character in history has been
more perfectly handed down to us. We have her portrait
drawn by two masterly pens, the one has delineated the
features of her person, the other those of her character and
story. Sir Thomas More drew from the life, and Drayton 25
has copied an original picture of her. The reader will
pardon the length of the quotations, as they serve to correct
many popular mistakes relating to her catastrophe. The first
is from Sir Thomas MORE's *history of Rich. III. written in*
1513, *about thirty years after the death of Edw. IV.* 30

"*Now then by and by, as it wer for anger, not for cove-*
"*tise, the protector sent into the house of Shores wife* (*for her*
"*husband dwelled not with her*) *and spoiled her of al that*
"*ever she had,* (*above the value of* 2 *or* 3 *thousand marks*)
"*and sent her body to prison. And when he had a while* 35
"*laide unto her, for the maner sake, that she went about*
"*to bewitch him, and that she was of counsel with the lord*
"*chamberlein to destroy him: in conclusion when that no*

"colour could fasten upon these matters, then he layd "heinously to her charge the thing that herself could not "deny, that al the world wist was true, and that natheles "every man laughed at to here it then so sodainly so highly 5 "taken, — that she was naught of her body. And for thys "cause (as a goodly continent prince, clene and fautles of "himself, sent oute of heaven into this vicious world for the "amendment of mens maners) he caused the bishop of London "to put her to open penance, going before the crosse in 10 "procession upon a sonday with a taper ["in **249**] *in her "hand. In which she went in countenance and pace demure "so womanly; and albeit she was out of al array save her "kyrtle only, yet went she so fair and lovely, namelye while "the wondering of the people caste a comly rud in her chekes 15 "(of which she before had most misse) that her great shame "wan her much praise among those that were more amorous "of her body, then curious of her soule. And many good "folke also, that hated her living, and glad wer to se sin "corrected, yet pittied thei more her penance then rejoiced 20 "therin, when thei considred that the protector procured it "more of a corrupt intent, then ani vertuous affeccion.*

"This woman was born in London, worshipfully frended, "honestly brought up, and very wel maryed, saving some- "what to soone; her husbande an honest citizen, yonge, and 25 "goodly, and of good substance. But forasmuche, as they "were coupled ere she wer wel ripe, she not very fervently "loved, for whom she never longed. Which was happely the "thinge, that the more easily made her encline unto the king's "appetite, when he required her. Howbeit the respect of his 30 "royaltie, the hope of gay apparel, ease, plesure and other "wanton welth, was able soone to perse a soft tender hearte. "But when the king had abused her, anon her husband (as "he was an honest man and one that could his good, not "presuming to touch a kinges concubine) left her up to him 35 "al together. When the king died, the lord chamberlen "[Hastings] toke her: which in the kinges daies, albeit he*

* *After the death of Hastings, she was kept by the marquis of Dorset, son to Edward IV's queen. In Rymer's Fœdera is a proclamation of Richard's dated at Leicester Oct.* 23. 1483. *wherein* 40 *a reward of* 1000 *marks in money, or* 100 *a year in land is offered for taking "Thomas late marquis of Dorset," who "not*

"*was sore enamoured upon her, yet he forbare her, either for*
"*reverence, or for a certain frendly faithfulnes.*

["*Proper* 250] "*Proper she was, and faire: nothing in*
"*her body that you wold have changed, but if you would have*
"*wished her somewhat higher. Thus say thei that knew her* 5
"*in her youthe. Albeit some that* NOW SEE HER (FOR YET
"SHE LIVETH) *deme her never to have been wel visaged.*
"*Whose jugement seemeth me somewhat like, as though men*
"*should gesse the bewty of one longe before departed, by her*
"*scalpe taken out of the charnel-house; for now is she old,* 10
"*lene, withered, and dried up, nothing left but ryvilde skin,*
"*and hard bone. And yet being even such, whoso wel advise*
"*her visage, might gesse and devise which partes how filled,*
"*wold make it a faire face.*

"*Yet delited not men so much in her bewty, as in her* 15
"*pleasant behaviour. For a proper wit had she, and could*
"*both rede wel and write; mery in company, redy and quick*
"*of aunswer, neither mute nor ful of bable; sometime taunting*
"*without displeasure, and not without disport. The king*
"*would say, That he had three concubines, which in three* 20
"*divers properties diversly excelled. One the meriest, another*
"*the wiliest, the thirde the holiest harlot in his realme, as one*
"*whom no man could get out of the church lightly to any*
"*place, but it wer to his bed. The other two were somwhat*
"*greater personages, and natheles of their humilitè content* 25
"*to be nameles, and to forbere the praise of those properties,*
"*but the meriest was this Shoris wife, in whom the king*
"*therfore toke special pleasure. For many he had, but her he*
"*loved, whose favour to sai the trouth (for sinne it wer to*
"*belie the devil) she never abused to any mans hurt, but to* 30
"*many a mans comfort and relief. Where the king toke dis-*
"*pleasure, she would mitigate and appease his mind: where*
"*men were out of favour, she wold bring them in his grace:*
"*for many, that had highly offended, shee obtained pardon:*

having the fear of God, nor the salvation of his own soul, before 35
his eyes, has damnably debauched and defiled many maids, widows,
and wives, and LIVED IN ACTUAL ADULTERY WITH THE
WIFE OF SHORE." *Buckingham was at that time in rebellion,*
but as Dorset was not with him, Richard could not accuse him of
treason, and therefore made a handle of these pretended debaucheries 40
to get him apprehended. [*Vgl. hiezu* ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS
in Vol. III. p. 341.]

"*of great forfeitures she gate men remission: and finally in*
"*many weighty sutes she stode many men in gret stede,*
"*either for none or very smal rewardes, and those rather gay*
"*than rich: either for that she was content with the dede selfe*
5 "*well done, or for that she delited to be sued unto, and to*
"*show what she was able to do wyth the king, or for that*
"*wanton women and welthy be not alway covetous.*

["*I* **251**] "*I doubt not some shal think this woman too sleight*
"*a thing to be written of, and set amonge the remembraunces*
10 "*of great matters: which thei shal specially think, that happely*
"*shal esteme her only by that thei* NOW SEE HER. *But me*
"*semeth the chaunce so much the more worthy to be remembred,*
"*in how much she is* NOW *in the more beggerly condicion,*
"*unfrended and worne out of acquaintance, after good substance,*
15 "*after as grete favour with the prince, after as grete sute and*
"*seeking to with al those, that in those days had busynes to*
"*spede, as many other men were in their times, which be now*
"*famouse only by the infamy of their il dedes. Her doinges*
"*were not much lesse, albeit thei be muche lesse remembred*
20 "*because thei were not so evil. For men use, if they have an*
"*evil turne, to write it in marble; and whoso doth us a good*
"*tourne, we write it in duste. Which is not worst proved by*
"*her; for* AT THIS DAYE *shee beggeth of many at this daye*
"*living, that at this day had begged, if shee had not bene.*"
25 *See More's workes, folio bl. let.* 1557. *pag.* 56, 57. [*Vgl. hiezu* ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS *in Vol. III. p.* 341.]

DRAYTON *has written a poetical epistle from this lady to her royal lover, in his notes on which he thus draws her portrait.* "*Her stature was meane, her haire of a dark*
30 "*yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate*
"*harmony being betwixt each part's proportion, and each*
"*proportion's colour, her body fat, white and smooth, her*
"*countenance cheerfull and like to her condition. The picture*
"*which I have seen of hers was such as she rose out of her*
35 "*bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle*
"*cast under one arme over her shoulder, and sitting on a*
"*chaire, on which her naked arm did lie. What her father's*
"*name was, or where she was borne, is not certainly knowne:*
"*but Shore a young man of right goodly person, wealth and*
40 "*behaviour, abandoned her bed after the king had made her*
"*his concubine. Richard III. causing her to do open penance*

"*in Paul's church-yard*, COMMANDED THAT NO MAN SHOULD "BELIEVE HER, *which the tyrant did not so much for his "hatred to sinne, but that by making his brother's life odious, "he might* ["*cover* **252**] *cover his horrible treasons the more "cunningly.*" *See England's Heroical epistles by Mich.* 5 *Drayton Esq; Lond.* 1637. 12*mo.*

The following ballad is printed from an old black letter copy in the Pepys collection. Its full title is "The woefull "lamentation of Jane Shore, a goldsmith's wife in London, "sometime king Edward IV. his concubine. To the tune of 10 "LIVE WITH ME, *&c.* [*See the next vol.* (*l. first Vol. p.* 199. **corr.**)] *To every stanza is annexed the following burthen,*

Then maids and wives in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.

IF Rosamonde that was so faire, 15
Had cause her sorrowes to declare,
Then let Jane Shore with sorrowe sing,
That was beloved of a king.

5 In maiden yeares my beautye bright
Was loved dear of lord and knight, 20
But yet the love that they requir'd,
It was not as my friends desir'd.

My parents they for thirst of gaine,
10 A husband for me did obtaine;
And I their pleasure to fulfille 25
Was forc'd to wedd against my wille.

To Matthew Shore I was a wife,
Till lust brought ruine to my life;
15 And then my life I lewdlye spent,
Which makes my soul for to lament. 30

[In **253**] In Lombard-street I once did dwelle,
As London yet can witness welle,
Where many gallants did beholde
20 My beautye in a shop of golde.

I spred my plumes, as wantons doe, 35
Some sweet and secret friende to wooe,
Because chast love I did not finde
Agreeing to my wanton minde.

At last my name in court did ring 25
Into the eares of Englandes king,
Who came and lik'd, and love requir'd,
But I made coye what he desir'd:

5 Yet mistress Blague, a neighbour neare,
Whose friendship I esteemed deare, 30
Did saye, It was a gallant thing
To be beloved of a king.

By her persuasions I was led,
10 For to defile my marriage-bed,
And wronge my wedded husband Shore, 35
Whom I had married yeares before.

In heart and mind I did rejoyce,
That I had made so sweet a choice;
15 And therefore did my state resigne,
To be king Edward's concubine. 40

[From 254] From city then to court I went,
To reape the pleasures of content;
There had the joyes that love could bring,
20 And knew the secrets of a king.

When I was thus advanc'd on highe 45
Commanding Edward with mine eye,
For Mrs. Blague I in short space
Obtainde a livinge from his grace.

25 No friende I had but in short time
I made unto promotion climbe; 50
But yet for all this costlye pride,
My husbande could not mee abide.

His bed, though wronged by a king,
30 His heart with deadlye griefe did sting;
From England then he goes away, 55
To end his life beyond the sea.

He could not live to see his name
Impaired by my wanton shame;
35 Although a prince of peerlesse might
Did reape the pleasure of his right. 60

Long time I lived in the courte,
With lords and ladies of great sorte,
And when I smil'd all men were glad,
But when I frown'd my prince grewe sad.

65 [But 255] But yet a gentle minde I bore 5
To helplesse people, that were poore;
I still redrest the orphans crye,
And sav'd their lives condemnd to dye.

I still had ruth on widowes tears,
70 I succour'd babes of tender yeares; 10
And never look'd for other gaine
But love and thankes for all my paine.

At last my royall king did dye,
And then my dayes of woe grew nighe;
75 When crook-back Richard got the crowne, 15
King Edwards friends were soon put downe.

I then was punisht for my sin,
That I so long had lived in;
Yea, every one that was his friend,
80 This tyrant brought to shamefull end. 20

Then for my lewd and wanton life,
That made a strumpet of a wife,
I penance did in Lombard-street,
In shamefull manner in a sheet.

85 Where many thousands did me viewe, 25
Who late in court my credit knewe;
Which made the teares run down my face,
To thinke upon my foul disgrace.

[Not 256] Not thus content, they took from mee
90 My goodes, my livings, and my fee, 30
And charg'd that none should me relieve,
Nor any succour to me give.

Then unto Mrs. Blague I went,
To whom my jewels I had sent,
95 In hope therebye to ease my want, 35
When riches fail'd, and love grew scant.

But she denyed to me the same
When in my need for them I came;
To recompence my former love,
Out of her doores shee did me shove. 100

5 So love did vanish with my state,
Which now my soul repents too late;
Therefore example take by mee,
For friendship parts in povertie.

But yet one friend among the rest, 105
10 Whom I before had seen distrest,
And sav'd his life, condemn'd to die,
Did give me food to succour me.

For which, by lawe, it was decreed
That he was hanged for that deed; 110
15 His death did grieve me so much more,
Than had I dyed myself therefore.

[Then 257] Then those to whom I had done good,
Durst not afford mee any food;
Whereby I begged all the day, 115
20 And still in streets by night I lay.

My gowns beset with pearl and gold,
Were turn'd to simple garments old;
My chains and gems and golden rings,
To filthy rags and loathsome things. 120

25 Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife,
For leading such a wicked life;
Both sucking babes, and children small,
Did make their pastime at my fall.

I could not get one bit of bread, 125
30 Whereby my hunger might be fed,
Nor drink, but such as channels yield,
Or stinking ditches in the field.

Thus, weary of my life, at lengthe
I yielded up my vital strength, 130
35 Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion dogs did much frequent:

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II. B

The which now since my dying daye,
Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers saye*,
135 [Which 258] Which is a witness of my sinne,
For being concubine to a king.

You wanton wives, that fall to lust, 5
Be you assur'd that God is just;
Whoredome shall not escape his hand,
140 Nor pride unpunish'd in this land.

If God to me such shame did bring,
That yielded only to a king, 10
How shall they scape that daily run
To practise sin with every one?

145 You husbands, match not but for love,
Lest some disliking after prove;
Women be warn'd when you are wives, 15
What plagues are due to sinful lives:
Then maids and wives in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.

* *But it had this name long before; being so called from its being a common* SEWER *(vulgarly* SHORE*) or drain. See Stow.* 20

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

Kupferstich: Eine nackte weibliche Figur wird von dem beflügelten Sensenmann aus einer Felsenhöhle hervorgeholt. Vorne links auf einem Steine die Inschrift: OCCULTA VERITAS TEMPORE PATET. Im Hintergrunde rechts unter einem Baume ein Schlafender.

ANCIENT
SONGS AND BALLADS,
&c.

SERIES THE SECOND.

5 ## BOOK III.

I.
THE COMPLAINT OF CONSCIENCE.

The following old allegoric satire is printed from the editors folio MS. This manner of moralizing, if not first adopted by
10 *the author of* PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS, *was at least chiefly brought into repute by that ancient satirist. It is not so generally known that the kind of verse used in this ballad hath any affinity with the peculiar metre of that writer, for which reason I shall throw together some cursory remarks*
15 *on that very singular species of versification, the nature of which has been so little understood.*

[On 260] ON THE METRE OF PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS.

20 *We learn from Wormius**, *that the ancient Islandic poets used a great variety of measures: he mentions* 136 *different*

* *Literatura Runica. Hafniæ* 1636. *4to.* — 1651. *fol. The* ISLANDIC *language is of the same origin as our* ANGLO-SAXON, *being both dialects of the ancient* GOTHIC *or* TEUTONIC. *See*
25 "*Five pieces of Runic poetry translated from the Islandic language,* "1763." *8vo.*

kinds, without including RHYME, *or a correspondence of final syllables: yet this was occasionally used, as appears from the Ode of Egil, which Wormius hath inserted in his book.*

He hath analysed the structure of one of these kinds of verse, the harmony of which neither depended on the quantity 5 *of the syllables, like that of the ancient Greeks and Romans; nor on the rhymes at the end, as in modern poetry; but consisted altogether in alliteration, or a certain artful repetition of the sounds in the middle of the verses. This was adjusted according to certain rules of their prosody, one of which* 10 *was that every distich should contain at least three words beginning with the same letter or sound. Two of these correspondent sounds might be placed either in the first, or second line of the distich, and one in the other: but all three were not regularly to be crowded into one line. This will be* 15 *best understood by the following examples*†.

"Meire og minne
Mogu heimdaller."

"Gab ginunga
"Enn gras huerge."

There were many other little niceties observed by the Islandic poets, who as they retained their original language 20 *and peculiarities longer than the other nations of Gothic race, had time* [to **261**] *to cultivate their native poetry more, and to carry it to a higher pitch of refinement, than any of the rest.*

Their brethren the Anglo-saxon poets occasionally used 25 *the same kind of alliteration, and it is common to meet in their writings with similar examples of the foregoing rules. Take an instance or two in modern characters:**

"Skeop tha and skyrede
Skyppend ure."

"Ham and heahsetl
Heofena rikes." 30

I know not however that there is any where extant an intire Saxon poem all in this measure. But distichs of this sort perpetually occur in all their poems of any length.

Now, if we examine the versification of PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS, *we shall find it constructed exactly by these rules;* 35 *and therefore each line, as printed, is in reality a distich of two verses, and will, I believe, be found distinguished as such, by some mark or other in all the ancient MSS. viz.*

† *Vid. Hickes Antiq. Literatur. Septentrional. Tom. I. p.* 217.
* *Ibid.* 40

"In a somer season, | when 'hot† was the sunne,
"I shope me into shroubs, | as I a shepe were;
"In habite as an harmet | unholy of werkes,
"Went wyde in thys world | wonders to heare, &c.

5 *So that the author of this poem will not be found to have invented any new mode of versification, as some have supposed, but only to have retained that of the old Saxon and Gothic poets; which was probably never wholly laid aside, but occasionally used at different intervals; tho' the ravages* 10 *of time will not suffer us now to produce a regular series of poems entirely written in it.*

There are some readers, whom it may gratify to mention, that these VISIONS OF PIERCE *[i. e. Peter] the* PLOWMAN, *are attributed to Robert Langland, a secular priest, [born* **262]** B3 15 *born at Mortimer's Cleobury in Shropshire, and fellow of Oriel college in Oxford, who flourished in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. and published his poem a few years after* 1350. *It consists of xx* PASSUS *or Breaks*, exhibiting a series of visions, which he pretends happened to him on Malvern* 20 *hills in Worcestershire. The author excells in strong allegoric painting, and has with great humour, spirit and fancy censured most of the vices incident to the several professions of life; but he particularly inveighs against the corruptions of the clergy, and the absurdities of superstition. Of this work* 25 *I have now before me four different editions in black letter quarto. Three of them are printed in* 1550 by Roberte Crowley dwelling in Elye rentes in Holburne. *It is remarkable that two of these are mentioned in the title page as both of the second impression, tho' they contain evident variations in every* 30 *page†. The other is said to be* newlye imprynted after the authors olde copy .... by Owen Rogers, *Feb.* 21. 1561.

† *So I would read with Mr. Warton, rather than either 'soft' as in MSS, or 'set' as in PCC.*

* *The poem properly contains xxi. parts: the word* PASSUS, 35 *adopted by the author, seems only to denote the break or division between two parts, tho' by the ignorance of the printer applied to the parts themselves.* [*Vgl. hiezu* ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS *in Vol. III. p.* 341.]

† *That which seems the first of the two, is thus distinguished* 40 *in the title page,* nowe the seconde tyme imprinted by Roberte Crowlye; *the other thus,* nowe the seconde time imprinted by Roberte Crowley. *In the former the folios are thus erroneously*

As Langland was not the first, so neither was he the last that used this alliterative species of versification. To Rogers's edition of the Visions is subjoined a poem, which was probably writ in imitation of them, intitled PIERCE THE PLOUGHMAN'S CREDE. *It begins thus,* 5

> *"Cros, and curteis Christ, this beginning spede*
> *"For the faders frendshipe, that fourmed heaven,*
> *"And through the special spirit, that sprong of hem tweyne,*
> *"And al in one godhed endles dwelleth."*

[*The* **263**] *The author feigns himself ignorant of his creed,* 10 *to be instructed in which he applies to the four religious orders, viz. the gray friers of St. Francis, the black friers of St. Dominic, the Carmelites or white friers, and the Augustines. This affords him occasion to describe in very lively colours the sloth, ignorance and immorality of those* 15 *reverend drones. At length he meets with Pierce a poor ploughman, who resolves his doubts and instructs him in the principles of true religion. The author was evidently a follower of Wicclif, whom he mentions (with honour) as no longer living*. Now that reformer dyed in* 1384. *How long* 20 *after his death this poem was written does not appear.*

In the Cotton library is a volume of ancient English poems†, *two of which are written in this alliterative metre, and have the division of the lines into distichs distinctly marked by a point, as is usual in old poetical MSS. That* 25 *which stands first of the two (tho' perhaps the latest written) is intitled* THE SEGE OF IˇERLAM [*i. e. Jerusalem*] *being an old fabulous legend composed by some monk, and stuffed with marvellous figments concerning the destruction of the holy city and temple. It begins thus,* 30

> *"In Tyberius tyme . the trewe emperour*
> *"Syr Sesar hymself . bested in Rome*
> *"Whyll Pylat was provoste . under that prynce ryche*
> *"And Jewes justice also . of Judeas londe*
> *"Herode under empere . as herytage wolde* 35
> *"Kyng, &c."*

The other is intitled CHEVELERE ASSIGNE [*or* De Cigne],

numbered 39. 39. 41. 63. 43. 42. 45. *&c. The booksellers of those days were not so ostentatious of multiplying editions.*

* *Signature* C. ii. † *Caligula A. ij fol.* 109. 123. 40

that is, "The Knight of the Swan," being an ancient Romance, beginning thus,

"All weldynge God . whene it is his wylle
"Wele he wereth his werke . with his owene honde
5 *"For ofte harmes were hente . that helpe we ne myzte* R 4
[*"Nere* 264] *"Nere the hyznes of hym . that lengeth in hevene*
"For this &c.

Among Mr. Garrick's collection of old plays, is a prose narrative of the adventures of this same knight of the swan,*
10 *"newly translated out of Frenshe in to Englyshe at thin-"stigacion of the puyssaunt and illustryous prynce, lorde "Edward duke of Buckynghame." This lord it seems had a "peculiar interest in the book, for in the preface the translator "tells us, that this "highe dygne and illustryous prynce*
15 *"my lorde Edwarde by the grace of god Duke of Buckyngham, "erle of Hereforde, Stafforde and Northampton, desyrynge "cotydyally to encrease and augment the name and fame of "such as were relucent in vertuous feates and triumphaunt "actes of chyvalry, and to encourage and styre every lusty*
20 *"and gentell herte by the exemplyficacyon of the same, "havyng a goodli booke of the highe and miraculous histori "of a famous and puyssaunt kynge, named Oryant, sometime "reynynge in the parties of beyonde the sea, havynge to his "wife a noble lady; of whome she conceyved sixe sonnes and*
25 *"a doughter, and chylded of them at one only tyme; at whose "byrthe echone of them had a chayne of sylver at their "neckes, the whiche were all tourned by the provydence of "god into whyte swannes (save one) of the whiche this present "hystory is compyled, named Helyas, the knight of the*
30 *"Swanne,* OF WHOME LINIALLY IS DYSCENDED MY SAYDE "LORDE. *The whiche ententifly to have the sayde hystory "more amply and unyversally knowen in thys hys natif countrie, "as it is in other, hath of hys hie bountie by some of his "faithful and trusti servauntes cohorted mi mayster Wynkin*
35 *"de Worde† to put the said vertuous hystori in printe..... "at whose instigacion and stiring I (Roberte Copland) have "me applied, moiening the helpe of god, to reduce and translate*

* *X. Vol.* (*l. K. Vol.* 10 ***corr.***) † *W. de Worde's edit. is in* 1512. *See Ames. p.* 92. *Mr. G's copy is* "¶ Imprinted at
40 London by me Wylliam Copland.

"it into our maternal and vulgare english tonge after the "capacite and rudenesse of my weke entendement." [— *A* 265] —— *A curious picture of the times. While in Italy literature and the fine arts were ready to burst forth with classical splendor under Leo X, the first peer of this realm was* 5 *proud to derive his pedigree from a fabulous* KNIGHT OF THE SWAN*.

To return to the metre of Pierce Plowman; In the folio MS. so often quoted in these volumes, are two poems written in that species of versification. One of these is an ancient 10 *allegorical poem, intitled* DEATH AND LIFFE, (*in* 2 *fitts or parts, containing* 458 *distichs) which for ought that appears may have been written as early, if not before, the time of Langland. The first forty lines are broke as they should be into distichs, a distinction that is neglected in the remaining* 15 *part of the poem, in order I suppose to save room. It begins,*

"Christ christen king,
that on the crosse tholed;
"Hadd paines and passyons
to defend our soules; 20
"Give us grace on the ground
the greatlye to serve,
"For that royall red blood
that rann from thy side."

The subject of this piece is a vision, wherein the poet sees a 25 *contest for superiority between "our lady dame* LIFE," *and the "ugly fiend dame* DEATH;" *who with their several attributes and concomitants are personified in a fine vein of allegoric painting. Part of the description of dame Life is*

"Shee was brighter of her blee, 30
then was the bright sonn:
"Her rudd redder then the rose,
that on the rise hangeth:
"Meekely smiling with her mouth,
And merry in her lookes, 35
[*"Ever* 266] *"Ever laughing for love,*
as shee like would.
"And as shee came by the bankes,
the boughes eche one

* *He is said in the story-book to be the grandfather of Godfrey* 40 *of Boulogne, thro' whom I suppose the duke made out his relation to him. This Duke was beheaded, May* 17. 1521. 13 *Hen. VIII.*

"They lowted to that ladye,
and layd forth their branches;
"Blossomes, and burgens
breathed full sweete;
5 *"Flowers flourished in the frith,*
where shee forth stepped;
"And the grasse, that was gray,
greened belive."

Death is afterwards sketched out with a no less bold and
10 *original pencil.*

The other poem is that, which is quoted in the 27th page of this volume, and which was probably the last that was ever written in this kind of metre in its original simplicity unaccompanied with rhyme. It should have been observed
15 *above in pag. 27, that in this poem the lines are throughout divided into distichs, e. g.*

"Grant gracious God,
grant me this time &c.

It is intitled SCOTTISH FEILDE (*in* 2 FITTS, 420 *distichs,)*
20 *containing a very circumstantial narrative of the battle of Flodden, fought Sept. 9. 1513: at which the author seems to have been present from his speaking in the first person plural,*

"Then WE *tild downe* OUR *tents,*
25 *that told were a thousand."*

In the conclusion of the poem he gives this account of himself,

"He was a gentleman by Jesu,
that this gest made:
[*"Which* 267] *"Which say but as he sayd**
30 *for sooth and noe other.*
"At Bagily that bearne
his biding place had;
"And his ancestors of old time
have yearded theire longe,
35 *"Before William conquerour*
this cuntry did inhabitt.
"Jesus bring 'them†' to blisse,
that brought us forth of BALE,
"That hath hearkened me heare
40 *or heard my* TALE."

* *Probably corrupted for — 'says but as he saw.'* † *'us' MS.*

The village of Bagily or Baguleigh is in Cheshire, of which county the author appears to have been from other passages in the body of the poem, particularly from the pains he takes to wipe off a stain from the Cheshire-men, who it seems ran away in that battle, and from his encomiums on the Stanleys earls of Derby, who usually headed that county. He laments the death of James Stanley bishop of Ely, as what had recently happened when this poem was written: which serves to ascertain its date, for that prelate died March 22. 1514-5.

Thus have we traced the alliterative measure so low as the sixteenth century. It is remarkable that all such poets as used this kind of metre, retained along with it many peculiar Saxon idioms, particularly such as were appropriated to poetry: this deserves the attention of those, who are desirous to recover the laws of the ancient Saxon poesy, usually given up as inexplicable: I am of opinion that they will find what they seek in the metre of Pierce Plowman ‡.

About the beginning of the sixteenth century this kind of versification began to change its form; the author of SCOTTISH FIELD, *we see, concludes his poem with a couplet of rhymes; this was an innovation, that did but prepare the way for* [*the* **268**] *the general admission of that more modish ornament. When rhyme began to be superadded, all the niceties of alliteration were at first retained with it: the song of* LITTLE JOHN NOBODY *exhibits this union very clearly. It may also be traced, tho' not so perfectly, in an older poem by no means inelegant, intitled* A DYALOGUE [*between a falcon and pye*] DEFENSYVE FOR WOMEN AGAYNST MALICYOUS DETRACTOURES. *The author's name* ROBERT VAGHANE *is prefixed to a few epiloguizing sonnets at the end of the book, which thus concludes* ¶ Thus endeth the fawcon and the pye. Anno Dni. 1542. ¶ Imprynted by me Rob. Wyer for Richarde Bankes, &c. *If this dissertation were not already too prolix I could give some pleasing extracts from this poem.*

To proceed; the old uncouth verse of the ancient writers would no longer go down without the more fashionable ornament of rhyme, and therefore rhyme was superadded. This

‡ *And in that of Robert of Gloucester. See the next note.*

correspondence of final sounds engrossing the whole attention of the poet and fully satisfying the reader, the internal imbellishment of alliteration was no longer studied, and thus was this kind of metre at length swallowed up and lost in 5 *our common burlesque alexandrine*, now never used but in songs and pieces of low humour, as in the following ballad, and that wellknown doggrel,*

"A cobler there was, and he lived in a stall."

[*But* **269**] *But altho' this kind of measure hath with us* 10 *been thus degraded, it still retains among the French its ancient dignity: the French heroic verse is the same genuine offspring of the old alliterative metre of the ancient Gothic and Francic poets, stript like our doggrell of its alliteration and fettered with rhyme. But, less restrained than ours,* 15 *it still exercises its ancient power of augmenting and contracting the number of its syllables, its harmony wholly depending on the disposal of the pause, and adjustment of the cadence. It is remarkable that while the heroic verse of the English, Italian, and Spanish poets is invariably limited to* 20 *ten syllables*, that of the French, a loose rambling kind of measure, is confined to no certain number, but admits of such variety that a verse of eleven syllables shall not unfrequently be coupled to another of fourteen. This freedom better fits it for the loose numbers of stage, than for the more stately* 25 *measure of Epic poetry. The Visions of Pierce Plowman and other pieces in the alliterative metre, exhibit the same*

* *What is here called the burlesque alexandrine (to distinguish it from the other alexandrines of* 12 *and* 14 *syllables, the parents of our lyric measure: see examples p.* 152. *&c.) was early applied* 30 *by Robert of Gloucester to serious subjects. That writer's metre, like this of Langland's, is formed on the Saxon models, (each verse of his containing a Saxon distich) only instead of the internal alliterations adopted by Langland, he rather chose final rhymes, as the French poets have done since. Take a specimen,*

35 *"The Saxons tho in ther power, tho thii were so rive,*
"Seve kingdoms made in Engelonde, and suthe but vive:
"The king of Northomberlond, and of Eastangle also,
"Of Kent, and of Westsex, and of the March therto."

* *Or eleven, when terminated with a double rhyme. I believe* 40 *both the Spanish and English poets borrowed their heroic verse of ten syllables from the Italian, or perhaps Provençal Bards.*

variety, with a cadence so exactly resembling the heroic measure of the French poets, that no peculiarity of their versification can be produced, which cannot be exactly matched in the alliterative metre. Take a few instances both in single and double rhymes, confronted with part of the description 5
of DEATH, *in the old allegorical poem abovementioned. In these I shall denote the pause by a perpendicular line, and the cadence by the marks of the Latin prosody* †.

[270] Lĕ sŭccēs fŭt toŭjoūrs | ŭn ĕnfānt dĕ l'ăudāce:
L' hŏmme prūdĕnt vōit trōp | l'ĭllūsĭon lĕ sūit, 10
L' ĭntrĕpĭde vōit mīeux | ĕt lĕ făntŏme fūit.
Catalina act 3.

"Shĕ wăs nāk't ăs mȳ nāil | bŏth ăbōve ănd bĕlōw:
"Hĕr chēeks wĕre lānk, leāne, | hĕr lĭppes wĕre fŭll sīde,
"ănd hēr lĭre lĭke leād | thăt wăs lātelȳ bēat." 15
Mĕme aŭx yeūx dĕ l'ĭnjūste | ŭn ĭnjūste ĕst hŏrrĭblĕ.
Boileau Sat.

"Wĭth ă mārvĕloŭs mōuth | thăt wăs fŭll ŏf lŏng tŭshĕs."
Dŭ mĕnsŏnge toŭjoūrs | lĕ vrāi dĕmēure māitrĕ:
Poŭr pārōitrĕ hŏnnĕte hōmme | ĕn ŭn mōt, ĭl făut l' ētrĕ." 20
Boil. Sat. II.

"And . . . thĕ fōulĕst frĕake | thăt fōrmĕd wăs ĕvĕr,
"Shĕe wăs wōndĕr lŏng ănd lēane | ănd ăll lōdlyĕ tŏ sēe tŏ."

To conclude; the metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions has no kind of relation with what is commonly called blank verse, 25 *yet has it a sort of harmony of its own, proceeding not so much from its alliteration, as from the artful disposal of its cadence, and the contrivance of its pause. So that when the ear is a little accustomed to it, it is by no means unpleasing, but claims all the merit of the French heroic numbers, only* 30 *somewhat less polished; being sweetened, instead of their final rhymes, with the internal recurrence of similar sounds.*

AS I walked of late by an wood side,
To God for to meditate was mine entent;
Where under an hawthorne I suddenly spyed 35
A silly poore creature ragged and rent,
5 With bloody teares his face was besprent,

† *The French verse properly consists of four Anapests* [⏑⏑–] *tho' to vary the cadence they are often intermingled with Spondees, Iambics, Trochees, &c.* 40

His fleshe and his color consumed away,
And his garments they were all mire, mucke, and clay.

This made me muse, and much 'to' desire
To know what kind of man hee shold bee;
5 [I stept 271] I stept to him straight, and did him require 10
His name and his secrets to shew unto mee.
His head he cast up, and woeful was hee,
My name, quoth he, is the cause of my care,
And makes me scorned, and left here so bare.

10 Then straightway he turnd him, and prayd me sit downe,
And I will, saith he, declare my whole greefe; 16
My name is called, Conscience: — wheratt he did frowne,
He repined to repeate it, and grinded his teethe,
'Thoughe now, silly wretche, I'm denyed all releefe,'
15 'Yet' while I was young, and tender of yeeres, 20
I was entertained with kinges, and with peeres.

There was none in the court that lived in such fame,
For with the kinges councell I sate in commission;
Dukes, earles, and barons esteem'd of my name;
20 And how that I liv'd there, needs no repetition: 25
I was ever holden in honest condition,
For how-e'er the lawes went in Westminster-hall,
When sentence was given, for me they wold call.

No incomes at all the landlords wold take,
25 But one pore peny, that was their fine; 30
And that they acknowledged to be for my sake.
The poore wold doe nothing without councell mine:
I ruled the world with the right line:
For nothing ere passed betweene foe and friend,
30 But Conscience was called to be at the end. 35

[Noe 272] Noe bargaine, nor merchandize merchants wold [make
But I was called a witnesse therto:
No use for noe money, nor forfett wold take,
But I wold controule them, if that they did soe:
35 And that makes me live now in great woe, 40
For then came in Pride, Sathan's disciple,
That is now entertained with all kind of people.

He brought with him three, whose names 'thus they call'
That is Covetousnes, Lecherye, Usury, beside:
45 They never prevail'd, till they wrought my downe-fall;
Soe Pride was entertained, but Conscience decried,
And 'now ever since' abroad have I tryed 5
To have had entertainment with some one or other;
But I am rejected, and scorned of my brother.

50 Then went I to Court the gallants to winne,
But the porter kept me out of the gate:
To Bartle'mew spittle to pray for my sinne, 10
They bade me goe packe, itt was fit for my state;
Goe, goe, thread-bare Conscience, and seeke thee a mate.
55 Good Lord, long preserve my king, prince, and queene,
With whom I ever esteemed have been.

Then went I to London, where once I did dwell: 15
But they bade away with me, when they knew my name;
For he will undoe us to bye and to sell!
60 They bade me goe packe me, and hye me for shame;
2 They laught at my raggs, and there had good game;
[This 273] This is old thread-bare Conscience, that dwelt with saint Peter; 20
But they wold not admitt me to be a chimney sweeper.

Not one wold receive me, the Lord he doth know;
65 I having but one poore pennye in my purse,
On an awle and some patches I did it bestow; 25
For I thought better cobble shoes than to doe worse:
Straight then all the coblers began for to curse,
And by statute wold prove me a rogue, and forlorne,
70 And whipp me out of towne to seeke where I was borne.

Then did I remember, and call to my minde, 30
The Court of Conscience where once I did sit,
Not doubting but there I favor shold find,
Sith my name and the place agreed soe fit;
75 But sure of my purpose I fayled a whit,
For 'thoughe' the judge usd my name in every commission, 35
The lawyers with their quillets wold get my dismission.

Then Westminster-hall was no place for me;
Good lord! how the Lawyers began to assemble,
And fearfull they were, lest there I shold bee! 80
The silly poore clarkes began for to tremble;
5 I showed them my cause, and did not dissemble;
Soe they gave me some money my charges to beare,
But swore me on a booke I must never come there.

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[Next 274] Next the Merchants said, Counterfeite, get thee [away, 85
Dost thou remember how we thee fond?
10 We banisht thee the country beyond the salt sea,
And sett thee on shore in the New-found land,
And there thou and wee most friendly shook hand,
And we were right glad when thou didst refuse us; 90
For when we wold reape thou woldst accuse us;

15 Then had I noe way, but for to go on
To Gentlemens houses of an ancyent name;
Declaring my greeffes, and there I made moane,
Telling how their forefathers had held me in fame; 95
And at letting their farmes how always I came.
20 They sayd, Fye upon thee! we may thee curse:
Theire leases continue, and we fare the worse.

And then I was forced a begging to goe
To husbandmens houses, who greeved right sore, 100
And sware that their landlords had plagued them soe,
25 That they were not able to keepe open dore,
Nor nothing had left to give to the poore:
Therfore to this wood I doe me repayre,
Where hepps and hawes, it is my best fare. 105

Yet within this same desert some comfort I have
30 Of Mercye, of Pittye, and of Almes-deeds;
Who have vowed to company me to my grave.
We are all put to silence, and live upon weeds,
And hence such cold house-keeping proceeds: 110
[Our 275] Our banishment is its utter decay,
35 The which the riche glutton will answer one day.

Why then, I said to him, me-thinks it were best
To goe to the Clergie; for daylie they preach

115 Eche man to love you above all the rest;
Of Mercye and Pittye and Almes-deeds they teache.
O, said he, noe matter a pin what they preache,
For their wives and their children soe hange them upon,
That whosoever gives almes they can give none. 5

120 Then laid he him downe, and turned him away,
And prayd me to goe, and leave him to rest.
I told him, I haplie might yet see the day
For him and his fellowes to live on the best.
First, said he, banishe Pride, then England were blest, 10
125 For then those wold love us, that now sell their land,
And then good house-keeping wold revive out of hand.

II.

PLAIN TRUTH, AND BLIND IGNORANCE.

This excellent old ballad is preserved in the little ancient 15
miscellany intitled, "The Garland of Goodwill." — Ignorance
is here made to speak in the broad Somersetshire dialect.
82 *The scene we may suppose to be Glastonbury Abbey.*

[Truth. 276] Truth.

GOD speed you, ancient father, 20
And give you a good daye;
What is the cause, I praye you,
So sadly here you staye?
5 And that you keep such gazing
On this decayed place, 25
The which for superstition,
Good princes down did raze?

Ignorance.

Chill tell thee, by my vazen,
10 That zometimes che have knowne 30
A vair and goodly abbey
Stand here of bricke and stone,
And many a holy vrier,
As ich may say to thee,
15 Within these goodly cloysters 35
Che did full often zee.

TRUTH.

Then I must tell thee, father,
In truthe and veritiè,
A sort of greater hypocrites
5 Thou couldst not likely see; 20
Deceiving of the simple
With false and feigned lies:
But such an order truly
Christ never did devise.

10 [IGNORANCE. 277] IGNORANCE.

Ah! ah! che zmell thee now, man; 25
Che know well what thou art;
A vellow of mean learning,
Che (*l.* Thee *corr.*) was not worth a vart:
15 Vor when we had the old lawe,
A merry world was then; 30
And every thing was plenty
Among all zorts of men.

TRUTH.

20 Thou givest me an answer,
As did the Jewes sometimes
Unto the prophet Jeremye, 35
When he accus'd their crimes:
'Twas merry, sayd the people,
25 And joyfull in our rea'me,
When we did offer spice-cakes
Unto the queen of heav'n. 40

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee what, good vellowe,
30 Before the vriers went hence,
A bushell of the best wheate
Was zold vor vourteen pence,
And vorty egges a penny, 45
That were both good and newe;
35 And this che zay my zelf have zeene,
And yet ich am no Jewe. S 2

[TRUTH. 278] TRUTH.

Within the sacred bible
We find it written plaine, 50

The latter days should troublesome
  And dangerous be, certaine;
That we should be self-lovers,
  And charity wax colde;
55 Then 'tis not true religion 5
  That makes thee grief to holde.

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee my opinion plaine,
  And choul that well ye knewe,
Ich care not for the bible booke; 10
60 Tis too big to be true.
Our blessed ladyes psalter
  Zhall for my money goe,
Zuch pretty prayers, as there bee,
  The bible cannot zhowe. 15

TRUTH.

65 Nowe hast thou spoken trulye,
  For in that book indeede
No mention of our lady,
  Or Romish saint we read: 20
For by the blessed Spirit
70 That book indited was,
And not by simple persons,
3 As was the foolish masse.

[IGNORANCE. 279] IGNORANCE. 25

Cham zure they were not voolishe
  That made the masse, che trowe:
75 Why, man, 'tis all in Latine,
  And vools not (*l.* no ***corr.***) Latine knowe.
Were not our fathers wise men, 30
  And they did like it well,
Who very much rejoyced
80 To heare the zacring bell?

TRUTH.

But many kinges and prophets, 35
  As I may say to thee,
Have wisht the light that you have,
  And could it never see;

For what art thou the better 85
A Latin song to heare,
And understandest nothing,
That they sing in the quiere. (*l.* ?)

5 IGNORANCE.

O hold thy peace, che pray thee,
The noise was passing trim 90
To heare the vriers zinging,
As we did enter in:
10 And then to zee the rood loft
Zo bravely zet with zaints; —
But now to zee them wandring 95
My heart with zorrow vaints.

[TRUTH. 280] TRUTH.

15 The Lord did give commandment,
No image thou shouldst make,
Nor that unto idolatry
You should your self betake: 100
The golden calf of Israel
20 Moses did therefore spoile;
And Baal's priests and temple
Were brought to utter foile.

IGNORANCE.

But our lady of Walsinghame 105
25 Was a pure and holy zaint,
And many men in pilgrimage
Did shew to her complaint;
Yea with zweet Thomas Becket,
And many other moe; 110
30 The holy maid of Kent* likewise
Did many wonders zhowe.

TRUTH.

Such saints are well agreeing
To your profession sure;
35 And to the men that made them, 115
So precious and so pure;

* *By name Eliz. Barton, executed Ap.* 21. 1534. *Stow, p.* 570.

The one for being a traytoure,
Met an untimely death;
The other eke for treason
120 Did end her hateful breath.

[Ignorance. 281] Ignorance. 5

Yea, yea, it is no matter,
Dispraise them how you wille:
But zure they did much goodnesse;
Would they were with us stille!
125 We had our holy water, 10
And holy bread likewise,
And many holy reliques
We zaw before our eyes.

Truth.

And all this while they fed you 15
130 With vain and emptye showe,
Which never Christ commanded,
As learned doctors knowe:
Search then the holy scriptures,
And thou shalt plainly see 20
135 That headlong to damnation
They alway trained thee.

Ignorance.

If it be true, good vellowe,
As thou dost zay to mee, 25
Unto my heavenly fader
140 Alone then will I flee:
Believing in the Gospel,
And passion of his zon,
And with the zubtil papistes 30
Ich have for ever done.

[III. The 282] III.

THE WANDERING JEW.

The story of the Wandering Jew is of considerable antiquity: it had obtained full credit in this part of the world 35 *before the year* 1228, *as we learn from Mat. Paris. For*

in that year, it seems, there came an Armenian archbishop into England, to visit the shrines and reliques preserved in our churches; who being entertained at the monastery of St. Albans, was asked several questions relating to his
5 *country, &c. Among the rest a monk, who sate near him, inquired "if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person "named Joseph, that was so much talked of, who was present "at our Lord's crucifixion and conversed with him, and who "was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith." The*
10 *archbishop answered, That the fact was true. And afterwards one of his train, who was well known to a servant of the abbot's, interpreting his master's words, told them in French, that his lord knew the person they spoke of very well: that he had dined at his table but a little while before*
15 *he left the East: that he had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Cartaphilus; who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the Judgment hall, struck him with his fist on the back, saying, "Go faster, Jesus, go faster; why dost thou linger?" Upon which Jesus looked at him with a*
20 *frown and said, "I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come." Soon* [*after* **283**] *after he was converted, and baptized by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever, but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurable illness, and at length into a fit or extasy, out of which when he*
25 *recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about* 30 *years of age. He remembers all the circumstances of the death and resurrection of Christ, the saints that arose with him, the composing of the apostles creed, their preaching, and dispersion; and is*
30 *himself a very grave and holy person. This is the substance of Matthew Paris's account, who was himself a monk of St. Albans, and was living at the time when this Armenian archbishop made the above relation.*

Since his time several impostors have appeared at inter-
35 *vals under the name and character of the* WANDERING JEW; *whose several histories may be seen in Calmet's dictionary of the bible. See also the Turkish Spy, Vol.* 2. *Book* 3. *Let.* 1. *The story that is copied in the following ballad is of one, who appeared at Hamburgh in* 1547, *and pretended he had*
40 *been a Jewish shoemaker at the time of Christ's crucifixion.*

— The ballad however seems to be of later date. It is printed from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection.

WHEN as in faire Jerusalem
  Our Saviour Christ did live,
And for the sins of all the worlde 5
  His own deare life did give;
5 The wicked Jewes with scoffes and scornes
  Did dailye him molest,
That never till he left his life,
  Our Saviour could not rest. 10

[When 284] When they had crown'd his head with thornes,
10 And scourg'd him to disgrace,
In scornfull sort they led him forthe
  Unto his dying place;
Where thousand thousands in the streete 15
  Beheld him passe along,
15 Yet not one gentle heart was there,
  That pityed this his wrong.

Both old and young reviled him,
  As in the streete he wente, 20
And nothing found but churlish tauntes,
20 By every ones consente:
His owne deare crosse he bore himselfe,
  A burthen far too great,
Which made him in the street to fainte, 25
  With blood and water sweat.

25 Being wearye thus, he sought for rest,
  To ease his burthened soule,
Upon a stone; the which a wretch
  Did churlishly controul; 30
And sayd, Awaye, thou king of Jewes,
30 Thou shalt not rest thee here:
Pass on; thy execution place
  Thou seest nowe draweth neare.

[And 285] And thereupon he thrust him thence; 35
  At which our Saviour sayd,
35 I sure will rest, but thou shalt walke,
  And have no journey stayed.

With that this cursed shoemaker,
For offering Christ this wrong,
Left wife and children, house and all,
And went from thence along. 40

5 Where after he had seene the bloude
Of Jesus Christ thus shed,
And to the crosse his bodye nail'd,
Awaye with speed he fled
Without returning backe againe 45
10 Unto his dwelling place,
And wandred up and downe the worlde,
A runnagate most base.

No resting could he finde at all,
No ease, nor hearts content; 50
15 No house, no home, no biding place:
But wandring forth he went
From towne to towne in foreigne landes,
With grieved conscience still,
Repenting for the heinous guilt 55
20 Of his fore-passed ill.

[Thus 286] Thus after some fewe ages past
In wandring up and downe,
He much again desired to see
Jerusalems renowne, 60
25 But finding it all quite destroyd,
He wandred thence with woe,
Our Saviours wordes, which he had spoke,
To verifie and showe.

I'll rest, sayd hee, but thou shalt walke, 65
30 So doth this wandring Jewe
From place to place, but cannot rest
For seeing countries newe;
Declaring still the power of him,
Whereas he comes or goes, 70
35 And of all things done in the east,
Since Christ his death, he showes.

The world he hath still compast round
And seene those nations strange,

75 That hearing of the name of Christ,
Their idol gods doe change:
To whom he hath told wondrous thinges
Of time forepast, and gone,
And to the princes of the worlde 5
80 Declares his cause of moane:

[Desiring 287] Desiring still to be dissolv'd,
And yeild his mortal breath;
But, if the Lord hath thus decreed,
He shall not yet see death. 10
85 For neither lookes he old nor young,
But as he did those times,
When Christ did suffer on the crosse
For mortall sinners crimes.

H' hath past through many a foreigne place, 15
90 Arabia, Egypt, Africa,
Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace,
And throughout all Hungaria:
Where Paul and Peter preached Christ,
Those blest apostles deare; 20
95 There he hath told our Saviours wordes,
In countries far, and neare.

And lately in Bohemia,
With many a German towne;
And now in Flanders, as tis thought, 25
100 He wandreth up and downe:
Where learned men with him conferre
Of those his lingering dayes,
And wonder much to heare him tell
His journeyes, and his wayes. 30

105 [If 288] If people give this Jew an almes,
The most that he will take
Is not above a groat a time;
Which he, for Jesus' sake,
Will kindlye give unto the poore, 35
110 And thereof make no spare,
Affirming still that Jesus Christ
Of him hath dailye care.

He ne'er was seene to laughe nor smile,
  But weepe and make great moane;
Lamenting still his miseries, 115
  And dayes forepast and gone:
5 If he heare any one blaspheme,
  Or take God's name in vaine,
He telles them that they crucifie
  Their Saviour Christ againe. 120

If you had seene his death, saith he,
10 As these mine eyes have done,
Then thousand thousand times would yee
  His torments think upon:
And suffer for his sake all paine 125
  Of torments, and all woes.
15 These are his wordes and eke his life
  Whereas he comes or goes.

[IV. THE 289] IV.

THE LYE,

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

20 — *is found in a very scarce miscellany intitled "Davison's "Poems, or a poeticall Rapsodie devided into sixe bookes..... "The 4th impression newly corrected and augmented, and put "into a forme more pleasing to the reader. Lond.* 1621. "12*mo.*" *This poem is reported to have been written by its* 25 *celebrated author the night before his execution, Oct.* 29. 1618. *But this must be a mistake, for there were at least two editions of Davison's poems before that time, one in* 1608*: *the other in* 1611†. *So that unless this poem was an after-insertion in the 4th edit. it must have been written* 30 *long before the death of Sir Walter: perhaps it was composed soon after his condemnation in* 1603.

GOE, soule, the bodies guest,
  Upon a thankelesse arrant;
Feare not to touch the best,
35 The truth shall be thy warrant:

* *Catalog. of T. Rawlinson.* 17 . . (*l.* 1727 *corr.*).

† *Cat. of Sion coll. library. This is either lost or mislaid.*

'OL. 5 Goe, since I needs must dye,
I. T And give the world the lye.

[Goe 290] Goe tell the court, it glowes
And shines like rotten wood;
Goe tell the church it showes 5
10 What's good, and doth no good:
If church, and court reply,
Then give them both the lye.

Till (*l.* Tell ***corr.***) potentates they live
Acting by others actions, 10
15 Not lov'd unlesse they give,
Not strong but by their factions:
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition, 15
20 That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practise 'onely hate;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lye. 20

25 Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending;
And if they make reply, 25
30 Spare not to give the lye.

[Tell 291] Tell zeale, it lacks devotion;
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time, it is but motion;
Tell flesh, it is but dust; 30
35 And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lye.

Tell age, it daily wasteth;
Tell honour, how it alters;
Tell beauty, how she blasteth; 35
40 Tell favour, how she falters;
And as they shall reply,
Give each of them the lye.

Tell wit, how much it wrangles
  In tickle points of nicenesse;
Tell wisedome, she entangles 45
  Herselfe in over-wisenesse;
5 And if they do reply,
    Straight give them both the lye.

Tell physicke of her boldnesse;
  Tell skill, it is pretension; 50
Tell charity of coldness;
10 Tell law, it is contention;
    And as they yield reply,
    So give them still the lye. T 2

[Tell 292] Tell fortune of her blindnesse; 55
  Tell nature of decay;
15 Tell friendship of unkindnesse;
  Tell justice of delay:
    And if they dare reply,
    Then give them all the lye. 60

Tell arts, they have no soundnesse,
20 But vary by esteeming;
Tell schooles, they want profoundnesse,
  And stand too much on seeming:
    If arts, and schooles reply, 65
    Give arts, and schooles the lye.

25 Tell faith, it's fled the citie;
  Tell how the countrey erreth;
Tell, manhood shakes off pitie;
  Tell, vertue least preferreth: 70
    And, if they doe reply,
30 Spare not to give the lye.

So, when thou hast, as I
  Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lye 75
  Deserves no less than stabbing,
35 Yet stab at thee, who will,
    No stab the soule can kill.

[LORD 293] V.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

— seems to be composed (not without improvements) out of two ancient English ones, printed in the former (l. following corr.) volume. See book I. ballad XIV. and book II. ballad IV. — If this had been the original, the authors of those two ballads would hardly have adopted two such different stories: besides this contains enlargements not to be found in either of the others. It is given with some corrections, from a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland. 5 10

LORD Thomas and fair Annet
Sate a' day on a hill;
Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,
They had not talkt their fill. 15

5 Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
Fair Annet took it ill:
A'! I will nevir wed a wife
Against my ain friends will.

[Gif 294] Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife, 20
10 A wife wull neir wed yee.
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee:

O rede, O rede, mither, he says,
A gude rede gie to mee: 25
15 O sall I tak the nut-browne bride,
And let faire Annet bee?

The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,
Fair Annet she has gat nane;
And the little beauty fair Annet haes, 30
20 O it wull soon be gane!

And he has till his brother gane:
Now brother rede ye mee;
A' sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let fair Annet bee? 35

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother, 25
The nut-browne bride has kye;
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
And cast fair Annet bye.

5 Her oxen may dye i' the house, Billie,
And her kye into the byre; 30
And I sall hae nothing to my sell,
Bot a fat fadge by the fyre. 3

[And 295] And he has till his sister gane:
10 Now sister rede ye mee;
O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride, 35
And set fair Annet free?

Ise rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the browne bride alane;
15 Lest ye sould sigh and say, Alace!
What is this we brought hame? 40

No, I will tak my mithers counsel,
And marrie me owt o' hand;
And I will tak the nut-browne bride;
20 Fair Annet may leive the land.

Up then rose fair Annets father 45
Twa hours or it wer day,
And he is gane into the bower,
Wherein fair Annet lay.

25 Rise up, rise up, fair Annet, he says,
Put on your sicken (*l.* silken *corr.*) sheene; 50
Let us gae to St. Maries kirke
And see that rich weddeen.

My maides, gae to my dressing roome,
30 And dress to me my hair;
Whair-eir yee laid a plait before, 55
See yee lay ten times mair. T 4

[My 296] My maids, gae to my dressing room,
And dress to me my smock;
35 The one half is o' the holland fine,
The other o' needle-work. 60

The horse fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind,
Wi' siller he was shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

65 Four and twanty siller bells 5
Wer a' tyed till his mane,
And yae tift o' the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twanty gay gude knichts
70 Rade by fair Annets side, 10
And four and twanty fair ladies,
As gin she had bin a bride.

And whan she cam to Maries kirk,
She sat on Maries stean;
75 The cleading that fair Annet had on 15
It skinkled in their een.

And whan she cam into the kirk,
She shimmer'd like the sun,
The belt that was about her waist,
80 Was a' wi' pearles bedone. 20

[She 297] She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
And her een they wer sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
Whan fair Annet drew near.

85 He had a rose into his hand, 25
He gae it kisses three,
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on fair Annets knee.

Up than spak the nut-browne bride,
90 She spak wi' meikle spite; 30
And whair gat ye that rose-water,
That does mak yee sae white?

O I did get the rose-water,
Whair ye wull neir get nane,
95 For I did get that very rose-water 35
Into my mithers wame.

The bride she drew a long bodkin,
Frae out her gay head gear,
And strake fair Annet unto the heart,
That word spak nevir mair. 100

5 Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wex pale,
And marvelit what mote bee:
But whan he saw her dear hearts blude,
A' wood-wroth wexed hee. 2

[He 298] He drew his dagger, that was sae sharp, 105
10 That was sae sharp and meet,
And drave it into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

Now stay for me, dear Annet, he sed,
Now stay, my dear, he cry'd; 110
15 Than strake the dagger untill his heart,
And fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa',
Fair Annet within the quiere;
And o' the tane thair grew a birk, 115
20 The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad faine be neare;
And by this ye may ken right weil,
They were twa luvers deare. 120

25 VI.

CORYDON's DOLEFUL KNELL.

This little simple elegy is given, with some corrections, from two copies, one of which is in "The golden garland of "princely delights."

30 [*The* 296 *l.* 299] *The burthen of the song,* Ding dong, *&c. is at present appropriated to burlesque subjects, and therefore may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader; but in the time of our poet it usually accompanied the most solemn and mournful strains. Of this kind is that fine aerial Dirge*
35 *in Shakespear's Tempest,*

"Full fadom five thy father lies,
"Of his bones are corrall made;
"Those are pearles that were his eyes;
"Nothing of him, that doth fade,
"But doth suffer a sea-change 5
"Into something rich and strange:
"Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,
"Harke now I heare them, Ding dong bell."
["Burthen, Ding dong."]

I make no doubt but the poet intended to conclude this air 10 *in a manner the most solemn and expressive of melancholy.*

MY Phillida, adieu love!
For evermore farewel!
Ay me! I've lost my true love,
And thus I ring her knell, 15
5 Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My Phillida is dead!
I'll stick a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

[For **300**] For my fair Phillida 20
10 Our bridal bed was made:
But 'stead of silkes so gay,
She in her shroud is laid.
Ding, &c.

Her corpse shall be attended 25
By maides in fair array,
15 Till th' obsequies are ended,
And she is wrapt in clay.
Ding, &c.

Her herse it shall be carried 30
By youths, that do excell:
And when that she is buried
20 I thus will ring her knell,
Ding, &c.

A garland shall be framed 35
By art and natures skill,
Of sundry-colour'd flowers,
In token of good-will:
Ding, &c.

And sundry-colour'd ribbands 25
On it I will bestow;
But chiefly black and yellowe*
With her to grave shall go.
5 Ding, &c.

[301] I'll decke her tomb with flowers,
The rarest ever seen, 30
And with my tears, as showers,
I'll keepe them fresh and green.
10 Ding, &c.

Instead of fairest colours,
Set forth with curious art,
Her image shall be painted 35
On my distressed heart.
15 Ding, &c.

'And thereon shall be graven,
Her epitaph so faire,
"Here lies the loveliest maiden,
"That e'er gave shepheard care.' 40
20 Ding, &c.

In sable will I mourne;
Blacke shall be all my weede,
Ay me! I am forlorne,
Now Phillida is dead.
25 Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, 45
My Phillida is dead!
I'll stick a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

[*Vgl. hiezu* ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS *in Vol. III. p.* 341.]

30 [VII. K. 302] VII.

K. JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

The common popular ballad of King John and the Abbot *seems to have been abridged and modernized about the time of James I. from one much older, intitled,* "King
35 "John and the Bishop of Canterbury." *The Editor's*

* *See above, pag.* 175.

folio MS. contains a copy of this last, but in too corrupt a state to be reprinted; it however afforded many lines worth revising (l. reviving corr.*), which will be found inserted in the ensuing stanzas.*

The archness of the following questions and answers hath been much admired by our old ballad-makers: for besides the two copies abovementioned, there is extant another ballad on the same subject, (but of no great antiquity or merit) intitled, "King Olfrey and the Abbot." *Lastly, about the time of the civil wars, when the cry ran against the bishops, some Puritan worked up the same story into a very doleful ditty, to a solemn tune, concerning* "King Henry and a Bishop," *with this stinging moral,* 5 10

"Unlearned men hard matters out can find,
"When learned bishops princes eyes do blind." 15

The following is chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy, "To the tune of Derry down."

AN ancient story Ile tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called king John;
And he ruled England with maine and with might, 20
For he did great wrong, and maintein'd little right.

5 [And **303**] And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrye,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbùrye;
How for his house-keeping, and high renowne,
They rode poste for him to fair London towne. 25

An hundred men, the king did heare say,
10 The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee, 30
Thou keepest a farre better house than mee,
15 And for thy house-keeping and high renowne,
I feare thou work'st treason against my crowne.

My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it were knowne,
I never spend nothing, but what is my owne; 35
And I trust, your grace will doe me no deere,
20 For spending of my owne true-gotten geere.

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
And now for the same thou needest must dye,
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

5 And first, quo' the king, when I'm in this stead, 25
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

[Secondlye, **304**] Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
10 How soone I may ride the whole world about; 30
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
Nor I cannot answer your grace, as yet;
15 But if you will give me but three weekes space, 35
Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace.

Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
20 Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee. 40

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

25 Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold, 45
And he mett his shepheard a going to fold:
How now, my lord abbot, you 're welcome home;
What newes do you bring us from good king John?

Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must give;
30 That I have but three days more to live: 50
For if I do not answere him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

[The **305**] The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,
35 Among all his liege-men so noble of birth, 55
To within one penny of what he is worthe.

The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soone he may ride this whole world about:
And at the thirde question I must not shrinke,
60 But tell him there truly what he does thinke.

Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet, 5
That a fool may learn a wise man witt?
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answere your quarrel.

65 Nay frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee,
I am like your lordship, as ever may bee: 10
And if you will but lend me your gowne,
There is none shall knowe us at fair London towne.

Now horses, and serving-men thou shalt have,
70 With sumptuous array most gallant and brave;
With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope, 15
Fit to appeare 'fore our fader the pope.

Now welcome, sire abbot, the king did say,
Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day;
75 For an if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee. 20

[And **306**] And first, when thou seest me here in this
With my crown of golde so fair on my head, [stead,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
80 Tell me to one penny what I am worth.

For thirty pence our Saviour was sold 25
Amonge the false Jewes, as I have bin told;
And twenty nine is the worth of thee,
For I thinke, thou art one penny worser than hee.

85 The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel*,
I did not think I had been worth so littel! 30
—Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride this whole world about.

You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
90 Until the next morning he riseth againe;
And then your grace need not make any doubt, 35
But in twenty four hours you'll ride it about.

* *Meaning probably St. Botolph.*

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
I did not think, it could be gone so soone!
—Now from the third question thou must not shrinke, 95
But tell me here truly what I do thinke.

5 Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry:
You thinke I'm the abbot of Canterbury;
[But 307] But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee. 100

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse,
10 Ile make thee lord abbot this daye in his place!
Now naye, my liege, be not in such speede,
For alacke I can neither write, ne reade.

Four nobles a weeke, then I will give thee, 105
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto mee;
15 And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good king John.

***

VIII.

VERSES BY K. JAMES I.

As in the former book we gave two sonnets of Q. Elisabeth,
20 *we were willing to afford the reader a short specimen of the poetical talents of her successor James I. and we the rather selected this, as it shows his majesty's dexterity at punning, and is mentioned in no catalogue of his works. It properly consists of long alexandrines, and is preserved in "A choice*
25 *collection of Scots poems,"* 8vo. *part II. Edinburgh,* 1709. *"K. James (says the editor of that book) having returned to "Sterling the* 18*th of July,* 1617, *on the morrow deigned with "his presence some philosophick disputations; and gave the "following characters of the performers."*

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30 [AS 308] AS Adam was the first of men,
whence all beginning takt:
So Adamson was president,
and first man in this act.
The theses Fairlie did defend, 5
35 which, though they lies contein,

Yet were fair lies, and he the same
right fairlie did maintein.
The feild first entred Master Sands,
10 and there he made me see,
That not all sands are barren sands, 5
but that some fertile bee.
Then Master Young most subtilie,
the theses did impugne,
15 And kythed old in Aristotle,
althogh his name be Young. 10
To him succeeded Master Reid,
who, though Reid be his name,
Neids neither for his dispute bluss
20 nor of his speech think shame.
Last entred Master King the lists, 15
and disput like a king,
How reason reigning, as a queene,
shuld anger under-bring.
25 To their deserved praise have I
thus playd upon their names, 20
And wil's their colledge hence be cal'd
the colledge of king James.

[IX. THE 309] IX.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

It is owing to an oversight that this old ballad is not placed higher in the volume. It is given from a copy in the editor's folio MS; some breaches and defects in which, rendered the insertion of a few supplemental stanzas necessary. These it is hoped the reader will pardon. 25

From the Scottish phrases here and there discernable in this poem, it should seem to have been originally composed beyond the Tweed. 30

The Heir of Linne seems not to have been a Lord of Parliament, but a Laird, *whose title went along with his estate.* 35

Part the First.

LITHE and listen, gentlemen,
To sing a song I will beginne:

It is of a lord of faire Scotlànd,
Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord, 5
His mother a lady of high degree;
5 But they, alas! were dead, him froe,
And he lov'd keeping companìe.

[To 310] To spend the daye with merry cheare,
To drinke and revell every night, 10
To card and dice from eve to morne,
10 It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
To alwaye spend and never spare,
I wott, an' it were, the king himselfe, 15
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

15 Soe fares the unthrifty lord of Linne
Till all his gold is gone and spent;
And he mun sell his landes so broad,
His house, and landes, and all his rent. 20

His father had a keen stewàrde,
20 And John o' the Scales was called hee:
But John is become a gentel-man,
And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes, Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne, 25
Let nought disturb thy merry cheere,
25 Iff thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad,
Good store of gold Ile give thee heere.

My gold is gone, my money is spent;
My lande nowe take it unto thee, 30
Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
30 And thine for aye my lande shall bee.

[Then 311] Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he gave him a gods-pennìe*;
But for every pounde that John agreed, 35
The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

35 * *i. e. earnest-money: from the French Denier à Dieu.*

He told him the gold upon the board,
He was right glad his land to winne:
The land is mine, the gold is thine,
40 And now Ile be the lord of Linne.

Thus he hath sold his land soe broad, 5
Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
All but a poore and lonesome lodge,
That stood farr off in a lonely glenne.

45 For soe he to his father hight:
My sonne when I am gonne, sayd hee, 10
Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free.

But sweare me nowe upon the roode,
50 That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee, 15
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.

The heire of Linne is full of golde:
And come with me, my friends, sayd hee,
OL. 55 Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,
r 4 And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee. 20

[They 312] They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thinne;
And then his friendes they slunk away;
60 They left the unthrifty heire of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse, 25
Never a penny left but three,
And tone was brass, and the tone was lead,
And tother it was white monèy.

65 Nowe well-away, sayd the heire of Linne,
Nowe well-away, and woe is mee, 30
For when I was the lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold or fee.

But many a trustie friend have I,
70 And why shold I feel dole or care?
Ile borrow of them all by turnes, 35
Soe need I not be never bare.

But one, I wis, was not at home,
  Another had payd his gold away;
Another call'd him thriftless loone, 75
  And bade him sharpely wend his way.

5 Now well-away, sayd the heire of Linne,
  Now well-away, and woe is me!
For when I had my landes so broad,
  On me they liv'd right merrilee. 80

[To 313] To beg my bread from door to door
10 I wis, it were a brenning shame:
To rob and steal it were a sinne:
  To worke my limbs I cannot frame.

Now Ile away to lonesome lodge, 85
  For there my father bade me wend;
15 When all the world should frown on mee,
  I there shold find a trusty friend.

PART THE SECOND.

AWAY then hyed the heire of Linne
  O'er hill and holt, and moor and fenne,
20 Untill he came to lonesome lodge,
  That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe, 5
  In hope some comfort for to winne,
But bare and lothly were the walles:
25 Here's sorry cheare, quo' the heire of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke
  Was hung with ivy, brere and yewe; 10
No shimmering sunn here ever shone;
  No halesome breeze here ever blew.

30 [No 314] No chair, ne table he mote spye,
  No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed,
Nought save a rope with renning noose, 15
  That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad lettèrs,
35 These words were written so plain to see:

"Ah! gracelesse wretch, hast spent thine all,
20 "And brought thyselfe to penurie?

"All this my boding mind misgave,
"I therefore left this trusty friend:
"Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace, 5
"And all thy shame and sorrows end."

25 Sorely shent wi' this rebuke,
Sorely shent was the heire of Linne,
His heart, I wis, was neare-to brast (*l.* neare to brast)
With guilt and sorrowe, shame and sinne. 10

Never a word spake the heire of Linne,
30 Never a word he spake but three:
"This is a trusty friend indeed,
"And is right welcome unto mee."

Then round his necke the corde he drewe, 15
And sprung aloft with his bodìe:
35 When lo! the cieling burst in twaine,
And to the ground came tumbling hee.

[Astonyed **315**] Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,
Ne knewe if he were live or dead, 20
At length he looked, and sawe a bille,
40 And in it a key of gold so redd.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,
Strait good comfort found he there:
It told him of a hole in the wall, 25
In which there stood three chests in fere,

45 Two were full of the beaten golde,
The third was full of white monèy,
And over them in broad lettèrs
These words were written so plaine to see. 30

"Once more, my sonne, I sette thee clere;
50 "Amend thy life and follies past;
"For but thou amend thee of thy life,
"That rope must be thy end at last."

And let it bee, sayd the heire of Linne; 35
And let it be, but if I amend*:

* *i. e. unless I amend.*

For here I will make mine avow, 55
This reade ‡ shall guide me to the end.

Away then went the heire of Linne;
Away he went with a merry cheare:
5 I wis, he neither stint ne stayd,
Till John o' the Scales house he came neare. 60

[And 316] And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Up at the speere then looked hee;
There sate three lords at the bordes end,
10 Were drinking of the wine so free.

And then bespake the heire of Linne 65
To John o' the Scales then louted hee:
I pray thee now, good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend mee.

15 Away, away, thou thriftless loone,
Away, away, this may not bee: 70
For Christs curse on my head, he sayd,
If ever I trust thee one pennìe.

Then bespake the heire of Linne,
20 To John o' the Scales wife then spake hee:
Madame, some almes on me bestowe, 75
I pray for sweet saint Charitìe.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone,
I swear thou gettest no almes of mee;
25 For if we shold hang any losel heere,
The first we wold begin with thee. 80

Then bespake a good fellòwe,
Which sat at John o' the Scales his bord;
Sayd, Turn againe, thou heire of Linne,
30 Some time thou wast a well good lord:

[Some 317] Some time a good fellow thou hast been, 85
And sparedst not thy gold and fee,
Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need bee.

35 And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy companee: 90

‡ *i. e. advice, counsel.*

For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee.

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
All wood he answer'd him againe:
95 Now Christs curse on my head, hee sayd, 5
But I did lose by that bargàine.

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
Before these lords so faire and free,
Thou shalt have it backe again better cheape,
100 By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee. 10

I drawe you to record, lords, he said.
With that he gave him a gods pennèe:
Now by my fay, sayd the heire of Linne,
And here, good John, is thy monèy.

105 And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold, 15
And layd them down upon the bord:
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
Soe shent he cold say never a word.

[He **318**] He told him forth the good red gold,
110 He told it forth with mickle dinne. 20
The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now Ime againe the lord of Linne.

Sayes, Have thou here, thou good fellòwe,
Forty pence thou didst lend me:
115 Now I am againe the lord of Linne, 25
And forty pounds I will give thee.

Now welladay! sayth Joan o' the Scales:
Now welladay! and woe is my life!
Yesterday I was lady of Linne,
120 Now Ime but John o' the Scales his wife. 30

Now fare thee well, sayd the heire of Linne;
Farewell, good John o' the Scales, said hee:
When next I want to sell my land,
Good John o' the Scales Ile come to thee.

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XII.

THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.

This excellent old song, the subject of which is a comparison between the manners of the old gentry, as still sub-
5 *sisting in the times of Elizabeth, and the modern refinements affected by their sons in the reigns of her successors, is given from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys' collection, compared with another printed among some miscellaneous "poems and songs" in a book intitled, "Le Prince d'amour."*
10 1660. 8*vo.*

[319] AN old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a greate estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
15 And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word asswages;
Hee every quarter paid his old servants their wages,
20 And never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen, nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
25 With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks,
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half a dozen old cooks;
Like an old courtier, &c.

30 With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,
With old swords, and bucklers, that had born many shrewd blows,
And an old frize coat, to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose;
35 Like an old courtier, &c.

[With **320**] With a good old fashion, when Christmasse
was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe, and drum,
With good chear enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man dumb, 5
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,
That never hawked, nor hunted, but in his own grounds,
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds,
And when he dyed gave every child a thousand good pounds; 10
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountifull mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours be kind:
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclin'd; 15
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
And takes up a thousand pound upon his fathers land, 20
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor stand;
Like a young courtier, &c.

[With **321**] With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice,
and spare,
Who never knew what belong'd to good house-keeping, or 25
care,
Who buyes gaudy-color'd fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other womens hair;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old one stood, 30
Hung round with new pictures, that doe the poor no good,
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal
nor wood,
And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no victuals neer
stood; 35
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuft full of pamphlets, and plays,
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,

With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or five days,
And a new French cook, to devise fine kickshaws, and toys;
Like a young courtier, &c.

5 With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must begone,
And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone;
10 Like a young courtier, &c.

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[With 322] With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is compleat,
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up the meat,
15 With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
Who when her lady has din'd, lets the servants not eat;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour bought with his father's old gold,
For which sundry of his ancestors old manors are sold;
20 And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good house-keeping is now grown so cold,
Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.

25 XIII.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING's CAMPAIGNE.

When the Scottish covenanters rose up in arms, and advanced to the English borders in 1639, *many of the courtiers complimented the king by raising forces at their own expence.* 30 *Among these none were more distinguished than the gallant Sir John Suckling, who raised a troop of horse, so richly accoutred, that it cost him* 12,000*l. The like expensive equipment of other parts of the army, made the king remark, that "the* [*"Scots* 323] *Scots would fight stoutly, if it were but* 35 *"for the Englishmen's fine cloaths."* [*Lloyd's memoirs.*] *When they came to action, the rugged Scots proved more than a match for the fine shewy English: many of whom behaved*

remarkably ill, and among the rest this splendid troop of Sir John Suckling's.

This humorous lampoon, supposed to have been written by Sir John Mennis, a wit of those times, is found in a small poetical miscellany intitled, "Musarum deliciæ: or the muses "recreation, conteining several pieces of poetique wit. 2d "edition." — By Sir J. M. [Sir John Mennis] and Ja. S. "[James Smith.] Lond. 1656. 12*mo." — See Wood's Athenæ. II.* 397. 481. (*l.* 418.) 5

SIR John he got him an ambling nag, 10
To Scotland for to ride-a,
With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,
To guard him on every side-a.

5 No Errant-knight ever went to fight
With halfe so gay a bravado, 15
Had you seen but his look, you'ld have sworn on a book,
Hee'ld have conquer'd a whole armado.

The ladies ran all to the windowes to see
10 So gallant and warlike a sight-a,
And as he pass'd by, they began to cry, 20
Sir John, why will you go fight-a?

But he, like a cruel knight, spurr'd on;
His heart would not relent-a,
15 For, till he came there, what had he to fear?
Or why should he repent-a? 25

[The **324**] The king (God bless him!) had singular hopes
Of him and all his troop-a:
The borderers they, as they met him on the way,
20 For joy did hollow, and whoop-a.

None lik'd him so well, as his own colonell, 30
Who took him for John de Weart-a;*
But when there were shows of gunning and blows,
My gallant was nothing so peart-a.

25 For when the Scots army came within sight,
And all prepar'd to fight-a, 35
He ran to his tent, they ask'd what he meant,
He swore he must needs goe sh*te-a.

* [*Vgl. hiezu* ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS *in Vol. III. p.* 342.]

zeal of the times: For in 164.. it was demolished by order of the House of Commons, as popish and superstitious. This occasioned the following not-unhumorous sarcasm, which has been often printed among the popular sonnets of those times.
The plot referred to in ver. 17, was that entered into by Mr. Waller the poet, and others, with a view to reduce the city and tower to the service of the king; for which two of them, Nath. Tomkins, and Rich. Chaloner, suffered death July 5. 1643. *Vid. Ath. Ox. II.* 24. [*Vgl. hiezu* ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS *in Vol. III. p.* 342.]

UNdone, undone the lawyers are,
They wander about the towne,
Nor can find the way to Westminster,
Now Charing-cross is downe:
At the end of the Strand, they make a stand, 5
Swearing they are at a loss,
And chaffing say, that's not the way,
They must go by Charing-cross.

[The 328] The parliament to vote it down
Conceived it very fitting, 10
For fear it should fall, and kill them all,
In the house, as they were sitting.
They were told god-wot, it had a plot,
Which made them so hard-hearted,
To give command, it should not stand, 15
But be taken down aud (*l.* and) carted.

Men talk of plots, this might have been worse
For any thing I know,
Than that Tomkins, and Chaloner
Were hang'd for long agoe. 20
Our parliament did that prevent,
And wisely them defended,
For plots they will discover still,
Before they were intended.

But neither man, woman, nor child, 25
Will say, I'm confident,
They ever heard it speak one word,
Against the parliament.

An informer swore, it letters bore,
30 Or else it had been freed,
In troth I'll take my bible oath,
It could neither write, nor read.

[The 329] The committee said, that verily 5
To popery it was bent;
35 For ought I know, it might be so,
For to church it never went.
What with excise, and such device,
The kingdom doth begin 10
To think you'll leave them ne'er a cross,
40 Without doors nor within.

Methinks the common-council shou'd
Of it have taken pity,
'Cause, good old cross, it always stood, 15
So firmly to the city.
45 Since crosses you so much disdain,
Faith, if I were as you,
For fear the king should rule again,
I'd pull down Tiburn too. 20

[XVI. LOYALTY 330] XVI.

LOYALTY CONFINED.

This excellent old song is preserved in David Lloyd's "Memoires of those that suffered in the cause of Charles I.[")] *Lond.* 1668. *fol. p.* 96. *He speaks of it as the composition* 25 *of a worthy personage, who suffered deeply in those times, and was still living with no other reward than the conscience of having suffered. The author's name he has not mentioned. — Some mistakes in Lloyd's copy are corrected by two others, one in MS. the other in Westminster Drollery, or a choice* 30 *collection of ... songs and poems,* 1671. 12*mo.*

BEAT on, proud billows; Boreas blow;
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;
Your incivility doth show,
That innocence is tempest proof; 35

Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm; 5
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me:
5 Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty: 10
Locks, bars, and solitude together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchorèt. 4

[I, whilst 331] I, whilst I wisht to be retir'd,
10 Into this private room was turn'd;
As if their wisdoms had conspir'd 15
The salamander should be burn'd;
Or like those sophists, that would drown a fish,
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

15 The cynick loves his poverty;
The pelican her wilderness; 20
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus:
Contentment cannot smart, stoicks we see
20 Make torments easie to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm 25
I, as my mistress' favours, wear;
And for to keep my ancles warm,
I have some iron shackles there:
25 These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel. 30

I'm in the cabinet lockt up,
Like some high-prized margarite,
Or, like the great mogul or pope,
30 Am cloyster'd up from publick sight:
Retirement is a piece of majesty, 35
And thus, proud sultan, I'm as great as thee.

[Here 332] Here sin for want of food must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen;
35 And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, and keep me in: 40
Malice of late's grown charitable sure,
I'm not committed, but I'm kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,
Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,
45 By a malicious friendly knife
Did only wound him to a cure:
Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant 5
Mischief, oftimes proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,
50 Prosperity doth treason seem;
And to make smooth so rough a path,
I can learn patience from him: 10
Now not to suffer shews no loyal heart,
When kings want ease subjects must bear a part.

55 What though I cannot see my king
Neither in person or in coin,
Yet contemplation is a thing, 15
That renders what I have not, mine:
My king from me what adamant can part,
60 Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?

[Have **333**] Have you not seen the nightingale,
A prisoner like, coopt in a cage, 20
How doth she chaunt her wonted tale
In that her narrow hermitage?
65 Even then her charming melody doth prove,
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine 25
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corps confine,
70 Yet maugre hate, my soul is free:
And though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and sing
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king. 30

My soul is free, as ambient air,
Although my baser part's immew'd,
75 Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
T' accompany my solitude:
Although rebellion do my body binde, 35
My king alone can captivate my minde.

[XVII. VERSES **334**] XVII.

VERSES BY KING CHARLES I.

"This prince, like his father, did not confine himself to "prose: Bishop Burnet has given us a pathetic elegy said to
5 *"be written by Charles in Carisbrook castle [in 1648.] The "poetry is most uncouth and unharmonious, but there are "strong thoughts in it, some good sense, and a strain of "majestic piety." Mr. Walpole's royal and noble authors. vol. I.*

It is in his "Memoirs of the dukes of Hamilton." p. 379. that
10 *Burnet hath preserved this elegy, which he tells us he had from a gentleman, who waited on the king at the time when it was written, and copied it out from the original. It (it) is there intitled "MAJESTY IN MISERY: OR AN "IMPLORATION TO THE KING OF KINGS."*

15 *Hume hath remarked of these stanzas, "that the truth of "the sentiment, rather than the elegance of the expression, "renders them very pathetic." See his hist. 1763. 4to. vol. 5. (")p. 437. 442. which is no bad comment upon them. — These are the only verses known of Charles's composure. They do*
20 *not properly fall within the plan of this work, but we make the same plea for their insertion, as we did for those of his two immediate predecessors.*

GReat monarch of the world, from whose power springs
The potency and power of kings,
25 Record the royal woe my suffering sings;

[And **335**] And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
Its faculties in truth's seraphick line, 5
To track the treasons of thy foes and mine.

Nature and law, by thy divine decree,
30 (The only root of righteous royaltie)
With this dim diadem invested me:

With it, the sacred scepter, purple robe, 10
The holy unction, and the royal globe:
Yet am I levell'd with the life of Job.

35 The fiercest furies, that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my gray discrowned head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread. 15

They raise a war, and christen it THE CAUSE,
While sacrilegious hands have best applause,
Plunder and murder are the kingdom's laws;

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,
20 Revenge and robbery are reformation, 5
Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

My loyal subjects, who in this bad season
Attend me (by the law of God and reason),
They dare impeach, and punish for high treason.

25 [Next **336**] Next at the clergy do their furies frown, 10
Pious episcopacy must go down,
They will destroy the crosier and the crown.

Churchmen are chain'd, and schismaticks are freed,
Mechanicks preach, and holy fathers bleed,
30 The crown is crucified with the creed. 15

The church of England doth all factions foster,
The pulpit is usurpt by each impostor,
Extempore excludes the *Pater-noster*.

The Presbyter, and Independent seed
35 Springs with broad blades. To make religion bleed 20
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The corner stone's misplac'd by every pavier:
With such a bloody method and behaviour
Their ancestors did crucifie our Saviour

40 My royal consort, from whose fruitful womb 25
So many princes legally have come,
Is forc'd in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.

Great Britain's heir is forced into France,
Whilst on his father's head his foes advance:
45 Poor child! he weeps out his inheritance. 30

[With **337**] With my own power my majesty they wound,
In the king's name the king himself's uncrown'd:
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

With propositions daily they enchant
50 My people's ears, such as do reason daunt, 35
And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promise to erect my royal stem,
To make me great, t' advance my diadem,
If I will first fall down, and worship them!

But for refusal they devour my thrones, 55
5 Distress my children, and destroy my bones;
I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,
That in my absence they draw bills of hate,
To prove the king a traytor to the state. 60

10 Felons obtain more privilege than I,
They are allow'd to answer ere they die;
'Tis death for me to ask the reason, why.

But, sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to 65
15 Such, as thou know'st do not know what they do.

[For **338**] For since they from their lord are so disjointed,
As to contemn those edicts he appointed,
How can they prize the power of his anointed?

Augment my patience, nullifie my hate, 70
20 Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate,
Yet, though we perish, BLESS THIS CHURCH and STATE.

XVIII.

THE SALE OF REBELLIOUS HOUSHOLD-STUFF.

This sarcastic exultation of triumphant loyalty, is printed
25 *from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys' collection,*
corrected by another preserved in "A choice collection of 120
loyal songs, &c." 1684. 12*mo.* — To the tune of Old Simon
the king.

REbellion hath broken up house,
30 And hath left me old lumber to sell;
Come hither, and take your choice,
I'll promise to use you well:

5 Will you buy the old speaker's chair?
Which was warm and easie to sit in,
And oft hath been clean'd I declare,
When as it was fouler than fitting.
Says old Simon the king, &c. 5

10 [Will 339] Will you buy any bacon-flitches,
The fattest, that ever were spent?
They're the sides of the old committees,
Fed up in the long parliament.
Here's a pair of bellows, and tongs, 10
15 And for a small matter I'll sell ye 'um;
They are made of the presbyters lungs,
To blow up the coals of rebellion.
Says old Simon, &c.

I had thought to have given them once 15
20 To some black-smith for his forge;
But now I have considered on't,
They are consecrate to the church:
So I'll give them unto some quire,
They will make the big organs roar, 20
25 And the little pipes to squeeke higher,
Than ever they could before.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a couple of stools for sale,
One's square, and t'other is round; 25
30 Betwixt them both the tail
Of the Rump fell unto the ground.
Will you buy the states council-table,
Which was made of the good wain Scot?
The frame was a tottering Babel 30
35 To uphold the Independent plot.
Y 2 Says old Simon, &c.

[Here's 340] Here's the beesom of Reformation,
Which should have made clean the floor,
But it swept the wealth out of the nation, 35
40 And left us dirt good store.
Will you buy the states spinning-wheel,
Which spun for the ropers trade?

But better it had stood still,
For now it has spun a fair thread.
Says old Simon, &c. 45

Here's a very good clyster-pipe*,
5 Which was made of a butcher's stump,
And often-times it hath been whip'd,
After curing the colds of the RUMP.
Here's a lump of Pilgrims-Salve, 50
Which once was a justice of peace,
10 Who Noll and the Devil did serve;
But now it is come to this.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a roll of the states tobacco, 55
If any good fellow will take it;
15 No Virginia had e'er such a smack-o,
And I'll tell you how they did make it:
'Tis th' Engagement, and Covenant cookt
Up with the Abjuration oath; 60
And many of them, that have took't,
20 Complain it was foul in the mouth.
Says old Simon, &c.

[Yet 341] Yet the ashes may happily serve
To cure the scab of the nation, 65
Whene'er 't has an itch to swerve
25 To Rebellion by Innovation.
A lanthorn here is to be bought,
The like was scarce ever gotten,
For many plots it has found out 70
Before they ever were thought on.
30 Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy the RUMP's great saddle,
With which it jocky'd the nation?
And here is the bitt, and the bridle, 75
And curb of Dissimulation.
35 And here's the trunk-hose of the RUMP,
And their fair dissembling cloak,
And a Presbyterian jump,
With an Independent smock. 80
Says old Simon, &c.

* [*Vgl. hiezu* ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS *in Vol. III. p.* 342.]

Will you buy a conscience oft turn'd,
  Which serv'd the high-court of justice,
And stretch'd until England it mourn'd?
85 But hell will buy that if the worst is.
Here's Joan Cromwell's kitching-stuff tub, 5
  Wherein is the fat of the Rumpers,
[With 342] With which old Noll's horns she did rub,
  When he was got drunk with false bumpers.
90   Says old Simon, &c.

Here's the purse of the publique faith; 10
  Here's the model of the Sequestration,
When the old wives upon their good troth,
  Lent thimbles to ruine the nation.
95 Here's Dick Cromwell's Protectorship,
  And here are Lambert's commissions, 15
And here is Hugh Peters his scrip
  Cramm'd with the tumultuous Petitions.
    Says old Simon, &c.

100 And here are old Noll's brewing vessels,
  And here are his dray, and his slings; 20
Here are Hewson's awl, and his bristles;
  With diverse other odd things:
And what is the price doth belong
105 To all these matters before ye?
I'll sell them all for an old song, 25
  And so I do end my story.
    Says old Simon, &c.

Ver. 86. *This was a cant name given to Cromwell's wife by the Royalists, tho' her true name was Elizabeth: to the latter part of the verse hangs some tale that is now forgotten.* 30
Ver. 94. *See Grey's Hudibras Pt. I. Cant.* 2. *ver.* 570. *&c.*
Ver. 100. 102. *Cromwell had in his younger years followed the brewing trade at Huntingdon. Col. Hewson is said to have been originally a cobler.*

[XIX. OLD 343] XIX. 35

OLD TOM OF BEDLAM.

MAD SONG THE FIRST.

It is worth attention, that the English have more songs and ballads on the subject of madness, than any of their

neighbours. Whether it is that we are more liable to this calamity than other nations, or whether our native gloominess hath peculiarly recommended subjects of this cast to our writers, the fact is incontestible, as any one may be satisfied,
5 *who will compare the printed collections of French, Italian Songs, &c. with those in our language.*

Out of a much larger quantity, we have selected half a dozen MAD SONGS *for these volumes. The three first are originals in their respective kinds: the merit of the three*
10 *last is chiefly that of imitation. They were written at considerable intervals of time, but we have here grouped them together, that the reader may the better examine their comparative merits. He may consider them as so many trials of skill in a very peculiar subject, as the contest of so many*
15 *rivals to shoot in the bow of Ulysses. The two first were probably written about the beginning of the last century; the third about the middle of it; the fourth towards the end; and the two last within this present century.*

This is given from the editor's folio MS. compared with
20 *two or three old printed copies.* [*Vgl. hiezu* ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS *in Vol. III. p.* 342.]

[FORTH **344**] FORTH from my sad and darksome cell,
Or from the deepe abysse of hell,
Mad Tom is come into the world againe
25 To see if he can cure his distempered braine.

Feares and cares oppresse my soule: 5
Harke, howe the angrye furyes houle!
Pluto laughes, and Proserpine is gladd
To see poore naked Tom of Bedlam madd.

30 Through the world I wander night and day
To seeke my straggling senses, 10
In an angrye moode I mett old Time,
With his pentarchye of tenses:

When me he spyed,
35 Away he hyed,
For time will stay for no man: 15
In vaine with cryes
I rent the skyes,
For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I lye:
20 Helpe, oh helpe! or else I dye!

Harke! I heare Appollo's teame,
The carman 'gins to whistle;
Chast Diana bends her bowe, 5
The boare begins to bristle.

25 [Come, 345] Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackles,
To knocke off my troublesome shackles;
Bid Charles make ready his waine
To fetch me my senses againe. 10

Last night I heard the dog-star bark;
30 Mars met Venus in the darke;
Limping Vulcan het an iron barr,
And furiouslye made at the god of war:

Mars with his weapon laid about, 15
But Vulcan's temples had the gout,
35 For his broad horns did so hang in his light,
He could not see to aim his blowes aright:

Mercurye the nimble post of heaven,
Stood still to see the quarrell; 20
Gorrel-bellyed Bacchus, gyant-like,
40 Bestryd a strong-beere barrell.

To mee he dranke,
I did him thanke,
But I could get no cyder; 25
He dranke whole butts
45 Till he burst his gutts,
But mine were ne'er the wyder.

Poore naked Tom is very drye:
A little drinke for charitye! 30
[Harke, 346] Harke, I hear Acteons horne!
50 The huntsmen whoop and hallowe:
Ringwood, Royster, Bowman, Jowler,
All the chase do followe.

The man in the moone drinkes clarret, 35
Eates powder'd beefe, turnip, and carret,
55 But a cup of old Malaga sacke
Will fire the bushe at his backe.

XX.

THE DISTRACTED PURITAN,

Mad song the second,

— *was written about the beginning of the seventeenth*
5 *century by the witty bishop Corbet, and is printed from the 3d edition of his poems,* 12*mo*, 1672, *compared with a more ancient copy in the editor's folio MS.*

AM I mad, O noble Festus,
When zeal and godly knowledge
10 Have put me in hope
To deal with the pope,
As well as the best in the college? 5
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
Miters, copes, and rochets;
15 Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

[In 347] In the house of pure Emanuel* 10
I had my education,
Where my friends surmise
20 I dazel'd my eyes
With the sight of revelation.
Boldly I preach, &c.

They bound me like a bedlam, 15
They lash'd my four poor quarters;
25 Whilst this I endure,
Faith makes me sure
To be one of Foxes martyrs.
Boldly I preach, &c.

These injuries I suffer 20
30 Through antichrist's perswasion:
Take off this chain,
Neither Rome nor Spain
Can resist my strong invasion.
Boldly I preach, &c.

35 * *Emanuel college Cambridge was originally a seminary of Puritans.*

25 Of the beasts ten horns (God bless us!)
I have knock'd off three already;
If they let me alone
I'll leave none:
But they say I am too heady. 5
Boldly I preach, &c.

30 [When 348] When I sack'd the seven-hill'd city,
I met the great red dragon;
I kept him aloof
With the armour of proof, 10
Though here I have never a rag on.
Boldly I preach, &c.

35 With a fiery sword and target,
There fought I with this monster:
But the sons of pride 15
My zeal deride,
And all my deeds misconster.
Boldly I preach, &c.

40 I un-hors'd the Whore of Babel,
With the lance of inspiration; 20
I made her stink,
And spill the drink
In her cup of abomination.
Boldly I preach, &c.

45 I have seen two in a vision 25
With a flying book* between them.
I have been in despair
Five times a year,
And cur'd by reading Greenham †.
Boldly I preach, &c. 30

50 [I observ'd 349] I observ'd in Perkins tables*
The black line of damnation;

* *Alluding to some visionary exposition of Zech. ch. V. ver. I.*
† *See Greenham's works, fol.* 1605. *particularly the tract intitled, "A sweet comfort for an afflicted conscience."* 35
* *See Perkins's works, fol.* 1616. *vol. I. p.* 11; *where is a large half-sheet folded, containing "A survey, or table declaring the order of the causes of salvation, and damnation, &c." The pedigree of damnation being distinguished by a broad black zig-zag line.*

Those crooked veins
So stuck in my brains,
That I fear'd my reprobation.
Boldly I preach, &c.

5 In the holy tongue of Canaan 55
I plac'd my chiefest pleasure:
Till I prick'd my foot
With an Hebrew root,
That I bled beyond all measure.
10 Boldly I preach, &c.

I appear'd before the archbishop †, 60
And all the high commission;
I gave him no grace,
But told him to his face
15 That he favour'd superstition.
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice, 65
Miters, copes, and rotchets:
Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

20 † *Laud.*

[XXI. THE 350] XXI.

THE LUNATIC LOVER,

Mad song the third,

— *is given from an old printed copy in the British Museum,*
25 *compared with another in the Pepys collection: both in black letter.*

GRIM king of the ghosts, make haste,
And bring hither all your train;
See how the pale moon does waste,
30 And just now is in the waine.
Come, you night-hags, with all your charms, 5
And revelling witches away,
And hug me close in your arms;
To you my respects I'll pay.

I'll court you, and think you fair,
10 Since love does distract my brain:
I'll go, and I'll wed the night-mare,
And kiss her, and kiss her again:
But if she prove peevish and proud, 5
Then, a pise on her love! let her go;
15 [I'll 351] I'll seek me a winding shroud,
And down to the shades below.

A lunacy sad I endure,
Since reason departs away; 10
I call to those hags for a cure,
20 As knowing not what I say:
The beauty, whom I do adore,
Now slights me with scorn and disdain;
I never shall see her more: 15
Ah! how shall I bear my pain!

25 I ramble, and range about
To find out my charming saint;
While she at my grief does flout,
And smiles at my loud complaint: 20
Distraction I see is my doom,
30 Of this I am now too sure;
A rival is got in my room,
While torments I do endure.

Strange fancies do fill my head, 25
While wandering in despair,
35 I am to the desarts lead,
Expecting to find her there.
Methinks in a spangled cloud
I see her enthroned on high, 30
Then to her I crie aloud,
2 40 And labour to reach the sky.

[When 352] When thus I have rav'd a while,
And wearyed myself in vain,
I lye on the barren soil, 35
And bitterly do complain:
45 Till slumber hath quieted me,
In sorrow I sigh and weep;

The clouds are my canopy
  To cover me while I sleep.

I dream that my charming fair
  Is then in my rival's bed, 50
5 Whose tresses of golden hair
  Are on the fair pillow bespread:
Then this doth my passion inflame,
  I start, and no longer can lie:
Ah! Sylvia, art thou not to blame 55
10 To ruin a lover? I cry.

Grim king of the ghosts, be true,
  And hurry me hence away,
My languishing life to you
  A tribute I freely pay: 60
15 To the elysian shades I post
  In hopes to be freed from care,
Where many a bleeding ghost
  Is hovering in the air.

[XXII. THE 353] XXII.

20 THE LADY DISTRACTED WITH LOVE,

MAD SONG THE FOURTH,

— *was originally sung in one of* TOM D'URFEY'S *comedies of Don Quixote acted in* 1694 *and* 1696; *and probably composed by himself. In the several stanzas, the author represents his pretty mad woman as* 1. *sullenly mad:* 2. *mirthfully mad:* 3. *melancholy mad:* 4. *fantastically mad: and* 5. *stark mad. Both this, and Num.* XXIV. *are printed from D'urfey's "Pills to purge Melancholy."* 1719. *vol. I.*

FROM rosie bowers, where sleeps the god of love,
30 Hither, ye little wanton cupids, fly;
Teach me in soft melodious strains to move
  With tender passion my heart's darling joy:
Ah! let the soul of musick tune my voice, 5
To win dear Strephon, who my soul enjoys.

Or, if more influencing,
  Is to be brisk and airy,
With a step and a bound,
10 With a frisk from the ground,
  I'll trip like any fairy. 5

[As **354**] As once on Ida dancing
  Were three celestial bodies:
With an air, and a face,
15 And a shape, and a grace,
  I'll charm, like beauty's goddess. 10

Ah! 'tis in vain! 'tis all, 'tis all in vain!
Death and despair must end the fatal pain:
Cold, cold despair, disguis'd like snow and rain,
20 Falls on my breast; bleak winds in tempests blow;
My veins all shiver, and my fingers glow; 15
My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,
And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze.

Or say, ye powers, my peace to crown,
25 Shall I thaw myself, and drown
  Among the foaming billows? 20
Increasing all with tears I shed,
  On beds of ooze, and crystal pillows
Lay down, lay down my lovesick head?

30 No, no, I'll strait run mad, mad, mad,
  That soon my heart will warm; 25
When once the sense is fled, is fled,
  Love has no power to charm.
Wild thro' the woods I'll fly, I'll fly,
35 Robes, locks—shall thus—be tore!
A thousand, thousand times I'll dye 30
Ere thus, thus, in vain,—ere thus in vain adore.

[XXIII. TH (*l.* THE) **355**] XXIII.

THE DISTRACTED LOVER,

MAD SONG THE FIFTH.

From the Hive, a collection of songs. 4 *vols.* 1724. 12*mo* 35
where may be found two or three other MAD SONGS *not admitted into this collection.*

I Go to the Elysian shade,
  Where sorrow ne'er shall wound me;
Where nothing shall my rest invade,
  But joy shall still surround me.

5 I fly from Celia's cold disdain, 5
  From her disdain I fly;
She is the cause of all my pain,
  For her alone I die.

Her eyes are brighter than the mid-day sun,
10 When he but half his radiant course has run, 10
When his meridian glories gaily shine,
And gild all nature with a warmth divine.

See yonder river's flowing tide,
  Which now so full appears;
15 Those streams, that do so swiftly glide, 15
  Are nothing but my tears.

[There 356] There I have wept till I could weep no more,
And curst mine eyes, when they have wept their store,
Then, like the clouds, that rob the azure main,
20 I've drain'd the flood to weep it back again. 20

Pity my pains,
Ye gentle swains!
Cover me with ice and snow,
I scorch, I burn, I flame, I glow!

25 Furies, tear me, 25
Quickly bear me
To the dismal shades below!
Where yelling, and howling,
And grumbling, and growling,
30 Strike the ear with horrid woe. 30

Hissing snakes,
Fiery lakes
Would be a pleasure, and a cure:
Not all the hells,
35 Where Pluto dwells, 35
Can give such pain as I endure.

To some peaceful plain convey me,
On a mossey carpet lay me,
Fan me with ambrosial breeze,
40 Let me die, and so have ease!

[XXIV. THE 357] XXIV. 5

THE FRANTIC LADY,

Mad Song the sixth.

This, as well as Num. XXII, was originally sung in one of D'urfey's *comedies of Don Quixote. A circumstance which was not known when p. 343 was printed off.* 10

I Burn, my brain consumes to ashes!
Each eye-ball too like lightning flashes!
Within my breast there glows a solid fire,
Which in a thousand ages can't expire!

5 Blow, blow, the winds' great ruler! 15
Bring the Po, and the Ganges hither,
'Tis sultry weather,
Pour them all on my soul,
It will hiss like a coal,
10 But be never the cooler. 20

'Twas pride hot as hell,
That first made me rebell,
From love's awful throne a curst angel I fell;
And mourn now my fate,
15 Which myself did create: 25
Z3 Fool, fool, that consider'd not when I was well!

[Adieu! 358] Adieu! ye vain transporting joys!
Off ye vain fantastic toys! —
That dress this face—this body—to allure!
20 Bring me daggers, poison, fire! 30
Since scorn is turn'd into desire,
All hell feels not the rage, which I, poor I endure.

XXV.

LILLI BURLERO.

The following rhymes, slight and insignificant as they may now seem, had once a more powerful effect than either
5 *the Philipics* (*l. Philippics*) *of Demosthenes, or Cicero; and contributed not a little towards the great revolution in* 1688. *Let us hear a contemporary writer,*

"A foolish ballad was made at that time, treating the "papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner,
10 *"which had a burden said to be Irish words, Lero, lero, lili-"burlero, that made an impression on the* [*king's*] *army, that "cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole "army, and at last the people both in city and country, were "singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a*
15 *"thing so great an effect." Burnet.*

It was written on occasion of the king's nominating to the lieutenancy of Ireland in 1686, *general Talbot, newly created earl of Tyrconnel, a furious papist, who had recommended himself to his bigotted master by his arbitrary treatment of*
20 *the protestants in the preceding year, when only lieutenant general; and whose subsequent conduct fully justified his ex-* [*pectations* **359**] *pectations and their fears. The violencies of his administration may be seen in any of the histories of those times: particularly in bishop King's "State of the*
25 *"protestants in Ireland."* 1691, 4*to.*

Lilliburlero *is said to have been the watch-word* (*l.* Lilliburlero, *and* Bullen-a-lah, *are said to have been the words of distinction* **corr.**) *used among the Irish papists in their massacre of the protestants in* **1641**.

30 HO! broder Teague, dost hear de decree?
Lilli burlerlo, bullen a-la.
Dat we shall have a new deputie,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la.
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la, 5
35 Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la.

Ho! by shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote:
Lilli, &c.

And he will cut all de English troate.
10 Lilli, &c.

Dough by my shoul de English do praat,
Lilli, &c.
De law's on dare side, and Creish knows what. 5
Lilli, &c.

15 But if dispence do come from de pope,
Lilli, &c.
We'll hang Magna Charta, and dem in a rope.
Z 4 Lilli, &c. 10

[For 360] For de good Talbot is made a lord,
20 Lilli, &c.
And with brave lads is coming aboard:
Lilli, &c.

Who all in France have taken a sware, 15
Lilli, &c.
25 Dat dey will have no protestant heir.
Lilli, &c.

Ara! but why does he stay behind?
Lilli, &c. 20
Ho! by my shoul 'tis a protestant wind.
30 Lilli, &c.

But see de Tyrconnel is now come ashore,
Lilli, &c.
And we shall have commissions gillore. 25
Lilli, &c.

35 And he dat will not go to de mass,
Lilli, &c.
Shall be turn out, and look like an ass.
Lilli, &c. 30

Now, now de hereticks all go down,
40 Lilli, &c.
By Cherish (*l.* Chrish) and shaint Patrick, de nation's our [own.
Lilli, &c.

[Dare 361] Dare was an old prophesy found in a bog, 35
Lilli, &c.

"Ireland shall be rul'd by an ass, and a dog." 45
Lilli, &c.

And now dis prophesy is come to pass,
Lilli, &c.
5 For Talbot's de dog, and JA**s is de ass.
Lilli, &c. 50

XXVI.

THE BRAES OF YARROW,

IN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT SCOTS MANNER,

10 — *was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, esq; who died March* 25, 1754. *aged* 50. *It is printed from an elegant edition of his Poems published at Edinburgh,* 1760. 12mo.

A. BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
15 Busk ye, Busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride? 5
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
A. I gat her where I dare na weil be seen,
20 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

[Weep **362**] Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow, 10
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

25 *B.* Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen 15
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
30 Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow. 20

For she has tint her luver, luver dear,
Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow,

And I hae slain the comliest swain
  That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

25 Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid?
  Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why you (*l.* yon *corr.*) melancholious weids 5
  Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude?
30 What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
O 'tis he the comely swain I slew
  Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow. 10

[Wash, **363**] Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in
  His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow, [tears,
35 And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
  And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad, 15
  Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in waeful wise
40 His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
  My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow, 20
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
  His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

45 Did I not warn thee, not to, not to luve?
  And warn from fight? but to my sorrow,
Too rashly bauld a stronger arm 25
  Thou met'st, and (and) fel'st on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
50 Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock, 30
  Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
  As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
55 [As **364**] As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
  The apple frae its rock as mellow. 35

Fair was thy luve, fair fair indeed thy luve,
  In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;

Tho' he was fair, and weil beluv'd again
  Than me he never luv'd thee better. 60

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
  Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
5 Busk ye, and luve me on the banks of Tweed,
  And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride? 65
  How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How luve him upon the banks of Tweed,
10 That slew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
  Now (*l.* Nor) dew thy tender blossoms cover, 70
For there was basely slain my luve,
  My luve, as he had not been a lover.

15 The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
  His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing:
Ah! wretched me! I little, little ken'd 75
  He was in these to meet his ruin.

[The 365] The boy took out his milk-white milk-white [steed,
20 Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;
But ere the toofall of the night
  He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow. 80

Much I rejoyc'd that waeful waeful day;
  I sang, my voice the woods returning:
25 But lang ere night the spear was flown,
  That slew my luve, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do, 85
  But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My luver's blood is on thy spear,
30 How can'st thou, barbarous man, then woe me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud
  With cruel, and ungentle scoffin', 90
May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes
  My luver nailed in his coffin.

35 My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
  And strive with threatning words to muve me:

95 My luver's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me luve thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door, 5
2 100 Let in the expected husbande lover.

[But 366] But who the expected husband husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter,
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after? 10

105 Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd, 15
110 O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lye all night between my breists,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O luvely luvely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter, 20
115 And lye all night between my breists,
No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow,
Thy luver heeds nought of thy sighs, 25
120 He lyes a corps in the Braes of Yarrow.

[XXVII. ADMIRAL 367]

XXVII.

ADMIRAL HOSIER's GHOST,

— *was written by the ingenious author of* LEONIDAS, *on* 30 *the taking of Porto Bello from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov.* 22. 1739. — *The case of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this. In April,* 1726, *that commander was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West-Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports* 35

of that country, or should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them into England: he accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos, near Porto Bello, but being restricted by his orders from obeying the dictates of his courage, lay inactive
5 *on that station until he became the jest of the Spaniards: he afterwards removed to Carthagena, and continued cruizing in these seas, till far the greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept*
10 *away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart. See Smollet's hist.*

The following song is commonly accompanied with a Second Part, or Answer, which being of inferior merit, and
15 *apparently written by another hand, hath been rejected.*

AS near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight with streamers flying
Our triumphant navy rode;
20 [There 368] There while Vernon sate all-glorious 5
From the Spaniards' late defeat;
And his crews with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet:

On a sudden shrilly sounding,
25 Hideous yells, and shrieks were heard; 10
Then each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
30 And with looks by sorrow clouded 15
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster
35 Rising from their watry grave: 20
O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him,
Where the Burford* rear'd her sail,

* *The Admiral's ship.*

With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

25 Heed, oh heed our fatal story,
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,
You, who now have purchas'd glory, 5
At this pce (*l.* place) where I was lost!
[Tho' **369**] Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin
30 You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears. 10

See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
35 Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping;
These were English captains brave:
Mark those numbers pale and horrid, 15
Those were once my sailors bold,
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
40 While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright; 20
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight:
45 Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion 25
To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

For resistance I could fear none,
50 But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast atchiev'd with six alone. 30
[Then **370**] Then the bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
55 Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying, 35
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for disobeying
60 I had met a traitor's doom,

To have fallen, my country crying
  He has play'd an English part,
Had been better far than dying
  Of a griev'd and broken heart.

5 Unrepining at thy glory, 65
  Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
  And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish
10 Think what thousands fell in vain, 70
Wasted with disease and anguish,
  Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending
  From their oozy tombs below,
15 Thro' the hoary foam ascending, 75
  Here I feed my constant woe:
[Here 371] Here the bastimentos viewing,
  We recal our shameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing,
20 Wander thro' the midnight gloom. 80

O'er these waves for ever mourning
  Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
If to Britain's shores returning
  You neglect my just request;
25 After this proud foe subduing, 85
  When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
  And for England sham'd in me.

THE END OF BOOK THE THIRD.

A GLOSSARY

OF THE OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS IN

VOLUME THE SECOND.

Snch (l. Such) words, as the reader cannot find here, he is desired to look for in the Glossaries to the other volumes.

A.

A Deid of nicht. s. *p.* 93. *in dead of night.*
Aboven ous. *above us.*
Advoutry, advouterous. *adultery, adulterous.*
Ahte. *ought.*
Al. *p.* 5. albeit. *although.*
Alemaigne. f. *Germany.*
Alyes. *p.* 27. *probably corrupted for* algates, *always.*
Ancient. *a flag, banner.*
Angel. *a gold coin worth* 10 *s.*
Ant. *and.*
Apliht. *p.* 10. al aplyht. *quite complete.*
Argabushe. *harquebusse, an old-fashioned kind of musket.*
Ase. *as.*
Attowre. s. *out over.*
Azein, agein. *against.*

B.

Bairded. s. *bearded.*
Bale, *evil, mischief, misery.*
Balow. s. *a nursery term, hush! lullaby! &c.*
Banning. *cursing.* (*in p.* 196. *it was* baninge *in MS.*)
Battes. *heavy sticks, clubs.*
Bayard. *a noted blind horse in the old romances.*
Be. s. *by;* Be that. *by that time.*
Bearn, bairn. s. *child: also, human creature.*
Bed. *p.* 9. *bade.*
Bede. *p.* 17. *offer, engage.*
Befall. *p.* 65. *befallen.*
Befoir. s. *before.*
Belive. *immediately, presently.*
Ben. *p.* 11. *be, are.*
Bene. *p.* 12. *bean, an expression of contempt.*
Beoth. *be, are.*
Ber the prys. *p.* 7. *bare the prize.*
Besprent. *besprinkled.*
Bested. *p.* 263. *abode.*
Bewraies. *discovers, betrays.*
Bet. *better.* Bett. *did beat.*
Bi mi leautè. *by my loyalty, honesty.*
Birk. s. *birch-tree.*
[Blent. **373**]
Blent. *p.* 134. *ceased.*
Blink. s. *a glimpse of light: the sudden light of a candle seen in the night at a distance.*

[* ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS *zu den Glossaren aus Vol. III. p.* 332: Attowre. s. *Also, over and above.*]

Boist, boisteris. s. *boast, boasters.*
Bonny. s. *handsome, comely.*
Boote. *gain, advantage.*
Bot. s. *but.* p. 174. *besides, moreover.*
Bot. s. *without.* Bot dreid. *without dread, i. e. certainly.*
Bougils. s. *bugle horns.*
Bowne. *ready.*
Braes of Yarrow. s. *the hilly banks of the river Yarrow.*
Brade, braid. s. *broad.*
Braifly. s. *bravely.*
Brayd. s. *arose, hastened.*
Brayd attowre the bent. s. *hasted over the field.*
Brede. *breadth. So Chaucer.*
Brimme. *publick, universally known.*
Brok her with winne. *enjoy her with pleasure.*
Brouch. *an ornamental trinket.*
Buen, bueth. *been, be, are.*
Buik. s. *book.*
Burgens. *buds, young shoots.*
Busk ye. s. *dress ye.*
But. *without.* but let. *without hindrance.*
But give. s. *but if, unless.*
Bute. s. *boot, advantage, good.*
Byre. *a cow-house.*

C.

Caliver. *a kind of musket.*
Can curtesye. *know, understand good manners.*
Cannes. p. 21. *wooden cups, bowls.*
Cantabanqui. *Ital. ballad-singers, singers on benches.*
Cantles, *pieces, corners.*
Capul. *a poor horse.*
Carpe. *to speak, recite: also, to censure.*
Carping. *reciting.*
Chayme. p. 60. *Cain.*
Che. (*Somerset dialect.*) *I.*
Cheis. s. *chuse.*
Cheefe. p. 20. *the upper part of the scutcheon in heraldry.*
Chill. (*Som. dial.*) *I will.*
Choul. (*ditto.*) *I would.*
Chylded. *brought forth, was delivered.*
Clattered. *beat so as to rattle.*
Cleading. s. *cloathing.*
Clenking. *clinking, jingling.*
Clepe. *call.*
Cohorted. *incited, exhorted.*
Cokeney. p. 24. *some dish now unknown. See Chaucer.*
Cold rost. (*a phrase*) *nothing to the purpose.*
Com. p. 8. *came.*
Comen of kinde. p. 19. *come of a good breed.*
Con, can. *'gan, began. Item,* Con springe. *a phrase, sprung.* Con fare, *went, passed.*
Coote. p. 244. (*blazon the*) *coat.*
Cost. *coast, side.*
Cotydyallye. *daily, every day.*
Covetise. *covetousness.*
Could bear. *a phrase for bare.* Could creip. s. *crept.* Could say. *said.* Could weip. s. *wept.*
Could his good. p. 249. *Knew what was good for him; Or perhaps, Could live upon his own.*
[Couthen, **374**]
Couthen. p. 9. *knew.*
Croft. *an inclosure near a house.*
Croiz. *cross.*
Crouneth. p. 8. *crown ye.*
Crumpling. *crooked; or perhaps, with crooked knotty horns.*
Cule. s. *cool.*
Cummer. s. *gossip, friend,* fr. Commere, compere.
Cure. *care, heed, regard.*

D.

Dale. s. *deal. p.* 68. but gif I dale. *unless I deal.*
Dampned, *damned.*
Darh. *p.* 10. *perhaps for* Thar, *there,*
Darr'd. s. *hit.*
Dart the trie. s. *hit the tree.*
Daukin. *diminutive of Daniel: or perhaps the same as Dobkin.*
Daunger halt. *coyness holdeth.*
Deare day. *charming, pleasant day.*
Dede is do. *p.* 30. *deed is done.*
Deerlye dight. *richly fitted out.*
Deimt. s. *deem'd, esteem'd.*
Deir. s. *dear. Item: hurt, trouble, disturb.*
Dele. *deal.*
Deme, deemed, *judge, doomed.*
Dent. *p.* 17. *a dint, blow.*
Deol. *dole, grief.*
Dere, deere. *dear: also, hurt.*
Derked. *darkened.*
Dern. s. *secret. p.* 68. I' dern. *in secret.*
Devyz. *devise, the act of bequeathing by will.*
Deze, deye. *die.*
Dight: dicht. s. *decked, dressed, prepared, fitted out, done, made.*
Dyht. *p.* 10. *to dispose, order.*
Dill. *still, calm, mitigate.*
Dol. *See* Deol, Dule.
Doughtinesse of dent. *sturdiness of blows.*
Drake. *p.* 19.
Drie. s. *suffer.*
Drowe. *drew.*
Dryng. *drink.*
Dude. *did.*
Dule. s. duel, dol. *dole, grief.*
Dyce. s. *dice, chequer work.*
Dyne. s. *p.* 90. *dinner.*

E.

Eard. s. *earth.*
Eikd. s. *p.* 70. *added, enlarged.*
Elvish. *peevish: — fantastical.*
Ene. s. eyn. *eyes.* Ene. s. *even.*
Ensue. *follow.*
Entendement. f. *understanding.*
Ententifly. *to the entent, purposely.*
Er, ere. *before.* Ere. *ear.*
Ettled. *aimed.*

F.

Fader: Fatheris. s. *father; father's.*
Fadge. s. *a thick loaf of bread: figuratively, any coarse heap of stuff.*
Fair of feir. s. *of a fair and healthful look. Ramsey. Rather, far off (free from) fear.*
Falsing. *dealing in falshood.*
Fannes. *p.* 21. *instruments for winnowing corn.*
Fare. *go, pass, travel.*
[Fare. **375**]
Fare. *the price of a passage: p.*78. *abusively, shot, reckoning.*
Fauzt; faucht. s. *fought. Item fight.*
Feil. s. *p.* 71. *have failed.*
Fell. *p.* 15. *furious. p.* 21. *skin.*
Fend. *defend.*
Fere. *fear. Item companion, wife.*
Ferliet. s. *wondered.*
Ferly. *wonder; also, wonderful.*
Fey. s. *predestinated to death, or some misfortune: under a fatality.*
Fie. s. *beasts, cattle.*
Firth, Firth (*l.* Frith). s. *a wood.*
Fitt. *division, part. See the end of this Glossary.*
Fleyke, *p.* 129. *a large kind of hurdle.*
Flowan. s. *flowing.*
Fond. *contrive: also, endeavour, try.*

Force. *p.* 154. no force. *no matter.*
Forced. *regarded, heeded.*
Forefend. *avert, hinder.*
For fought. *p.* 21. *through fighting: or perhaps* for-fought, *over-fought.*
Forwatcht. *over-watched, kept awake.*
Fors. *p.* 12. I do no fors. *I don't care.*
Forst. *p.* 62. *heeded, regarded.*
Fowkin. *a cant word for a fart.*
Fox't. *drunk.*
Frae thay begin. *p.* 68. *from their beginning: from the time they begin.*
Freers, fryars. *friars, monks.*
Freake, freeke, freyke. *man, human creature.*
Freyke. *p.* 130. *humour, indulge freakishly, capriciously.*
Freyned. *asked.*
Frie. s. fre. *free.*

G.

Ga, gais. s. *go, goes.*
Gadlings. *gadders, idle fellows.*
Galliard. *a sprightly kind of dance.*
Gayed. *made gay (their cloaths).*
Gear, gair. s. *goods, effects, stuff.*
Geere will sway. *p.* 188. *this matter will turn out: affair terminate.*
Gederede ys host. *gathered his host.*
Gef, geve. *give.*
Gest. *p.* 266. *act, feat, story, history.* (*It is* Jest *in MS.*)
Gie, gien. s. *give, given.*
Gillore. (*Irish.*) *plenty.*
Gimp, jimp. s. *neat, slender.*
Girt. s. *pierced.* Throughgirt. *p.* 64. *pierced through.*
Give. s. giff. *if.*
Glaive. f. *sword.*
Glie. s. glee. *merriment, joy.*
Glist. s. *glistered.*
Gode, godness. *good, goodness.*
God before. *p.* 75. a form of blessing.
Good. *p.* 75. *sc. a good deal.*
Gorget. *the dress of the neck.*
Gowan. s. *the common yellow crowfoot, or goldcup.*
Graithed (gowden). s. *was caparisoned with gold.*
Gree. f. *prize, victory.*
Greened. *grew green.*
Gret. *p.* 9. *great. p.* 8. *grieved, sorry.*

[Grippel. 376]

Grippel. *griping, tenacious, miserly.*
Grownes. *grounds. p.* 237 (*rhythmi gratiâ.* (*Vid.* Sowne.)
Growte. *In Northamptonshire, is a kind of small-beer, extracted from the malt, after the strength has been drawn off. In Devon, it is a kind of sweet ale medicated with eggs, said to be a Danish liquor.*
Grype. *a griffin.*
Gurd. *p.* 18. *girded, lashed, &c.*
Gybe. *jest, joke.*
Gyles. s. *guiles.*
Gyn. *engine, contrivance.*
Gyse, s. *guise, form, fashion.*

H.

Ha. *have.* ha. s. *hall.*
Habbe, ase he brew. *p.* 4. *have, as he brews.*
Haggis. s. *a sheep's stomach, stuff'd with a pudding made of mince-meat, &c.*
Hail, hale, s. *whole, altogether.*
Halt. *holdeth.*
Hame, hamward. *home, homeward.*
Han. *have.* 3. *pers. plur.*

Gret. *p.* 9. *perhaps: corrupt for* gred. *idem.*

Hare .. swerdes. *p.* 4. *their .. swords.*
Harnisine. *harness, armour.*
Harrowed. *harrassed, disturbed.*
Hav. *have.*
Haves (of) *p.* 16. *effects, substance, riches.*
Hawkin. *i. e. Hobkin, diminutive of Robert: unless it may rather be thought synonymous to Halkin, dimin. of Harry.*
He. *p.* 21. *hie, hasten.*
Hede *p.* 17. *hied. p.* 8. *he'd, he would. p.* 35. *heed.*
Hed. *head.*
Heare, here. *p.* 62. *hair.*
Heil. s. hele. *health.*
Hecht to lay thee law. s. *promised, engaged to lay thee low.*
Heicht. s. *height.*
Heiding-hill, s. *the 'heading [i. e. beheading] hill. The place of execution was anciently an artificial hillock.*
Helen, *heal.*
Helpeth. *help ye.*
Hem. *them.*
Henne. *hence.*
Hent, hente. *held, laid hold of: also, received.*
Her. *p.* 17. 23. 28. *their.*
Here. *p.* 5. *their. p.* 58. *hear. p.* 37. *hair.*
Herkneth. *hearken ye.*
Herte, hart; hertis. *heart, hearts.*
Hes. s. *has.*
Het. *hot.*
Hether. s. *heath, a low shrub, that grows upon the moors, &c. so luxuriantly, as to choak the grass; to prevent which the inhabitants set whole acres of it on fire, the rapidity of which gave the poet that apt and noble simile in p.* 99.
Heuch. s. *a rock or steep hill.*
Hevede, hevedest. *had, hadest.*
Heveriche, hevenriche. *heavenly.*
Heyze. *high.* Heyd. s. *hied.*
Hicht, a-hicht. s. *on height.*
Hie dames to wail. s. *p.* 97. *high [or, great] ladies too (l. to) wail; Or, hasten ladies to wail, &c.*
[Hight. **377**]
Hight. *promised, engaged: also, named.*
Hilt. *taken off, flead. Sax.* hẏldan.
Hinch-boys. *pages of honour, men that went on foot attending on persons in office.*
Hinny. s. *honey.*
Hit. *it.* hit be write. *p.* 8. *it be written.*
Holden. *hold.*
Holtis hair. s. *hoar hills.*
Holy-roode, *holy cross.*
Honden wrynge. *hands wring.*
Hop-halt. *limping; hopping, and halting.*
Houzle. *give the sacrament.*
Howeres, howers. *hours.*
Huerte. *heart.*
Hye, hyest. *high, highest.*
Hynd attowre. s. *behind, over, or about.*
Hys. *his; also, is.*
Hyt, hytt. *it.*
Hyznes. *highness.*

I.

Janglers. *talkative persons, telltales.*
I-lore, *lost.* I-strike. *stricken.*
I-trowe. *[I believe,] verily.*
I-wisse. *[I know,] verily.*
Ich. *I.* Ich biqueth. *I bequeath.*
Jenkin. *diminutive of John.*
Ilk: this ilk. s. *this same.*
Ilke. *p.* 18. every ilke. *every one.*
Inowe. *enough.*
Into. s. *in.*
Jo. s. *sweet-heart, friend.*
Ioo. *p.* 20. *should probably be* loo, *i. e. halloo!*
Is. *p.* 4. *his.*

Ise. s. *I shall.*
Its neir. s. *p.* 91. *It shall ne'er.*
Jupe. s. *p.* 97. *an upper garment.* fr. *a petticoat.*

K.

Keipand. s. *keeping.*
Kempes. *soldiers, warriors.*
Kend. s. *knew.*
Kene. *keen.*
Keynd. s. *p.* 67. *If this is "kind:" then in the next ver. we should probably read* bauld and free. *Or perhaps* keynd *is corrupt for* kem'd, *combed, dressed out; or* ken'd, *known, proved.*
Kid, kithed. *made known, shown.*
Kind, kinde. *nature. p.* 15. To carpe is our kind. *it is natural for us to talk of.*
Kith and kin. *acquaintance and kindred.*
Kye. *kine, cows.*
Kyrtel, kirtle. *petticoat.*
Kythe. *appear;* also, *make appear, shew, declare.*
Kythed. *p.* 308. *appeared.*

L.

Layd unto her. *p.* 248. *imputed to her.*
Lasse. *less.*
Layne. *lien: also, laid.*
Leek. *p.* 63. *phrase of contempt.*
Leil. s. *loyal, honest, true.*
Leiman, leman. *lover, mistress.*
Leir. s. lere. *learn.*
[Lenger. 378]
Lenger. *longer.*
Lengeth in. *p.* 264. *resideth in.*
Lett, latte. *hinder. p.* 21. *slaken, leave off.*
Lever. *rather.*
Leves and bowes. *p.* 36. *leaves and boughs.*
Leuch, leugh. s. *laughed.*
Leyke, like. *p. lay* (*l. play corr.*). *p.* 130, 266.
Lie. s. lee. *p.* 101. *field, plain.*
Liege-men. *vassals, subjects.*
Lightly. *easily.*
Lire. *p.* 270. *flesh, complexion.*
Lodlye. *loathsome.*
Loo. *haloo!*
Lore. *lesson, doctrine, learning.*
Lore. *lost.*
Lorrel. *a sorry, worthless person.*
Losel. *ditto.*
Loud and still. *phr. at all times.*
Lought; lowe. *laughed.*
Lowns. s. *p.* 94. *blazes.*
Lowte, lout. *bow, stoop.*
Lude, luit, luivt. s. *loved.*
Luiks. s. *looks.*
Lyard. *nimble. p.* 19. *probably the name of some noted horse in the old romances.*
Lys. *lies.*
Lythe. *p.* 163. *easy, gentle.*
Lyven na more. *live no more, no longer.*

M.

Maden. *made.*
Making. *p.* 45. *sc. verses; versifying.*
Marrow. s. *equal.*
Mart. s. *marred, hurt, damaged.*
Mane, maining. s. *moan, moaning.*
Mangonel. *an engine used for discharging great stones before the invention of gunpowder.*
Margarite. *a pearl.* lat.
Maugre. *p.* 4. *spite of. p.* 68. *ill-will* (*I incur*).
Me. *p.* 9. *men.* Me con. *men 'gan.*
Me-thuncheth. *methinks.*
Meane. *moderate, middle-sized.*
Meid. s. *p.* 97. *mood.*
Meise. s. *soften, reduce, mitigate, p.* 100.
Meit. s. meet. *fit, proper.*
Mell. *honey.* Lat. Mel.

Mense the faucht. s. *measure the battle.* To give to mense (*l.* to the mense ***corr.***), *is, to give above the measure.* Twelve and one to the mense, *is common with children in their play. p.* 96.
Menzie. s. meaney. *retinue, company.*
Messager. f. *messenger.*
Mirke. s. *dark, black.*
Mirry. s. meri. *merry.*
Miskaryed. *miscarried.*
Mister. s. *to need.*
Mo, moe. *more.*
Moiening. *by means of.* fr.
Mome. *a dull, stupid person.*
Mone. *moon.*
More, mure. s. *moor, marshy ground*;
Mores. *hills. p.* 4. mores ant the fenne. *q. d. hill and dale.*
Morne. *p.* 68. the morn. *on the morrow: in the morning.*
Mornyng. *p.* 44. *mourning.*
Mote I thee. *might I thrive.*
[Mowe. **379**]
Mowe. *may.*
Muchele bost. *mickle boast, great boast.*
Mude. s. *mood.*
Mulne. *mill.*
Murne, murnt, murning. s. *mourn, mourned, mourning.*
Myzt; myzty. *might; mighty.*

N.

Natheles. *nevertheless.*
Neat. *oxen, cows, large cattle.*
Neatherd. *a keeper of cattle.*
Neatresse. *a female ditto.*
Neir. s. ner, nere. *ne'er, never.*
Nere. *p.* 264. *ne were; were it not for.*
Nest; nyest. *next; nearest.*
Noble. *a gold coin in value* 20 *groats, or* 6*s.* 8*d.*
Nom. *p.* 8. *took.* Nome. *name.*
Non. *none.* None. *noon.*
Nonce. *purpose.* for the nonce. *for the occasion.*
Norlan. s. *northern.*
Norse. s. *Norway.*
Nou. *now.*
Nout: nocht. s. *nought: also, not.* Nout. *p.* 10. *seems for* 'ne mought.'
Nowght. *nought.*
Nowls. *noddles, heads.*

O.

Ocht. s. *ought.*
Oferlyng. *superior, paramount; opposed to* underling.
On. *p.* 44. *one, an.*
On-lofte. *p.* 18. *aloft.*
Or. *ere, before.*
Orisons. s. *prayers.* f. oraisons.
Ou, oure. *p.* 7. *you, your. ibid. our.*
Out alas! *exclamation of grief.*
Owene: awen, ain. s. *own.*

P.

Pardè, perdie. *verily.* f. par dieu.
Pees, pese. *peace.*
Pele. *a baker's peel.*
Pentarchye of tenses. *five tenses.*
Perchmine. f. *parchment.*
Per fay. s. *verily.* f. par foy.
Perkin. *diminutive of Peter.*
Persit. s. pearced. *pierced.*
Petye. *pity.*
Peyn. *pain.*
Pibrochs. s. *Highland war-tunes.*
Pilch. *p.* 20. *a vestment made of skins.*
Playand. s. *playing.*
Plett. s. *platted.*
Plowmell. *p.* 2.

Mure. s. *a wild heath, flat, &c.*

Poll-cat. *a cant word for a whore.*
Powlls. *polls, heads.*
Prest. f. *ready.*
Priefe. *p.* 78. *prove.*
Prove. *p.* 41. *proof.*
Prude. *p.* 4. *pride.*
Puing. s. *pulling.*
Purchased. *p.* 12. *procured.*
Purvayed. *provided.*

Q.

Quat. s. *quitted.*
Quaint. *p.* 222. *cunning. p.* 239. *nice, p. . fantastical.*
Quel. *p.* 130. *cruel, murderous.*
[Quillets. **380**]
Quillets. *quibbles.* l. quidlibet.
Quyle. s. *while.*
Quyt. s. *quite.*
Qwyknit. s. *quickend, restored to life.*

R.

Rae. *a roe.*
Raik. s. *so go apace.* Raik on raw. *go fast in a row.*
Raught. *reached, gained, obtained.*
Rea'me. *realm.*
Rede, redde. *p.* 9. *read.*
Rede, read. *p.* 30. *advise, advice.*
Redresse. *p.* 64. *care, labour.*
Refe, reve, reeve. *bailiff.*
Reid. s. *advise.*
Remeid. s. *remedy.*
Rescous. *rescues.*
Reve. *p.* 19. *bereave, deprive.*
Revers. s. *robbers, pirates, rovers.*
Rew. s. *take pity.*
Rise. *p.* 265. *shoot, bush, shrub.*
Rive. *p.* 268 *rife, abounding.*
Rood-loft, *the place in the church where the images were set up.*
Rudd. *ruddiness; complexion.*
Rude. s. rood. *cross.*
Ruell-bones. *p.* 18. *bones diversely coloured.* f. riolè. *query.*
Rugged. *p.* 23. *pulled with violence.*
Rushy. s. *p.* 71. *should be* rashy gair, *rushy stuff; ground covered with rushes.*
Ruthe. *p.* 41. *pity. p.* 203. *woe.*
Rywe. *rue.*

S.

Saif. s. *save.* Savely. *safely.*
Saisede. *seized.*
Say, p. 27. *assay, attempt.*
Scant. *scarce.*
Schaw. s. *show.*
Schene. s. *sheen: shining; It. brightness.*
Schiples. s. *shipless.*
Scho. s. *she.*
Schuke. s. *shook.*
Sclat. *slate*: *p.* 12. *little table-book of slates to write upon.*
Scot. *tax, revenue. p.* 5. *a year's tax of the kingdom.*
Se; sene; seying. *see; seen; seeing.*
See, sees. s. *sea, seas.*
Sely, seely. *silly, simple.*
Selven. *self.*
Selver, siller. s. *silver.*
Sen. s. *since.*
Senvy. *mustard-seed.* f. senvie.
Seve. *p.* 268. *seven.*
Sey yow. *p.* 11. *say to, tell you.*
Seyd. s. *saw.*
Shave, *p.* 62. be shave. *been shaven.*
Sheeve. *a great slice* or *luncheon of bread. p.* 238.
Shimmer'd. *glittered.*
Shirt of male. *coat of mail.*
Sho. s. *she.*
Shope. *p.* 261. *betook me, shaped my course.*
Shorte. s. *shorten.*
Shrive. *confess. Item, hear confession.*
Shynand. s. *shining.*
Shurtyng. *recreation, diversion, pastime. Vid. Gaw. Dougl. Gloss.*

Shunted. *shunned.*
Sich, sic. s. *such.* Sich. s. *sigh.*
Side. s. *p.* 270. *long.*
Sindle. s. *seldom.*
[Sitteth. **381**]
Sitteth. *sit ye.*
Six-mens song. *p.* 24. *a song for six voices**.
Skaith, scath. *harm, mischief.*
Skalk. *p.* 129.
Skinker. *one that serves drink.*
Skinkled. s. *glittered.*
Skomfit. *discomfit.*
Skot. *shot, reckoning.*
Slattered. *slit, broke into splinters.*
Sle, slea, sley, slo. *slay.*
Sonde. *a present.*
Sone. *soon. p.* 9. *son. p. . sun.*
Sonn. *p.* 265. *sun.*
Soth, sooth. *truth; also, true.*
Soothly. *truly.*
Souling. p. 238. *victualling.* Sowle *is still used in the north for any thing eaten with bread.* A. S. Suꝼle. Suꝼol. *Joh.* 21. 5.
Sowne. *sound. p.* 46 (*rhythmi gr.*).
Spec. spak, spack. s. *spake.*
Spence. *expense.*
Spilt. s. *spoilt.*
Spole. *shoulder.* f. espaule. *p.* 190. *it seems to mean "arm-pit."*
Stalwart. *stout.*
Startopes. *buskins worn by rustics, laced down before.*
Stead, stede. *place.*
Steir. s. *stir.*
Stel. *steel.* steilly. s. *steely.*
Stound. *time.* a stound. *a-while.*
Stoup of weir. s. *pillar of war.*
Strike. *p.* 12. *stricken.*
Stra, strae. s. *straw.*
Suthe, swith. *soon, quickly.*
Suore bi ys chyn. *sworn by his chin.*
Sware. *swearing, oath.*
Swa, sa. *so.*
Swarvde, swarved. *climbed.*
Swaird. *the grassy surface of the ground.*
Swearde, swerd. *sword.*
Swevens. *dreams.*
Swipping. *p.* 21. *striking fast.*
Swipples. *p.* 21.
Swinkers. *labourers.*
Swyving. *whoring.*
Syke. *sigh.*
Syn. *since.* Syne. s. *then.*
Syshemell. *p.* 60. *Ishmael.*
Syth. *since.*

T.

Take. *p.* 25. *taken.*
Taken. s. *p.* 100. *token, sign.*
Targe. *target, shield.*
Te. *to.* te make. *p.* 3. *to make.*
Te he! *interjection of laughing.*
Tent. s. *heed.*
Terry. *perhaps diminutive of Theodore.*

* So Shakespear uses, THREE MAN SONG-MEN in his Winter's Tale. A. 3. sc. 3. to denote men that could sing catches composed for three voices. Of these sort are Weelke's madrigals mentioned above in p. 170. A learned friend doubts whether the original phrase was not SIX-MUNS SONGS, &c. MUN signifies *Mouth* in all the northern dialects, and is still so used in the north of England. But Shakesp. has THREE-MAN BEETLE. i. e. a beetle or rammer worked by three men. 2 Hen. 4. A. 1. sc. 3.

Speere. *p.* 316. *perhaps, the hole in the door or window, by which it was* speered, *i. e. sparred, fastened.*

Tha. *p*. 22. *them*. Thah. *though*.
Thare, theire, ther, thore. *there*.
The. *thee*.
[The **382**]
The God. *p*. 24. seems *contracted for* The he. *i. d.* (*l. e.*) *high God*.
Thii. *p*. 268. *they*.
Thi sone. *p*. 9. *thy son*.
Thilke. *this*.
Thir towmonds. s. *these twelve months*.
Tho. *then*. *p*. 32. *those*.
Thole; tholed. *suffer; suffered*.
Thoust. *thou shalt*, *or shouldest*.
Thrang. s. *throng*.
Thrawis. s. *throes*.
Thritti thousent. *thirty thousand*.
Thrie. s. thre. *three*.
Thrif. *thrive*.
Thruch, throuch. s. *through*.
Thud. *p*. 100. *noise of a fall*.
Tibbe. *diminutive of Tabitha: or perhaps invertedly for* Bidde, *diminutive of Bridget*.
Tift. s. *puff of wind*.
Tild down. *p*. 266. *pitched. qu*.
Till. s. *to*. *p*. 16. *when*. *query*.
Timkin. *diminutive of Timothy*.
Tint. s. *lost*.
Too-fall. s. *twilight*.
Traiterye. *treason*.
Trie. s. tre. *tree*.
Trichard. *treacherous*. f. tricheur. *Vid*. *p*. 3.
Tricthen. *trick*, *deceive*.
Trough, trouth. *troth*.
Trow. *think*, *believe*.
Trumped. *p*. 16. *perhaps* tramped. *trampled*.
Trumps. *p*. 21.
Tuke gude keip. s. *kept a close eye upon her*.
Turnes a crab. *sc. at the fire: roasts a crab*.
Twirtle twist. s. *p*. 93. *thoroughly twisted: "twisted," or "twirled twist."* f. tortillè.

V.

Vair. *Somersetsh. dialect. fair*.
Valziant. s. *valiant*.
Vazem. *Som. perhaps*, *faith*.
Uch. *each*.
Vive. *p*. 268. *Som. five*.
Unbethought. *bethought*.
Uncertain. s. *p*. 67. *doubtful*. *or perhaps*, in certain, i. e. *for certain*.
Unmufit. s. *undisturbed*, *unconfounded*. *perh*. unmuvit.
Unsonsie. s. *unlucky*, *unfortunate*.
Vriers. *Som. friers*. *p*. 277. (*it is* Vicars. *in* PPC.)
Uthers. s. *others*.

W.

Wa. s. *p*. 88. *way*. *p*. 172. *wall*.
Waine. *waggon*.
Wallowit. s. *faded*, *withered*.
Wame. s. *womb*.
Wan neir. s. *drew near*.
Wanrufe. s. *uneasy*.
War ant wys. *wary and wise*.
Ward. s. *watch*, *sentinel*.
Warke. s. *work*.
Warld. s. *world*.
Waryd. s. *accursed*.
Wate. s. weete, wete, wit, witte, wot, wote, wotte. *know*.
Weale, weel, weil, wele, s. *well*.
Weet. s. *wet*.
Weid. s. wede, weed. *cloaths*, *clothing*.
We it. s. *p*. 92. *with it*.
Weldynge. *ruling*.
[Weind. **383**]
Weind. s. wende, went, weende. *weened*, *thought*.

Terry. *diminutive of Thierry*, L. *Theodoricus*, *Didericus*. Tibbe. *in Scotland is the diminutive of Isabel*.

Wene; wenest. *ween, weenest.*
Wend, wenden. *go.*
Wende. *went. p.* 9. wendeth. *goeth.*
Wer. *were.*
Wereth. *p.* 263. *defendeth.*
Were: weir. s. *war;* Waris. s. *war's.*
Wes. was.
Westlin. s. *western.*
Wheder. *p.* 30. *whither.*
Whelyng. *wheeling.*
Whig. *sour whey, or buttermilk.*
Wildings. *wild apples.*
Wirke wislier. *work more wisely.*
Wispes and kixes. *p.* 23. *whispes and kexes.*
Wiss; wist. *know; knew.*
Withouten. *without.*
Wobster. s. webster. *weaver.*
Wode-ward. *p.* 37. *towards the wood.*
Woe worth. *woe be to* [*thee*].
Won. *wont, usage.*
Wonder. *p.* 270. *wonderfully.*
Wote, wot. *know;* I wote. *verily.*
Worshipfully frended. *p.* 249. *of worshipful friends.*
Wreake. *pursue revengefully.*
Wreuch. s. *wretchedness.*
Wrouzt. *wrought.*
Wynnen. *win, gain.*
Wisse. *p.* 8. *direct, govern, take care of.* A. S. ꝩiꞅꞅian.

Y.

Y. *I.* Y synge. *I sing.*
Yae. s. *each.*
Y-beare; Y-boren. *beare; borne.* so Y-founde. *found.* Y-mad. *made.* Y-wonne. *won.*
Y-core. *chosen.*
Y-wis. [I know] *verily.*
Y-zote. *molten, melted.*
Yalping. s. *yelping.*
Ycholde, yef. *I should, if.*
Yearded. *p.* 267.
Yede. yode. *went.*
Yfere. *together.*
Yf. *if.*
Yll. *ill.*
Yn. *house, home.*
Ys. *p.* 10. *is. p.* 4. *his. p.* 8. *in his.*

Z.

Zacring bell. *Som.* Sacring bell. *a little bell rung to give notice of the elevation of the host.* (*It is* Zeering *in* PCC.)
Zee: zeene. *Som. see: seen.*
Zef. yef. *if.*
Zeirs. s. *years.*
Zeme. *take care of.* A. S. ʒemian (*l.* ʒeman.)
Zent. *through.* A. S. ʒeond.
Zestrene. s. *yester-e'en.*
Zit. s. zet. *yet.*
Zoud. s. *you'd, you would.*
Zule. s. yule. *christmas.*
Zung. s. *young.*

Yearded, earded. *i. e. earthed, buried.*]

POST-SCRIPT.

Since page 154 *was printed off, reasons have offered, which lead us to think that the word* FIT, *originally* [*signified* **384**] *signified "a poetic strain, verse," or "poem"; for in these senses it is used by the Anglo-Saxon Writers. Thus K. Ælfred in his Boetius, having given a version of lib.* 3. *metr.* 5. *adds,* Ða re ꝩiꞅdom tha

thar FITTE arunȝen hærde. *p.* 65. *i. e.* "*When wisdom had sung these* [FITTS] *verses.*" *And in the Proem. to the same book* Fon on FITTE, "*Put into* [FITT] *verse*". *So in Cedmon, p.* 45. Feond on FITTE, *seems to mean "composed a song," or "poem".*

Spenser has used the same word to denote "a strain of music:" see his poem, COLIN *Clouts come home again, where he says,* The Shepherd of the ocean [*Sir Walt. Raleigh*]
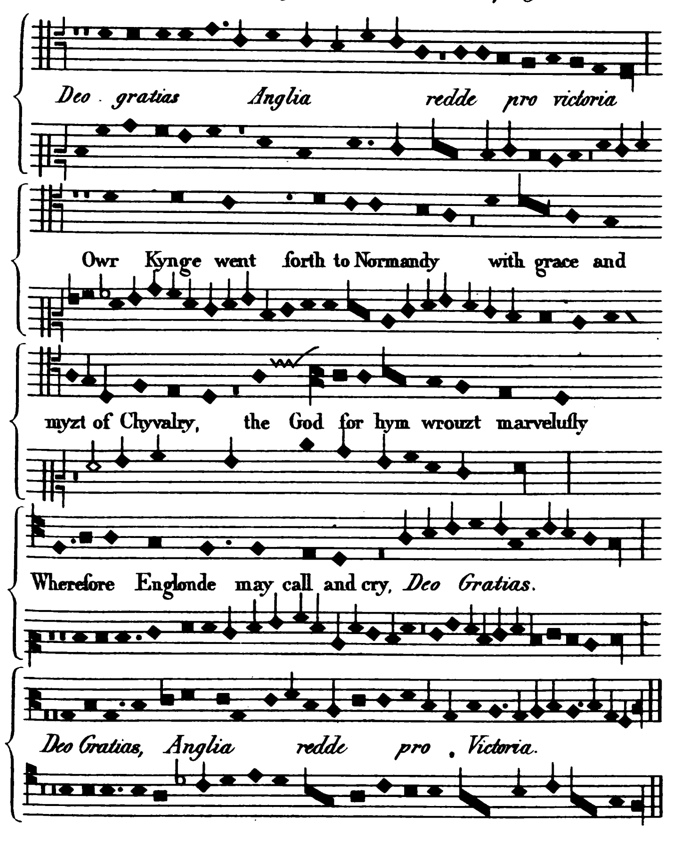
Provoked me to play some pleasant FIT,
And when he heard the musick which I made
He found himself full greatlye pleas'd at it, &c.

Various instances will be found in the next (*l. first corr.*) *volume. See the Gloss.*

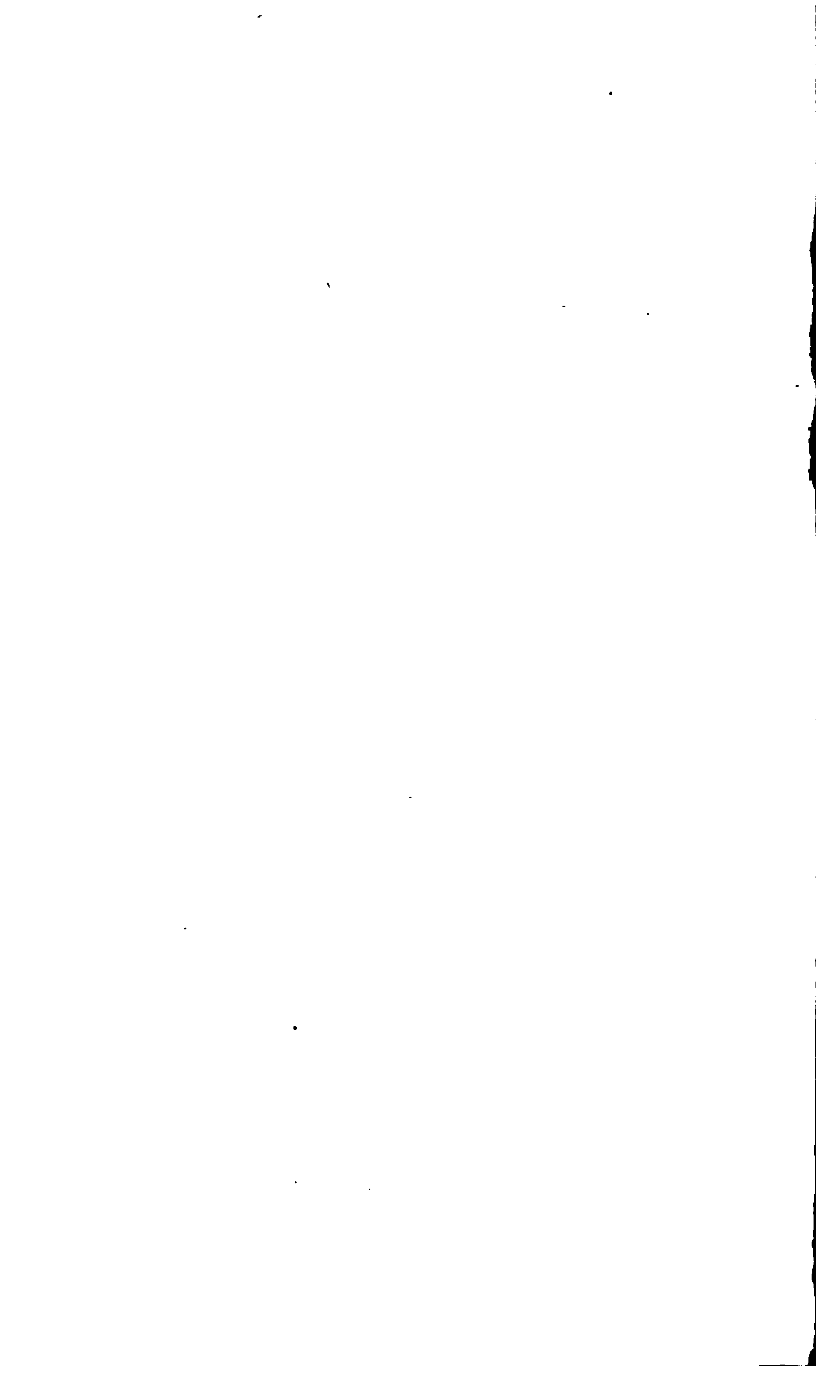
THE END OF VOLUME THE SECOND.

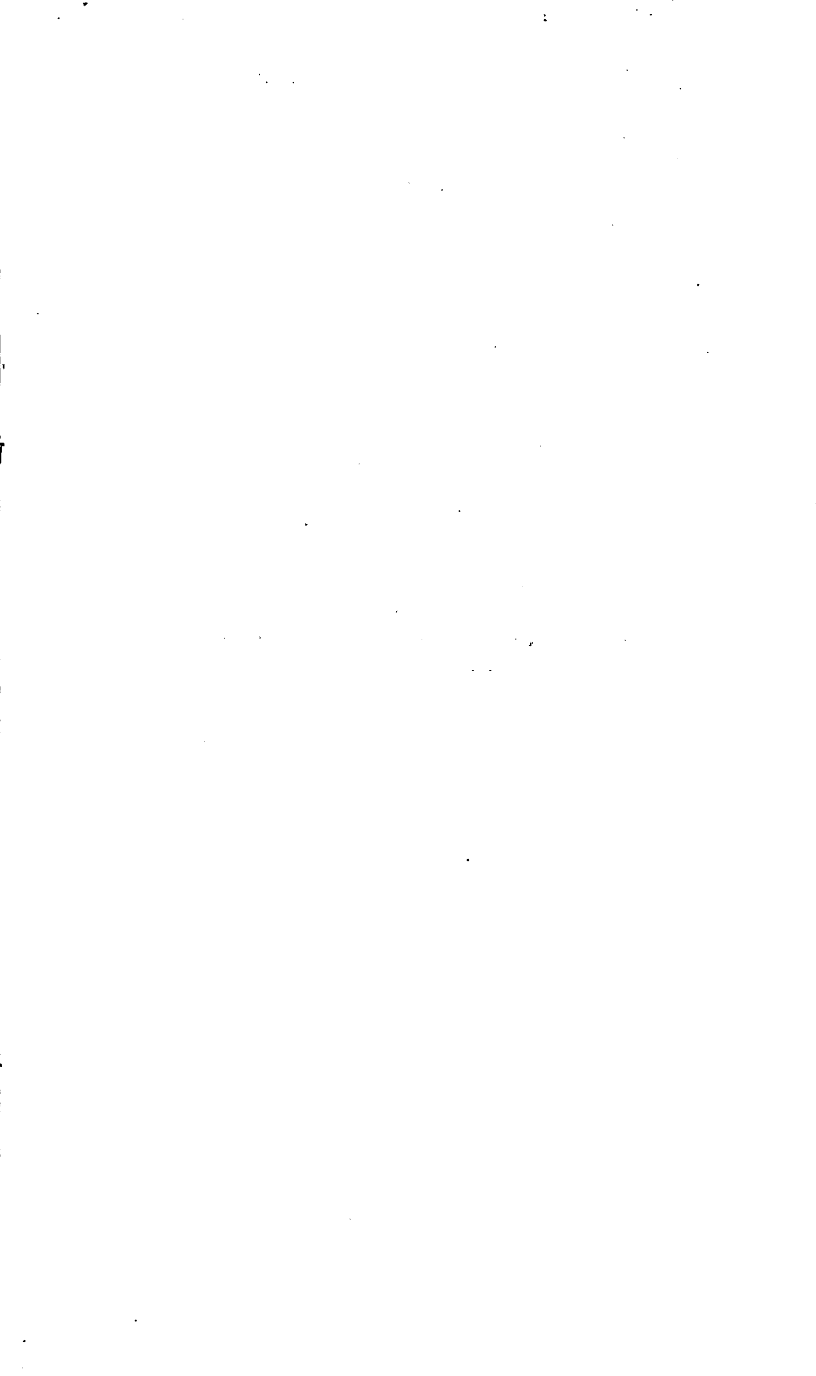
Kupferstich: Ländliche Gegend, rechts unter einem Baume eine Schäferin, ihr gegenüber links auf einem Hügel ein Schäfer, im Hintergrunde zwei Hirten. Darunter: *See Pag.* 66 *&c.* (d. h. Robin and Makyne).

The Notes referred to Vol. 2.d pag. 24.



To come in at the End of Vol. 2.d





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